Collier's

August 25, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

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"THE MAN TO SEE" IN NEW JERSEY
By Lester Velie

JACKIE GLEASON—
Gleeful Goliath

•

America's Only
DIAMOND MINE

•

HERBERT HOOVER
Fo

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
PA X17JA53
8/25
C 2Y
48797

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The old floor recommended the new one

THESE two photographs show the same men's shop of a busy department store. The floor of Armstrong's Linoleum in the upper picture had been down for nearly a quarter of a century. It's right in front of the elevators, so it had been subjected to a lot of hard wear. The floor had even been flooded with water from a near-by fire a few years ago. With a service record like that, it's easy to understand why the new floor you see in the lower picture is Armstrong's Linoleum, too. The old floor had proved that Armstrong's Linoleum could take long years of hard usage and still keep its good appearance.

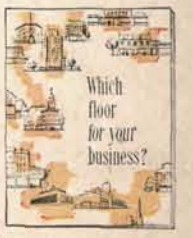
The new floor was designed to follow the contour of the display fixtures, to unify the decorative elements of the department. Such design freedom is a special characteristic of Armstrong's Linoleum because it can easily be cut and fitted into all sorts of shapes. The new floor is the first thing that customers see as they step off the elevators. It gives the department a more modern look that helps create a better selling atmosphere. The whole area is brighter, too, because the new floor reflects so much more light.

Beyond its beauty and durability, Armstrong's Linoleum was the right flooring choice for this men's clothing department for a number of other reasons. The smooth surface is easy to clean, keeps maintenance costs at a minimum. Its cushioning effect provides underfoot comfort, reduces the noisy clatter of footsteps. To top it off, Armstrong's Linoleum is a thrifty buy, especially when its cost can be spread over so many years of service.

A new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum may be all that's needed to give added appeal to your place of business. Your Armstrong contractor will be glad to show you design suggestions and samples and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you wish to spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5108 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

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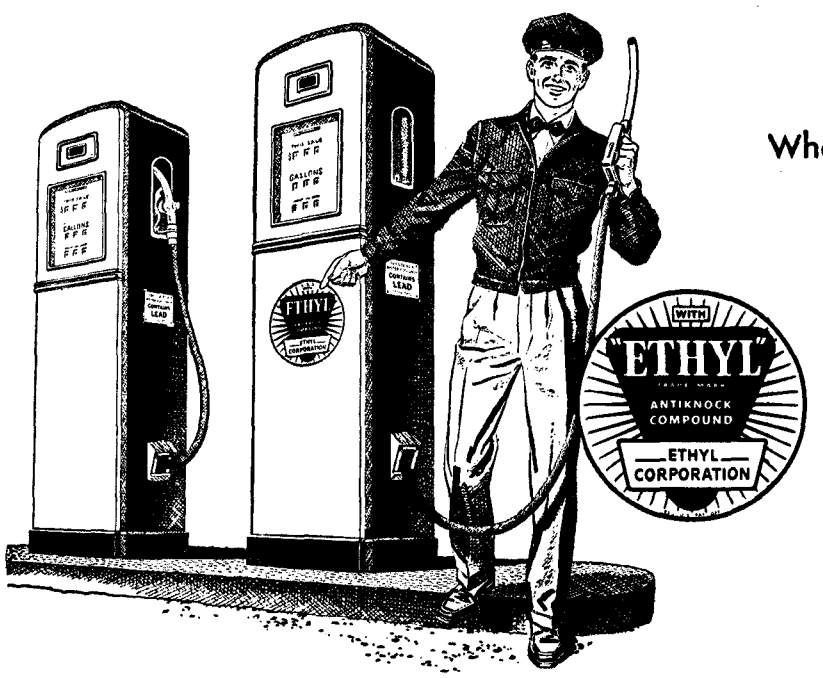
There's a big difference between a

collie and a cauliflower

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

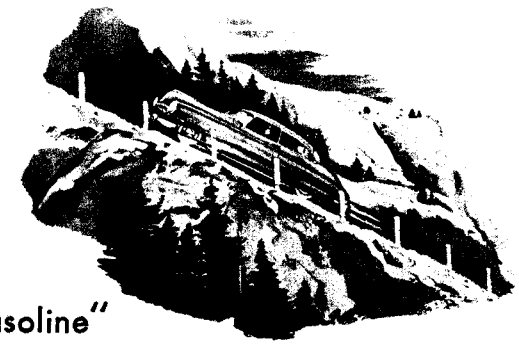
TRADE-MARK



When you feel the difference

. . . you'll be glad you said,

"Fill 'er up with 'Ethyl' gasoline"



When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake...ethylene dichloride...sodium (metallic)...chlorine (liquid)...oil soluble dye...benzene hexachloride (technical)

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Picture OF THE MONTH

You may take your cue from the title and imagine that it's angels who are responsible for the hilarious goings-on in M-G-M's "Angels In The Outfield". But having seen the picture, we incline to the view that it's strictly human factors like the colorful Paul Douglas and the talented young beauty, Janet Leigh.

Douglas has himself a field day in "Angels In The Outfield". He's a loud-mouthed, blasphemous sports manager named "Guffy" whose verbal barrages can be conveyed on the movie sound track only by a loud wordless roar. He lives alone – he has to! He's a recluse, a woman-hater, and unless something happens quick – an ex-manager.

It is enterprising columnist Janet Leigh who is blighting his career, exposing him as a terrible-tempered tyrant. But suddenly she begins to take a personal interest in her subject. And she is not the only one who has turned a kindly eye on tough guy Guffy. It seems as though angels themselves are sparking his dispirited team.

This strange phenomenon evokes a new sweetness of character in Douglas. He is suspiciously soft-voiced with umpires. He even learns to turn the other cheek – for Janet's kisses. And the secret of this amazing transformation from lion to lamb makes a surprising climax to the most extravagant fun of the year.

Keenan Wynn gives an amusing assist as a sportscaster who keeps sabotaging Douglas's efforts to be a good boy. And 8-year-old Donna Corcoran, a new child star discovered by director Clarence Brown, will have audiences oh-ing and ah-ing.

M-G-M has a solid hit in "Angels In The Outfield" – a new and wonderful picture for the millions of movie-goers who loved "The Stratton Story".

★ ★ ★

"ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD" stars Paul Douglas and Janet Leigh with Keenan Wynn, Lewis Stone, Spring Byington and Bruce Bennett. An M-G-M picture, produced and directed by Clarence Brown, written by Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells; it is based upon a story by Richard Conlin.

P. S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

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August 25, 1951

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The Cover

At the eleven-month-old Ranger Training Command, Fort Benning, Georgia, men like these are learning every trick in hitting an enemy hard, whether by air drop, infiltration, flank sweeps, or leading a larger attacking force in a break-through or seaborne landings. Starting at top (l. to r.) are: Pfc Charles Rollins, Greensboro, N. C.; Cpl. Leo Smith, Los Angeles; Cpl. Larry Thomas, Eau Claire, Wis.; Cpl. Harry Robinson, Lawrence, Mass.; Pfc Wayne Smith, Gilman, Vt.; and Cpl. Jim Cavanagh, Chicago. For other Ranger pictures, and details of their training, turn to page 32.

Week's Mail

Honest Deal

EDITOR: Regarding the article Perfect Hands (July 7th), by W. E. Farbstein, I should like to point out what I consider to be a misinterpretation of the laws of the mathematics of probability.

The author states that a certain professor of mathematics "coldly concludes" that the reported occurrence of four or five perfect bridge hands in one year is the result of somebody having made a mistake, lied or fixed the deck. A bridge expert is also said to come to a somewhat similar conclusion.

Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your viewpoint) the mathematics of probability can predict only *that* a given event will or will not occur in a given number of trials and not *when* the event will occur. If, as stated in the article, one perfect hand will occur in approximately 40,000,000,000 deals, then we may conclude that four perfect hands will occur in about 160,000,000,000 deals. It is not at all impossible that all these hands will appear in the first billion, the first million, or even the first of these deals. So let us soften the afore-mentioned mathematician's conclusions by adding "or maybe it really did happen," thus lending some justification to the author's final statement.

T. F. BRIDGLAND, JR., St. Petersburg, Fla.

. . . I wish to say that two of our members held perfect cribbage hands (29 points) within one year. The hands were framed and hang on the walls of the Masonic Club. And the cards were not stacked.

EDWARD L. STONE, Fall River, Mass.

175 Years of Freedom

EDITOR: I hasten to congratulate you upon the colorful pages you have devoted to Our 175th Year of Freedom (July 7th), which I consider a great and enlightening contribution to Americanism. You have told so ably and so clearly the story behind the winning of our precious freedom that I hope this outstanding series will be read and studied in every school and preserved by them and in every public library in our land.

I have even gone so far as to recommend this issue of Collier's to be read and retained by every American legionnaire.

ERLE COCKE, JR., National Commander,
The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . If I never received but one copy of Collier's for a whole year's subscription I would feel amply rewarded in just having received your issue of July 7th.

WILLIAM MORRIS KLINCK,
East Tawas, Mich.

. . . Congratulations to Collier's for the presentation of the "independence story" so colorfully, dramatically and concisely.

Refiring the imagination of our people will do more to combat Communism than all the political harangues possible. May

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Transfusion?

Yes, in a way—but from this "plasma" bottle tiny grains of carbon are being poured into used telephone transmitters to give them a new lease on life and get them back in action fast.

Life extension programs like this—carried on as part of Western Electric's job in the Bell System—have helped to make Bell telephone service the bargain it is. Today, hundreds of such operations in Western Electric repair shops are extending the life of telephone equipment and—particularly important today—are conserving critically needed defense materials.

This is one more way in which Western Electric people, working closely with Bell Laboratories research people and Bell Telephone Company operating people, have helped give this country a great national asset—the best telephone service on earth.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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I Always Use the Wrong Line!
JUDY, YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT ME REELING! SO DON'T BE A CLAM! TELL ME WHAT'S SNARLED US UP!
JACK, YOUR PROBLEM IS ONE I JUST CAN'T TACKLE! ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH, WON'T YOU?
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
SINCE I'VE USED COLGATE CARE FOR BAIT JUDY THINKS MY LINE IS GREAT!

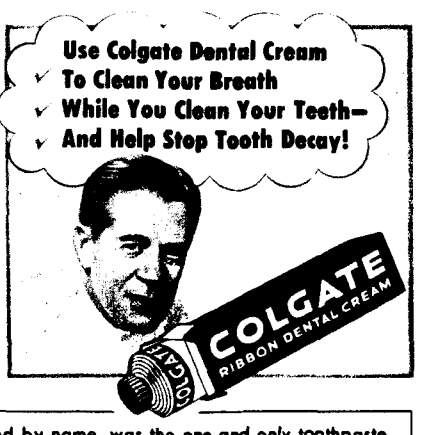
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

we have more of this excellent and wholesome "propaganda"?

LILLIE W. SCOTT, Denver, Colo.

. . . Just had to congratulate you upon the July 7th issue of Collier's, the magazine of the moment and of the future.

GLADYS W. ROBERTS, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

. . . Thank you, both personally as a citizen and as a business executive, for the vision and perception shown in planning and publishing your July 7th issue.

Your constructive influence is sure to increase if you maintain the standards of editorial vision you have now reached.

WALTER DREY, President,
Walter Drey, Inc., New York, N. Y.

. . . May I compliment the editor, the layout and art departments on a beautiful piece of work in the July 7th Collier's?

ALLAN S. ROGERSON, Arlington, Va.

. . . I have just received my first copy of Collier's on a new subscription. Your July 7th issue is a wonderful one which I shall always keep. It renews my feeling of love of my country and helps me remember, with pride, our unequaled history.

MARJEAN HEMPILL, Dayton, Ohio

. . . Scant mention was made of the man who inspired the colonists to revolt, and who supplied the ideals (if not the actual words) embodied in the Declaration of Independence. That man was Thomas Paine, the author of our freedom and democracy. Incidentally, he was first to name this country the United States of America.

R. WILKINS, Van Nuys, Cal.

For Collier's recognition and appreciation of Thomas Paine, see editorial The Price Is Not too Great, January 27, 1951.

Nice Guy

EDITOR: We certainly have enjoyed your story on Jimmy Durante. We have our own radio show on a local station and had the pleasure of interviewing Mr. Durante during his run at Chicago's Chez Paree.

During the time we have had our program, Greasepaint Gallery, we have interviewed many celebrities, but Jimmy didn't act like the big star he most certainly is. He was just like a friend we had known for a long while and just as interested in us as we were in him. We are proud to say we have met Jimmy, one of the nicest people in his truly wonderful profession.

VERA JACOBSON, NORMA CLEWELL,
ANITA NESS, Holland, Mich.

Durante with admiring interviewers Norma Clewell (left) and Anita Ness

Eyewitness

EDITOR: Hats off to William Attwood and Seymour Freidin for their well-written article, Why Stalin Must Be Tried for Murder (June 30th). Everything said is the truth and nothing but the truth.

Perhaps you will be interested to know that I witnessed the slaughtering of the anti-Red political prisoners by Russians at Pravieniskiai, Lithuania, as shown in the photo that was given to your writers by an underground leader. These prisoners belonged to my parish at Rumsiskis district of Kaunas and I as their pastor performed their burial services.

REV. FATHER JONAS JUODEIKA,
Canutillo, Texas

Growth of a Salesman

Vernon Fitch, man and boy

EDITOR: The May 19th issue of Collier's carried a picture of our son with the article, "Annapolis of the Air." It may interest you to know that as a boy Vernon earned his first money selling Collier's. His first week he sold four—and it wasn't long until he was selling 66 each week.

We have always felt that the business experience of selling magazines and the many friends he made were of great value to him.

MRS. L. W. FITCH, Manhattan, Kans.

Seems Logical in Korea

EDITOR: We have just received a copy of the June 9th issue of Collier's which contained the splendid editorial concerning the draft (Even Up the Balance).

Thank you from all of us over here for making public the truth and the logical reasoning which this article represents. The need for deferring anyone except technical students in the time of emergency cannot be comprehended by any of us here in Korea. Your editorial stated both pro and con of the situation very clearly and it is hoped that the public and the country's legislators will take heed.

CPL. RICHARD R. VINYARD,
8226th Army Unit, Somewhere in Korea

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T★C means Tire Care...will give you more SAFE miles from your present tires.

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Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

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See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It's a bit early for prophecies from the woolly bears, but the goosebone, willow twig, spider web, squeaking mouse, galloping cow and other weather forecasters say it's going to be a tough winter—a cozy thought for a hot August afternoon. Anyway, it means that we'll have to get a new overcoat. Glad they don't sell overcoats by the ounce. If they did, at the same rate as a girl's bathing suit, we would have to dig up about six hundred bucks.

★ ★ ★

A sheep thief has just been sprung from an Ohio jail after serving three months of a four-year sentence. Good behavior. Didn't steal a single sheep while locked up.

★ ★ ★

We're eager to be gay and optimistic, but our bosses, the great American people, won't let us. For example, Louisville, Kentucky, needs 26 new cops. Back in those bright, nickel-plated days when we were young, such news would have brought 26 brawnies storming the doors of police headquarters. But as we go to press, only 18 young fellows have applied. Only four of these could measure up to the minimum standards. One was a college fullback out of work. But wait. We like to save the sensational until last. There's a shortage of bartenders in Milwaukee. All right, so we're a liar? Ask the Honorable Emil F. Allee, the deputy city clerk, like we did. Only 2,800 of the 5,100 spigot wrenchers who normally serve Milwaukee's 2,160 taverns applied for license renewals. There's some talk of self-service saloons. That will be the night.

★ ★ ★

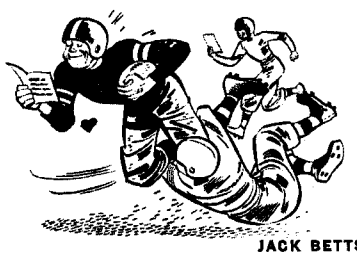
Yes, and we remember the days when there was nobody but the wolf at the door. Now we got tax collectors, too. Sick him, wolf.

★ ★ ★

And in Washington they've been so busy investigating things, and shouting accusations and denials that nobody recently has thought of doing something new and miraculous with Maine's Passamaquoddy Bay. Ever since 1898, there have been schemes to save America by hitching the country to Passamaquoddy. Fifty-three years ago, the Reverend Prescott Ford Jernegan and Charles E. Fisher, lovers of mankind from Martha's Vineyard, set up the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company on the shores of 'Quoddy and sold 350,000 shares of stock at a dollar a share. The come-on was that millions of dollars supposedly was sweeping out to sea daily from 'Quoddy's gold-flaked waters through the Lubec Narrows. There was enough of the stuff in every 'Quoddy tide, said Mr. Jernegan, to pay the national debt. He and Mr. Fisher proposed that they scoop it up with 10,000 "accumulators," each of which would come up with at least a dollar's worth of gold every scoop. They were just about to increase the stock issue to $10,000,000 when someone whispered that the cops were on their way. Haven't been seen since. And of course, unless you're scandalously young, you remember how 'Quoddy's tides were to be harnessed back in the early thirties, thereby generating dirt-cheap electric power for 30 or 40 million American homes. That didn't work either. Yep, we're figuring the country's just about due for another whirl at a 'Quoddy wonder.

★ ★ ★

We've been going over this televised-football situation with an old friend who is also a coach at a New England college. He's against televised games, but for a reason fresher than gate receipts. He says it was bad enough when he had nothing more than mere movie cameras to fret about. "I've had huskies who worried more about getting their handsome if battered mugs in the newsreels than gaining a few yards in the direction of the opponent's goal line," he mourned. "TV would make it worse. With thousands of dames, to say nothing of talent scouts, watching the games at home, in cocktail lounges, clubs and I don't know where, the goal lines are going to be much less important to our heroes than the side lines nearest the camera. I've seen modern Pudge Heffelfingers, Jim Thorpes, Charlie Brickleys, Bronko Nagurskis, Jim Crowleys and whole teams of horsemen ruined by receipt of a few mash notes. And TV's going to make previous mash-note crops look like post cards from the secretary of the local garden club. Yep, I'm against televising football."



JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

Our man in Hartford, Connecticut, didn't get the truck driver's name, but the story doesn't need any details. A lady, having finished her shopping binge, was unable to get her car started for the simple reason that she had lost the key to the ignition switch. This truck driver was standing nearby and offered help. After fooling around for 10 minutes he managed to unlock the ignition and the

(Continued on page 73)

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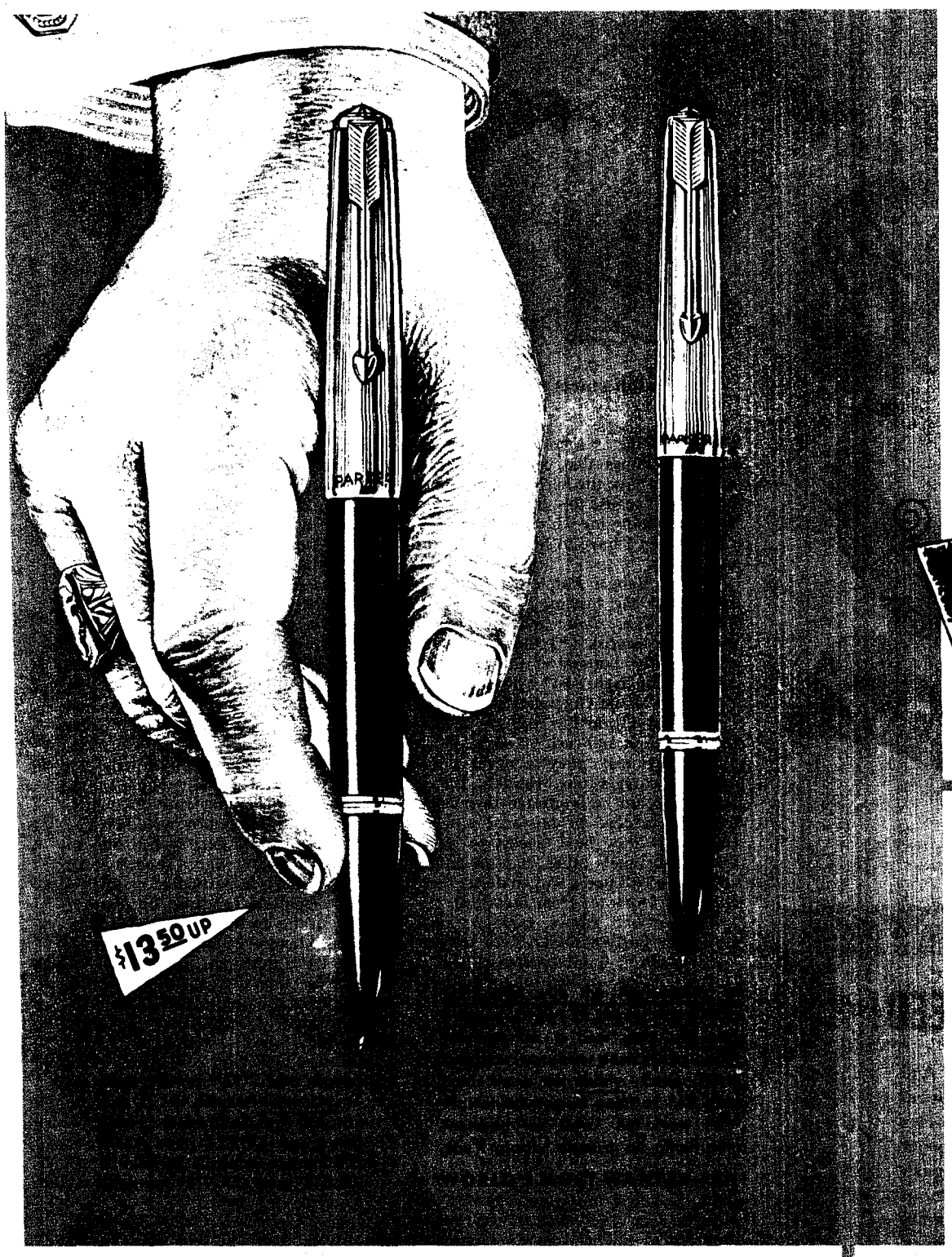
AT YOUR PEN DEALER'S

Parker Preview for Fall!



SEE THE COMPLETE ARRAY OF NEW PARKER PENS YOUR DEALER IS FEATURING NOW. AMERICA'S PREFERRED WRITING INSTRUMENTS, THEY BRING REAL PRIDE AND LASTING WRITING PLEASURE. FOR SCHOOL, BUSINESS, AND HOME, YOU'LL FIND A PARKER AT ALMOST ANY PRICE YOU FAVOR.

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Busy days ahead . . . time to replace that old pen that may cause trouble. The Parker Preview for Fall, featured by dealers all over America, offers the widest selection of New Parker Pens you've ever known.

Choose from a full range of prices, colors, points. All models have slip-on caps with Parker's pocket-level clip. (Perfect for Servicemen!)

Parker beauty and writing ease will confirm the wisdom of your investment. *Today, 2 out of 3 pens bought at $5.00 and up are Parkers!*

For straight "A" writing—school, home, office—visit your dealer's Parker Preview now. For *double* satisfaction, choose a Parker Pen and Pencil set. (Gift boxed.) The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., U. S. A.; Toronto, Canada.

P.S. *"51" and "21" Pens "write dry" with Superchrome Ink. No blotters needed.* **Note:** They *can* use any ink.

$3.00

New Parkette. *Parker writing satisfaction to fit any budget. Smart, exclusive styling. Metal slip-on cap. Smooth, interchangeable point. 4 colors. Pen, $3.00 . . . with matching pencil, $5.00. No F.E. tax.*

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New Parker "51" Special. *Miracle Octanium point.* Pli-glass *reservoir (no rubber parts). Visible ink storage. Metered ink flow. 4 rich colors. Lustraloy cap. Pen, $10.00 . . . with pencil, $15.00. No F.E. tax.*

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New Parker "21". *Finest at its price. Octanium point. Visible ink supply in* Pli-glass *chamber (no rubber parts). Special ink flow control. 4 colors. Lustraloy cap. Pen, $5.00 . . . with pencil, $8.75. No F.E. tax.*

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"NONE TOUGHER!"

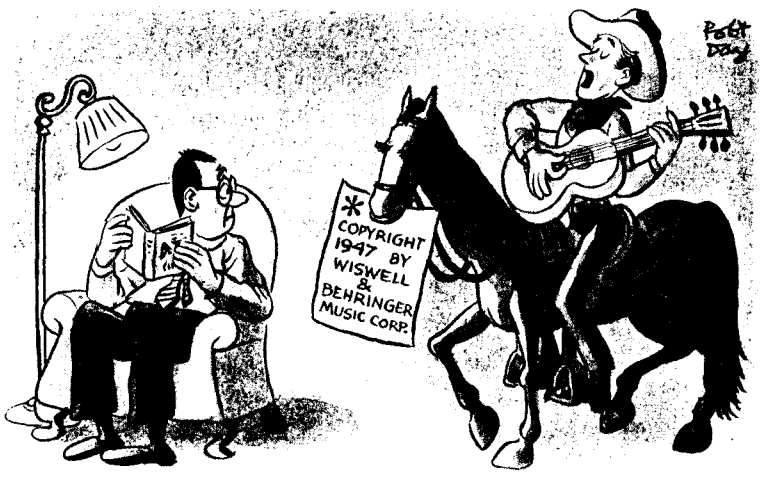
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED!

Smart motorists demand tough tires these days. And Armstrong tires are *so* tough they're *unconditionally guaranteed for 18 months against all road hazards!* Exclusive Rhino-Flex construction—plus 38 years' experience in building better passenger, truck and tractor tires—makes this amazing guarantee possible. See your nearby dealer displaying the famous Armstrong "Tuffy." He's a good man to know. *Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven 16, Conn., Norwalk, Conn., Natchez, Miss., Des Moines, Iowa, 605 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. Export Division: 20 East 50th Street, New York 22, N. Y.*

ARMSTRONG
Rhino-Flex TIRES

Don't Sing While I Read

By W. F. MIKSCH



ROBERT DAY

Ralph starts crooning and right away there's an asterisk

SPEAKING as a reader, one of the worst things that can happen in a novel is to have the hero suddenly burst into song, because this always calls for a footnote telling me who owns the copyright. Then I have to find my place all over again.

Just let Ranger Ralph swing into his saddle and start humming: *Hummm, di dum, di dum dum,* and right away there's an asterisk (*) directing me to a line at the bottom of the page that states: *Copyright 1947 by Wiswell and Behringer Music Corporation.

Are they afraid I'll take my 25-cent reprint edition and rush off on a concert tour? Obviously, they've never heard me try to carry a tune. Frankly, I don't see who could be interested in musical footnotes except professional singers, and surely they have access to songs through channels other than adventure novels. So let's find a way to delete these annoying footnotes from literature.

As everyone knows, popular songs embrace a fairly limited field of subjects —Love, Rain, Lonesomeness, Broken Hearts, and one or two others that will come to me in a minute. Thus, if every music publisher would settle down to specializing in a single subject (i.e., Broken Hearts) and would give his firm an appropriate name (Heartbreak Ballads, Inc.), there would be little doubt about who owns the copyright to a song that goes: My Heart Just Fell Apart, Honey—Ain't We Got No Glue?

Now wait—I've just discovered there are quite a few music publishers, a lot more, in fact, than there are themes for song lyrics. So in order to make sure there are enough songs to go around without some small publisher being forced to the wall for lack of a firm name, let's amend my original idea by limiting each music house to one type.

For example, any such titles as: You Were Such a Drizzle, Baby, and That's Why You Aren't Mist; It's Storming, Dear, So I'd Better Blow, or others dealing with Fog, Snow, Rain, General Cloudiness, Blue Skies, and Slippery Conditions Owing to Ice would naturally be the property of The All-Weather Music Corporation.

In the same way, no casual reader would need footnotes to tell him that Moon songs (i.e., How Round the Moon, Plastic Moon, or I See You in the Moonlight So I Must Be Off the Beam) belong to Moon, Silvery & Otherwise Publishing Company. Incidentally, if antitrust laws permit, this company might set up a subsidiary to handle songs dealing with Stars, Including Dust From, Stairways To, and the Counting of Every Little One.

Naturally there would be a Goodnight Music House to publish all such titles as: Goodnight, Charlie; Goodnight, Eloise; Goodnight, George, You Dog; Goodnight, Goodnight; Die Gute Nacht Polka, and Goodnight, I'll Phone You in the Morning, Baby. (There might be a bit of spirited competition over rights to this last number since also in its title are the words Phone, Morning and Baby. But I feel sure The Phone Company, The Time o'Day Music Corporation, and Babe & Baby Press will step aside in favor of the Goodnight outfit, as Goodnight is the first word in the title.

Another very large firm would be The Hold Me Corporation, specializing in lyrics that start out with a request to be held in some one particular manner—Closer, Tighter, Tenderly or Farther Away. In the event of a shortage, they could also take over Squeeze and Crush songs. Titles praising Lips, Hair, Eyes, Ears, Nose and Throat would be the specialties of Anatomical Parts Publishing Company. Geographical Melodies, Inc., would collect royalties on place-name titles (Weehawken Waltz, The Bridgeport Boogie, Oh, What a Night on the Hudson River Day Line! etc.) while The Proper Name Press would hold exclusive rights to Maud; My Girl, Pearl; Walter, Walter, Learn to Waltz—Don't Just Stumble Around and any others featuring given names.

When, Where, If, Unless, Suppose, Who, What, How and Why songs would be issued by Grammatical Musicmasters Company, specialists in adverbial, conjunctional, prepositional and pronominal lyrics.

I could go on, but I don't want to boss the industry; I just want to get back to reading without ruining my eyes on footnotes. And don't anyone tell me footnotes aren't bad for the eyes. Skipping up and down a printed page is like shooting dice and watching television at the same time. Or like following English titles on an Italian movie film. It has been known to cause a severe ocular affliction in which the ciliary muscles of the eyes sag down like old Venetian blinds, imparting to the sufferer a shifty, droop-lidded expression that makes even his best friends suspicious of him. In short, it makes him look like just the sort of fellow who might pirate a song lyric. THE END

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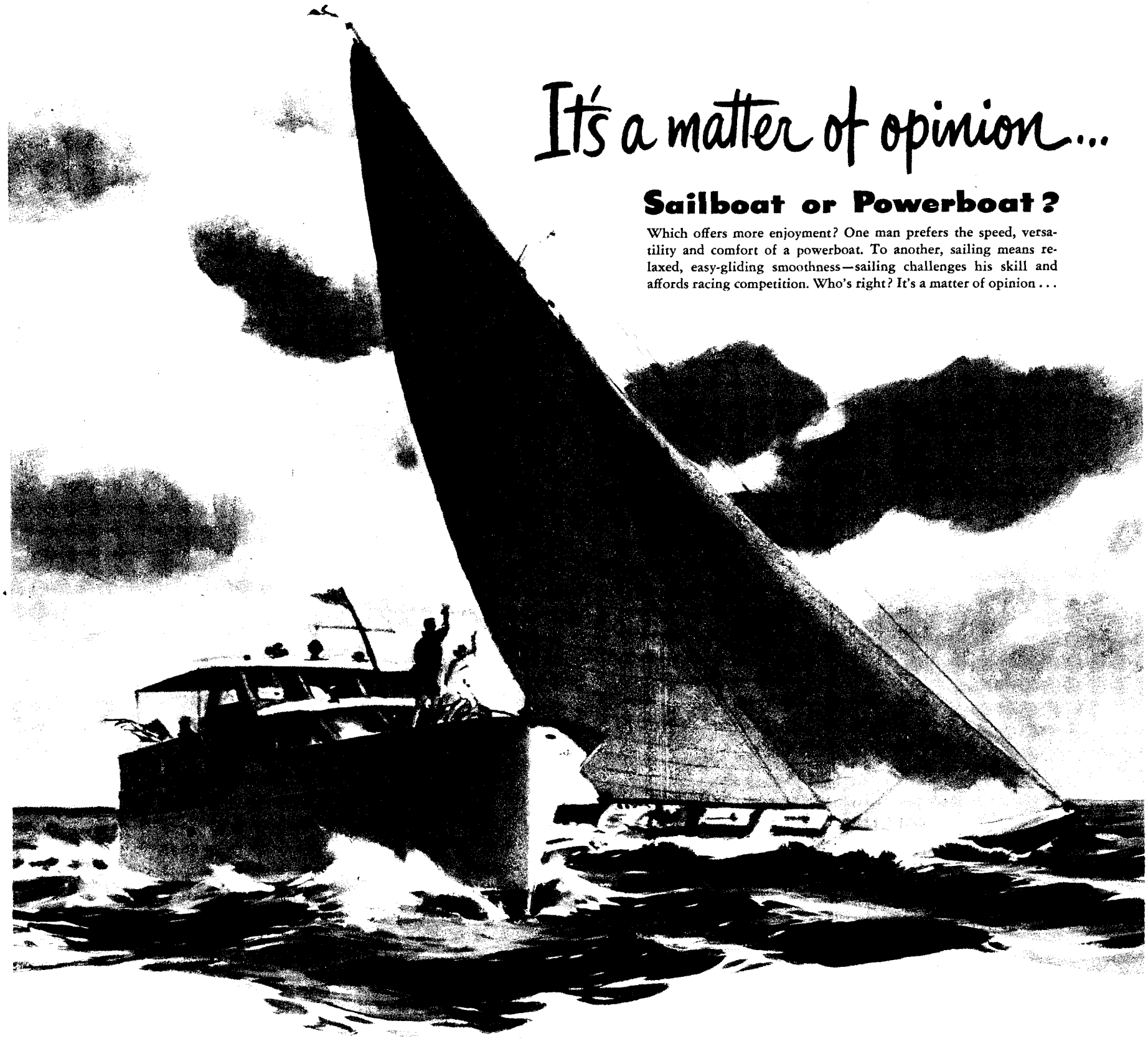

It's a matter of opinion...

Sailboat or Powerboat?

Which offers more enjoyment? One man prefers the speed, versatility and comfort of a powerboat. To another, sailing means relaxed, easy-gliding smoothness—sailing challenges his skill and affords racing competition. Who's right? It's a matter of opinion . . .

but it's a fact that Havoline is the Best motor oil your money can buy!

If you bought your car yesterday — or ten years ago—Custom-Made Havoline Motor Oil is best to use. In new cars, closer engine clearances call for heavy duty oil. And Havoline *exceeds* heavy duty requirements—even meets Army and Navy standards for heavy duty oils used in tanks and submarines.

Because tough, sturdy Havoline is unsurpassed to fight engine *wear,* this heavy duty motor oil is a wise choice for *any* car, new or old. It boosts engine power and gas mileage. It means longer engine life, with fewer repairs. Get Custom-Made Havoline today. See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

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Reach for the telephone when you get home

Now, you're taking them home from the hospital.

Pretty proud aren't you, as you put down the portable radio and step up to the window to pay the bill?

Everything has worked out just fine . . . you're bringing them home . . . and it's a boy! A boy to romp with . . . a boy to take on fishing trips . . . maybe a boy you'll watch playing football.

But may we remind you that right now he's a squawling, red-faced boy who has to have a feeding—just ask the nurse—at 10 p.m., 2 a.m., and 6 a.m. And that is only the beginning of a long dependency that lasts all the way through college.

During the time that boy (or maybe *you* are bringing home a girl!) will be looking to you for food, clothes, shelter, and the rest of the things a father must provide, make sure you have enough Life insurance.

For the man with a growing family, The Travelers has designed a special policy. It is called Travelers Triple Protection—a policy that pays three times its face value the first 20 years it's in force.

Your Travelers agent has all the details of this unusual policy at his fingertips. You couldn't do a finer thing for your new baby—boy or girl—than telephone your Travelers man when you get home.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Conn. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

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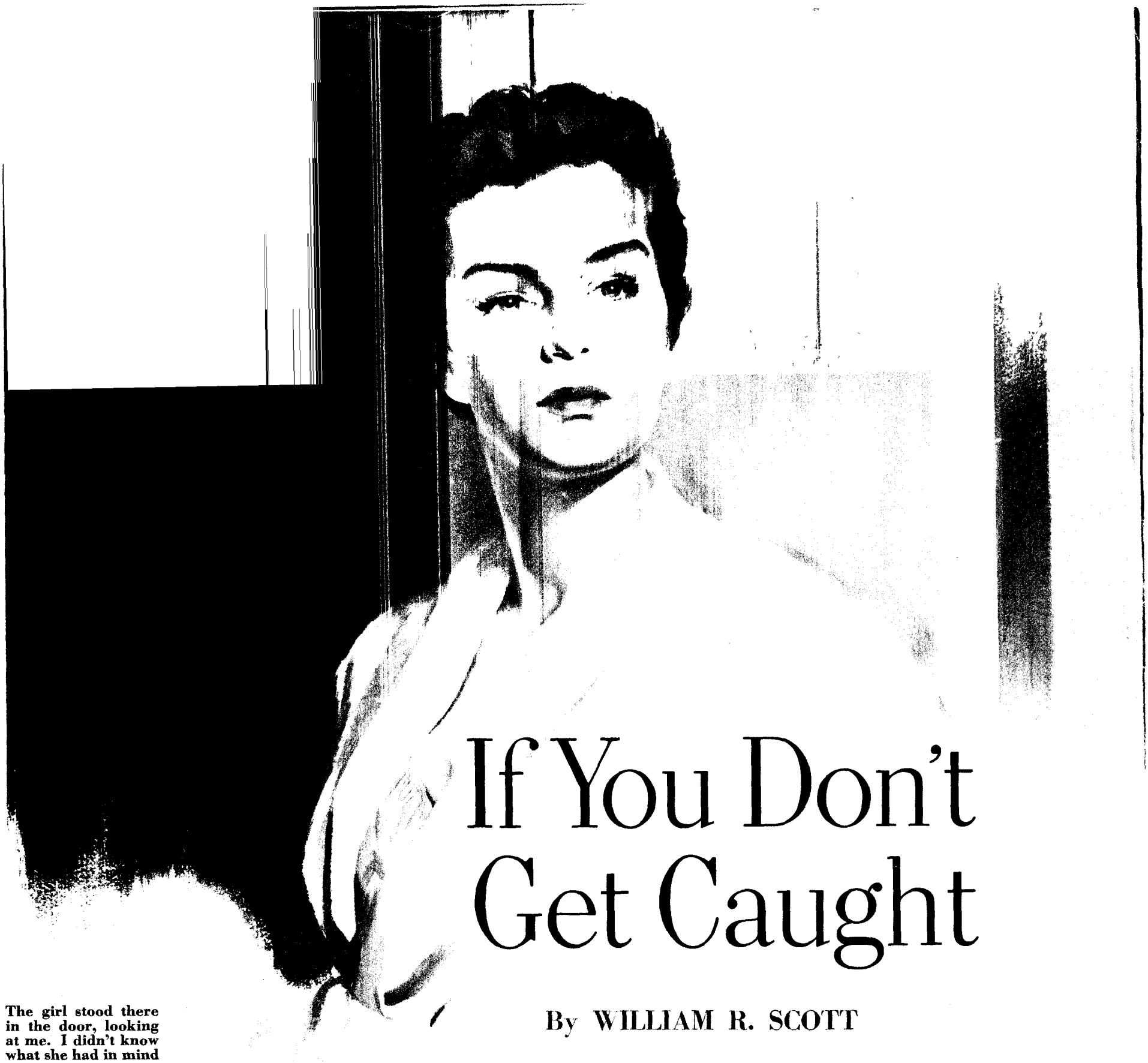

The girl stood there in the door, looking at me. I didn't know what she had in mind

If You Don't Get Caught

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

A new serial—about a nice but needy young guy who thought that five hundred dollars could buy all the conscience he had to sell

I

I WAS feeling pretty disenchanted the day Buck Early came back to the campus bearing gifts and a slightly illegal proposition. I hadn't seen Buck for almost two years. Although he'd promised to write, he had never done so, and I resented the fact that he hadn't got in touch with me until now, when he needed me. But on the other hand, he made such a handsome offer for the service he wished me to render, and he caught me in a weak moment. I was terribly fond of money.

I'd been lying on my back on my bed in my room, with my hands under my head, staring at the ceiling, sweating in the humid basement and wondering dully how much longer it would be, roughly, before the cracked plaster overhead lost its grip entirely and came tumbling down. And it didn't make any difference one way or the other and nothing else occupied my mind—absolutely nothing. I looked at the cheap alarm clock on my "work" table, and it was a few minutes past four o'clock on a Thursday in June, and suddenly I knew I couldn't take it much longer. Not much longer. As soon as the semester ended . . . I let the thought trickle away, because I knew I was in a rut, and I knew I didn't have any getaway money.

There were places I could have been, and things I could have been doing. Like over at the tennis courts, watching girls in white shorts and brown skins playing tennis. Like over on the North Oval, lying on the grass, chewing some of same. Or I could go sit around the Town Tavern and use up a little of my credit drinking cold keg beer, or I could get in my fine three-year-old sedan and drive down to the South Canadian river and stare at all that hot sand and the shallow trickle of red water. Or, Heaven forbid, I could study. But instead of doing any of those things I lay on my bed, sweating and staring at the ceiling.

And then somebody banged on my basement door and came on in, and who should it be but my old chum Buck Early with a half case of cold beer. And the business opportunity.

"Hello, Robert," he said, very casually. A great moment.

"Get lost," I said. "Early, must you always come charging in here when I'm deep in meditation? Have I no privacy no more?"

"Gee, I'm sorry," he said, lying about it. He put the beer on my work table and grinned at me. "Aren't you delighted to see me, kid?"

He opened two cans and handed me one, and I sat on the edge of my hot pad and tasted it, and it tasted like cold beer. Buck toed a chair around and straddled it backward, his arms resting on its back, and he thumbed his wide-brimmed, ranch-style straw Stetson up off his forehead, proving that his hairline was as black and low and thick and curly as ever. His dark Indian eyes examined me for a while, and then he grinned—a white, toothpaste-ad grin—and I grinned back at him, because I was glad to see him.

"What kind of football team we going to have next fall, Robert?"

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All I had to do was drive a truckload of bootleg whisky from one place to another. Buck was on my side. So was the sheriff. But I had one enemy—a girl I used to love.

"Terrific," I said. "You'll see some real football."

He wasn't any different from the Buck who had hurriedly resigned from law school when his small bootlegging activities leaked out. Maybe he looked a little more prosperous, but he was still the same broad-shouldered, fit-looking guy I'd known lo, those many years ago in the Coast Guard. He squinted at me and his grin faded.

"You about to graduate, Robert?"

I had to laugh. "Some yak," I said. "Hell, I got another semester, even if I go this summer."

All of a sudden I got this feeling that we were both beating around the bush about something, and I wondered what. So I said, "What's up?"

He raised his eyebrows. "I missed you, that's all. I got to feeling lonesome, so I thought I'd come over here and buy you a drink."

"Stow it," I said. "You know I don't drink, Early."

"I wanted to see the old gang, maybe play a little poker, like we used to, maybe have an old-fashioned beer bust, Robert."

"Stow that, too," I said. "I'm the only one left, Buck. They call me the oldest man on the campus. Grandpaw Nolan. Most of our gang were reservists, remember? You know where they are. The rest are graduated—pft!"

"You sound bitter," Buck said, grinning whitely. "I am not bitter. Every day I take time off to be thankful I didn't join a reserve deal."

I DIDN'T feel that way about it. I wished I'd joined the Naval Reserve that time, so that now, instead of being stuck in an educational rut, I'd probably be sailing the bounding main, a CPO maybe. I sat there admiring my can of beer and feeling glad that old Buck had come back to see me. I always liked the guy, and had often wondered about him. I figured he was probably just passing through, now. And then abruptly Buck stopped beating around the bush.

"Ever been in Derrick, Oklahoma, Robert?"

"Never. And, I might add, why? Where does this lead us?"

"Would you be interested in making five hundred dollars tomorrow?"

I nearly bit the top off my can of beer. "Who do I bump off?"

"Nobody," he said. "All you do is drive a truck for me."

"You're insane," I said. "What's the gimmick?"

"The truck would be full of whisky," Buck said.

"Don't look now, but that's highly irregular," I said. "In fact, here in the Sooner State, it is illegal, Buck."

"True, true," Buck agreed. "But it hadn't ort to be, had it?"

I could go along with that statement. I didn't approve of the kind of prohibition we had. It was a sham, a mockery. It made sneaks and law violators out of a lot of otherwise nice people. And it failed, miserably, to prohibit.

"There's more," I said. "Give me the rest of it. Five hundred is too many lovely dollars for just driving a truckload of liquor, man."

He gave me the rest of it. I closely resembled a man named Jones. Using Mr. Jones's credentials, I was to bid in a load of whisky at a sheriff's sale in Derrick and drive it to a spot designated as Buck's barn. And there was absolutely no risk involved, and the reason he was coming to me at the last minute like this was simply because Mr. Jones was not able to function tomorrow, having wrapped his automobile around a Missouri telephone pole. It was a brass-plated cinch, Buck said.

"Uh-uh," I said. "I am allergic to sheriffs, Buck."

"You'd like this one," he said. "He's on our side." And then he got out his billfold and showed me a deputy sheriff's badge, and I dropped my beer can, which was empty anyhow, because the idea of Buck Early being a deputy sheriff was ridiculous.

"Me and the sheriff," he said, "we don't get paid enough, so we want to bid in this load of precious merchandise ourselves. That's all. And we need a substitute for Mr. Jones, our agent, and I immediately thought of you, old pal, because I can trust you and because five hundred dollars couldn't happen to a nicer guy. You miss one day of school, you come back loaded. Everybody's happy. Especially me."

"You thought of me because I look like a guy named Jones," I told him, so he'd understand I wasn't being conned into anything. I thought about his proposition as he opened another can of beer for me. I said give me a little time to think about it, and we drank beer and talked, and his almost black Choctaw eyes watched me the way a snake watches a bird, and his Irish mouth grinned, and I thought about how nice it would be to have five hundred dollars.

RIGHT now I want to explain that never for a second did the moral aspects of the thing give me pause. Not then. Later, but not then. I thought about how I would like to take the summer off, go to Mexico or up in the high Sierras of California, get completely away from my books and the rut of discontent I was in. A guy could have a very nice vacation in romantic old Mexico for five hundred American dollars, and underneath all of my thinking about it I knew I didn't want to come back to school again, either. I wanted to make the break final and complete, for any number of probably foolish reasons, and here was the means being handed me on a platter. I'm not trying to alibi, not really, but money is a dangerous and a vicious thing, and when the price is right almost any hard-pressed and gullible young man of twenty-nine without family ties and loved ones can be corrupted. And that's what happened to me. I was corrupted. The price was right.

"When do we leave, Buck?" I asked.

His jaw sagged a little. He had been prepared to sell me, and now it wasn't necessary. He got hold of himself and grinned hugely. "Well, pack a bag, kid. Take a suit and a necktie and a hat, if you own one. And a slicker—the forecast is for rain tomorrow. And it would make it better if you take your car. I came over on the bus."

I got off the bed and went to take a shower. Inside the half hour we were on the road, going east on Highway 9 out of Norman. And, screwy as it may sound, I was already beginning to have qualms. At the time, I attributed them to nervousness and trepidation—you know, fear. I kept myself fooled like that for quite a while, too.

Somewhere around Seminole we ran into the first rainstorm, and all over the north and east the sky was blue-black and threaded with lightning. After that we kept driving into a hard, quick rain every little while, and it slowed us down considerably—and we had to keep our windows closed, and Buck's nauseating cigars became a torment. So did his predilection for loud hillbilly music laced with static.

"Don't you just love the pitter-patter of rain?" Buck said.

"Hell, no!" I said.

He grinned; he was contented, gay. "Hey, Robert, you nervous about tomorrow?"

"Hell, yes!" I said.

"Don't be," he advised me. He had consumed six or seven cans of the beer, and he was at peace with his world. Everything was grand. "Nervous people get ulcers," he said. "Like Floyd."

"Who is Floyd?" I said.

"Floyd Talmadge, the sheriff. My creature, my puppet. He's got a duodenal ulcer. He worries too much. His whole family is neurotic."

"Is the sheriff worried about tomorrow?" I asked.

Buck laughed. "Tomorrow, yesterday, and next Christmas, too."

"That does it," I said. "If the sheriff is shaking, I quit."

That was the first sensible thing I'd said all afternoon, but I didn't mean it. I was kidding. Quit, and kiss five hundred dollars good-by? Hah! So all right, it sounded like a ten-dollar job with a four-hundred-and-ninety-dollar risk value. I was wearing my best pair of guts, and the whole screwy situation had a certain ironic charm. I was a stooge, and stooges don't have a strong union, and without a very strong union nobody gets five hundred dollars for one day's work. But, on the other hand, everybody knows the wages of sin are phenomenal—if you don't get caught; and who gets caught when the sheriff is on his side? I wasn't scared of getting caught. I wasn't scared. It was this other thing that nagged at me.

I suppose that I was subconsciously—or on a tertiary level of thought, as some guy once said—trying to justify myself, and I kept thinking about the large athletic banquet I'd gone to in my capacity as student sports writer for the Daily. The town cops were there, outside, helping park the cars. Inside, mixed whisky drinks were served openly. This was the kind of ridiculous prohibition we had.

People drank and broke a law and laughed about it, and bootleggers were not classed with criminals. State laws couldn't destroy the old law of supply and demand, and whose crime was blacker—the one who sold a pint or the one who bought it and drank it? Public officials who paid lip service to the dry laws nevertheless served their guests concoctions more potent than grape juice. And I preferred to think that I was a little scared about portraying Mr. Jones on the morrow—I preferred to think that it wasn't a question of right and wrong.

"Turn left up ahead," Buck said, and the setting sun got through the clouds and touched the dripping woods with red fire, and I turned left and heard the gravel rattling under us.

"Where does this splendid *Autobahn* take us?" I asked.

"My place," Buck said.

To me it seemed a wild and melancholy land, a brooding place of rank brush and thick timber, sparsely peopled; a land of untouched natural ugliness. But the rain had stopped, at least, and presently from the top of a ridge where the gravel road began to descend into the valley I saw the beautiful blue-green river sparkling off to the right through the trees and guessed it was the fabled Squaw River, famed for its float trips and its scenic beauties—Squaw River, and beyond, east, the roofs and spires of the small city of Derrick.

"Left up the next hollow," Buck said, and I turned left up the hollow. We traveled for several hundred yards through a wet tunnel of trees, and the tracks of Buck's private driveway climbed up out of the hollow onto a wooded plateau and we were there.

THE house was old and paintless and shabby, surrounded by the thick-boled oaks and towering black gum trees, and beyond it was a handful of rickety outbuildings. I parked the car in front of the house and we got out, and a plump, Indian-looking woman came to the open door and stared at us.

"Hi, Mom," Buck said. "Tony show up?" She nodded, and Buck said to me, "Tony went to Missouri for the truck. I guess it's in the barn." He looked at her again. "Where's Grady, Mom?"

She shrugged her fat shoulders. "Buck, what kind of crazy thing you getting mixed up in now?"

Buck started toward the barn. "Come on, Robert." I followed him to the barn. It was an old and a sad barn, built partly of sandstone and partly of old bleached hewn timbers, with rusty tin for a roof. As I waited for Buck to open the door, a half-dozen lank hound dogs came out from under the house and waved their ratty tails like metronomes above their gaunt rumps. It seemed appropriate. The place looked fit for dogs. It all reminded me of a bad movie I'd seen somewhere.

Inside the barn a big truck of not very recent vintage was parked. It had a semitrailer. Buck looked at me, grinning. "Think you can herd her, kid?" I said I could, and he said, "Tony—one of the deputies, Mom's cousin—he painted the sign. You like it?"

The sign read: JONES & CO., WHISKY, WINES, LIQUEURS. I *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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I grabbed her and we tussled a little. She felt small and angry, and smelled clean and fragrant, and I forgot that you shouldn't ever mix business with pleasure

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"THE MAN TO SEE" *in*

He's Longie Zwillman, ex-hoodlum who rose from rackets to riches—then bought into honest business and went on to political power. Now he's called "the biggest man" in the state

I

WHEN a city board in Newark, New Jersey, was endangered recently by an economy wave, its secretary knew exactly what to do. He went to see an easy-talking six-footer, called Longie. The board stayed. And so did the secretary's job.

When some bigwigs of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor wanted to oust the head of their building-trades unions, they also knew what to do. They asked Longie first. Because Longie didn't give the word, the labor boss kept his job.

When the Chicago Capone mob, extorting a million dollars from the movie industry, wanted New Jersey support to capture the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees (AFL) they, too, saw Longie.

So did the leaders of a religious minority who feared the prewar inroads of the Ku Klux Klan and the German-American Bund. Longie drove Klan and Bund out of New Jersey.

A man who wields this sort of power usually likes to reap the recognition that goes with it. Not Longie. His influence has been one of the best-kept secrets in American politics, in labor, in business—and in the underworld.

"Longie?" said a newspaperman. "He's the biggest man in New Jersey. But don't ask me how he does it. Nobody can put his finger on it."

"Why did I go to Longie to get his support?" Harold G. Hoffman, the former governor of New Jersey, said to a Senate Crime Investigating Committee lawyer. "Why, everybody knows who Longie is."

Longie, the man whom everybody knows, but few know about, is Abner Zwillman, who in the past has also been known by the names of Abe and George Long and Abe Fitzell. A top partner in the biggest rumrunning syndicate of the dry years, Zwillman was once branded by the FBI as a public enemy. J. Richard (Dixie) Davis, who as mouthpiece for Arthur P. (Dutch Schultz) Flegenheimer knew his underworld, tagged Longie Zwillman in 1939 as one of mobdom's Big Six, ranking with such lurid worthies as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, Benjamin (Bugsey) Siegel, Meyer (Little Meyer) Lansky, Charles (Lucky) Luciano and Jacob (Gurrah) Shapiro.

At the Senate Crime Investigating Committee hearings last April, Zwillman appeared as a big, relaxed and trigger-witted man in glasses, whose features, obviously once darkly handsome, had coarsened and become angular with middle age. (He is forty-seven.) On his home grounds, Newark, Longie is known as a warm, intense-eyed fellow with the friend-making talents of a puppy. His capacity for making friends is, in fact, prodigious.

"Zwillman's friends number in the thousands," Longie's lawyer told the Senate crime probers. "They include priests, rabbis, doctors, men in public life, businessmen and people in all walks of life." Zwillman seemingly began to make friends early. In 1930 when Longie, then twenty-six, was being sentenced to six months in jail for brutally beating a "numbers" runner with a blackjack, Zwillman's then lawyer could already tell the court:

"Hundreds of persons know of Zwillman's kindliness and charity."

The friendly Zwillman, an impeccable family man, lives the life of a suburban gentleman in a 21-room, Normandy, ivy-covered home of stone blocks in West Orange, New Jersey. A spacious house with eight bedrooms, five baths and a servants' dining room, it would cost an estimated $200,000 to replace. To assure privacy, the road to the mansion is barred by a chain. Set back on a broad, cool lawn, the home's great dormer windows, three chimneys and wall covering of ivy give it the look of a college dormitory—or an English baronet's country seat.

Longie is married to the former Mary De Groot Mendels Steinbach, a finishing-school graduate and onetime Junior Leaguer noted for her beauty.

"Just like the story of the Prizefighter and the Lady," Newark's sporting life said happily of the courtship in 1939. The boys around the Third Ward, from which Zwillman sprang, even had it that Longie had got himself an English tutor to improve his speech, but nobody knows for sure.

The Zwillmans have two children, John and Lynn Kathryn. Longie is a doting father who seldom leaves home. But that may be because it has become increasingly embarrassing for him to do so since the white light of public scrutiny has been turned on the underworld.

Longie Zwillman, "the biggest man in New Jersey," leads no political party. He doesn't even belong to a clubhouse. And he heads no labor union.

Slick Maneuver in State Politics

No party boss, Longie nevertheless took on the most formidable boss of them all, Frank Hague, and—in a subterranean struggle, little suspected by the people of New Jersey—helped end Hague's 36-year reign. As a by-product of this power play, Longie helped re-elect New Jersey's governor, Republican Alfred E. Driscoll, an able and earnest man (who did not seek Zwillman's support). This slick maneuver helped weld a coalition that dominates the Democratic party of the state.

No party boss, Longie masterminded the fusing of Newark's minorities into a political amalgam that gave him mastery over his home town and its gravy.

No labor leader, Longie is the man to whom some employers go to settle differences with their unions. To many labor unions, as one admirer put it, "Longie's word is magic."

No proved racketeer, Longie is still so high in underworld councils that he warrants telephone calls from such leaders as Frank Costello. The country's crimsonest characters are Zwillman's admitted friends. And for a business partner, Longie has a man who carries money and gifts to Charles (Lucky) Luciano, the convicted purveyor of women on a chain-store basis, who was deported to Italy. Luciano recently was accused by federal narcotics agents of sneaking dope to America.

By any yardstick, as one politician put it, "Longie is *Somebody*." But it is his hidden business deals that give the most convincing proof of it. In deals that take years for Internal Revenue agents to ferret out, he pops up as a major partner of a multimillion-dollar liquor business; as the dominant stockholder of a movie producing company; as the owner of a truck-and-equipment agency that enjoyed a substantial portion of the official business of a city. It turns out that Longie Zwillman ranks with Frank Costello as one of the richest and most powerful figures to come out of the mobs.

For instance:

In 1946, Zwillman bought—with others—the block-square former post-office site in the heart of Louisville's business section. The purchase price was $1,800,000. The deal raises interesting questions about Zwillman's connections in Washington. (Senate crime probers could link Costello only to one office building and a small electric-broiler company and some oil leases.)

For all of the recent probings into the underworld's links to politics and legitimate business, Longie (his origin, his clandestine careers, his wealth and power) has remained largely unexplored. Yet Zwillman's career dramatizes a significant development in American life: the rise of the prohibition mobster to great political influence. This rise takes four stages.

First, bootlegging. Second, the use of organizing ability and violence—learned in bootlegging—to make a secret buck in the numbers, the books, in union racketeering when repeal came. Third, use of the secret wealth acquired in the rackets to invade legitimate business.

INTERNATIONAL

Frank Hague, Jersey City boss, went down in 1949 city race. Longie gave him a big shove

INTERNATIONAL

Gov. Alfred E. Driscoll, seeking re-election, got Zwillman help, but did not ask or want it

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New Jersey

By LESTER VELIE

Longie, a graduate of all three stages, went on to the ultimate step. He used everything he had acquired along the way—organizing ability, wealth, racket and labor connections—to become a power in politics.

The pattern of Longie's rise provides an illuminating lesson in current civics. It helps shed light on what has been happening to some of our local governments—the government that is closest to the people and the foundation of all government.

An Oft-Repeated Underworld Answer

When Zwillman testified before the Senate Crime Committee one night last April, he "sirred" the senators so deferentially, answered questions with such seeming sincerity that he convinced even the crusty and shrewd Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin that he, Zwillman, had gone legitimate since repeal. He could be this disarming even though 41 times he had to reply:

"I decline to answer on the ground that it will incriminate me."

This writer has heard such protestations of rectitude from the lips of such hoodlums as Mickey Cohen of California, Little Jack Guzick of Chicago, and the late Charles Binaggio of Kansas City.

"Sure, I was in the rackets maybe a few years back," they said. "But now, believe me, I'm legitimate." It is the familiar line of the modern big-time underworld figure who works hard to build a façade of respectability about himself with a fine home, well-cut clothes, a good family life and extensive charities. (In Newark, Longie's charities are so well known that community chest officials sit down with him to plan campaigns.)

But if you dig below the surface of a figure like Zwillman, you uncover deep roots into the underworld. (It was necessary to dig, because Zwillman refused to answer questions about his past or present.)

For instance:

When underworld leaders sat down in Miami Beach in February, 1949—to discuss industry problems—the highest Names on the rackets hierarchy were there: Frank Costello, Frank Erickson, Joe Adonis, Nick Delmore.

Who else?

Abner (Longie) Zwillman. The Miami News, describing the dinner and meeting, called Longie Zwillman the host.

Zwillman's associate in a cigarette-vending machine company (Public Service Tobacco Company) is one Michael Lascari.

Lascari grew up in the same household as "Lucky" Luciano, the most sinister cutthroat to come out of the American underworld. So stanch a friend and admirer of Luciano's is Lascari that he asked the gangster to be the godfather of his (Lascari's) daughter, Donna (now a 25 per cent partner of Zwillman's tobacco company). When Luciano was exiled to Italy, it was Lascari who saw him off from Ellis Island and brought him clothes for traveling. Lascari made a pilgrimage to Italy to carry Luciano $2,500. And when relatives sailed for Europe on the Queen Mary in May, 1949, Lascari sent a present to Luciano—a pair of gold cuff links.

When Willie Moretti, the New Jersey gangster who is first cousin to Frank Costello and calls him "chief," threw two lavish weddings for his daughters at the Essex House in Newark, Michael Lascari's daughter was a bridesmaid. Present were the Four Hundred of the underworld, including Frank Costello, Joe Adonis and Vito Genovese, who was tried for murder in Brooklyn and acquitted.

Who else?

Abner (Longie) Zwillman. When Little Meyer Lansky, the reputed industry arbitrator for the Eastern mobs, returned from a honeymoon in Florida, the underworld's elite gathered again. The host this time was Longie Zwillman, Little Meyer's friend for years.

This background doesn't stop a man from becoming a power in the politics of his home town and state. As a matter of fact, it actually has helped Zwillman on his way. But Longie has been careful. He never let *(Continued on page 70)*

ACME

Zwillman, before Senate Crime Committee, 41 times refused to answer searching questions

Police photo of Longie in 1930 when, at age of 26, he got a six-month term for assault

ACME

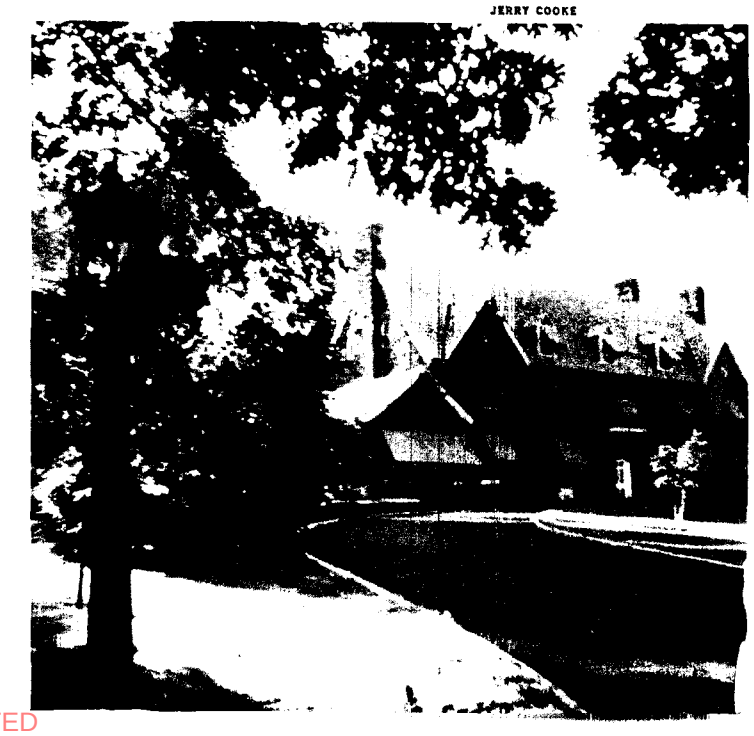
Meyer Ellenstein, former mayor of Newark, now city commissioner, is a friend of Longie's

INTERNATIONAL

When mobster Willie Moretti gave parties for his daughters, Zwillman was one of the guests

Zwillman lives life of a suburban gentleman in this 21-room house at West Orange, N.J.

JERRY COOKE



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JACKIE

Gleason is best known for the unusual characters that he portrays on television. This cheerful gent is the Bartender, a philosophical old-timer hailing, like Jackie himself, from Brooklyn

The Bachelor, another Gleason character, relives other days after finding souvenirs in his luggage

And here's Jackie as Reggie van Gleason, the spoiled offspring of a wealthy father

SOME years ago, a youthful comedian named Jackie Gleason was working as master of ceremonies at a nervous night spot in Newark, New Jersey, called the Miami Club. One evening, a circular, baldish patron, yawing like a scow loose in a hurricane, surged to a ringside table and sat down with a crash. He took a brief look at Gleason's curly hairdo and cameo profile and snorted with distaste.

"Why'n'tchoo go back to your truck?" the patron sneered. He shifted his cigar butt and added, almost absently, "Ya bum, ya."

Jackie grimly went on with his patter, and even managed a white smile.

"Bring on the dames!" the patron bellowed.

After this had gone on for some time, Jackie went into a dance and edged toward a table where the club manager sat moodily. "George," Gleason said out of a corner of his mouth, "I can't take any more. I'm gonna belt him one."

"I don't blame you," George said. "Not one bit. I would do the same thing if I was you."

The slender, handsome M.C. soft-shoed to the table of the critical patron, who seemed to be dozing. Jackie went flat-footed to gain power and swung a mighty roundhouse. When Gleason came to, he was lying on a cot in the club cellar; someone was pouring water on his head and George was fanning him with an old Racing Form.

"What happened?" Jackie sputtered.

"Well," George said, "you take a punch at Two-Ton Tony Galento, only Two-Ton gets you first with that left hook, the best in the fight game."

"A fine thing," Jackie said bitterly. "You knew him. You could have told me."

"My boy," George said, "there are some things you got to learn from experience."

Since then, Gleason has been learning at a tremendous clip—not so much in the fistic field as in the realm of entertainment. At thirty-five, Jackie is the comic star of the Dumont network's hour-long television show, Cavalcade of Stars, and in TV circles he is widely spoken of as a good bet to become one of the top performers of that tricky medium.

Milton Douglas, producer of Gleason's program, and the man who first saw the TV possibilities in the brash, wisecracking night-club comic, declares: "Jackie has a warmth and depth few other comedians in the business have today. Most of them are just joke tellers. Gleason is a character comedian. He can play scenes and completely submerge his own personality in the role, and some of his laughs are just a short step from tears."

Bert Lahr, a fine comedian himself and an elder statesman of the laugh business, calls Gleason "the new comic star," adding, "He has even greater potentialities than he has yet shown."

The style that has carried Jackie to this high estate is inimitably his, but it carries fascinating suggestions of the comics of other days. His face in repose is clean-cut and handsome; during his physically slender periods (they come and go) he can make himself look very much like the late John Barrymore. But it's an exceedingly mobile face, and he can, on occasion, look as sad as a bloodhound, simply by raising his eyebrows.

Gleason also is a master at the art of frantic eye-rolling—a technique right out of the old silent movie comedies he absorbed as a kid. And in his sudden bellows of rage there is more than a hint of the late W. C. Fields. Added to this are bits and pieces of business he has created during 21 years of experience in vaudeville, musical comedy, movies, radio and night clubs.

Chief among these are a couple of gimmicks that have become as much a part of his television personality as his face: his bizarre arm-flapping, like the contortions of a waterlogged sea gull trying to take off; and his cheery, contagious shout, "And away we go!"—both of which have been so widely

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GLEASON—Gleeful Goliath

He's one of our fastest-rising young comics, but success goes to his waistline. Yet, though he's svelte one month and mountainous the next, one thing stays constant: his high TV rating

By MURRAY ROBINSON

copied that, to Gleason's dismay, many people believe Jackie is aping his imitators!

Before Gleason loomed on the television screen, he was respected around Broadway chiefly for his speed with an ad lib or topper. Show business scorekeepers rated him high in the brittle-wit department.

One afternoon, for example, he was eating at a restaurant when there was a small fire, quickly extinguished, in the kitchen. A bevy of fire fighters hovered around the bar, probably to make sure nothing was burning there.

"It took three minutes to put out the fire," Gleason observed, "but it'll take three days to put out the firemen."

When Jackie made his first trip to Hollywood, Jack Carson, already a movie star, generously said: "I'll be glad to help you out."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Gleason replied. "You'll help me *out*."

A catty fellow comic introduced Gleason, then weighing 275 pounds, in this way: "Here are two of my favorite comedians."

"I wish," Gleason said gently, "I could say you were *one* of mine."

Except for a few moments at the start of his TV shows, Jackie has shelved this type of humor in favor of a technique with which, his admirers say, he is evolving an entirely new format of TV comedy. His show features a series of short sketches—usually three to a program—each built around a character taken by Gleason from real life. Some of these people he remembers vividly from his Brooklyn boyhood. Others he has observed and catalogued with a droll, shrewd eye during his roller-coaster days in Hollywood, on Broadway and in little towns on the road.

His album of television characters includes the obnoxious playboy, Reggie van Gleason; the harried clerk Fenwick; the Bachelor, played in pantomime; a worried father with a son named Timmy; and Joe the Bartender, a wondrous man who delivers monologues in brisk Brooklynese.

A deft writing team, Coleman Jacoby and Arnie Rosen, develops the sketches around Gleason's characters. Some of them are broad, hilarious slapstick, at which the ripsnorting Jackie excels. One of the most flamboyant of these personalities is the slightly overripe Reggie van Gleason, spoiled child of harassed, handwringing, wealthy parents. Instead of making Reggie a dashing figure, Gleason accentuates the character's fortyishness with a ridiculous blob of mustache. And, of course, he knows just how to play the role because he has viewed Reggie in person.

One night, Jackie was in a bar near Central Park when the playboy entered. He made some unkind remarks about the customers and Gleason registered a dissenting opinion.

"Drop dead," the playboy suggested. As an afterthought, he added: "I ought to hit you."

"The park," Gleason said, "is over there. And away we go!"

"When we got to the park," Gleason recalled recently, "I really got a load of how this playboy thought. I lifted my dukes and started swinging. And he said to me, 'Just a minute, you. Don't swing so fast.' He was so used to arranging things to suit himself, he even tried to arrange my fighting. I didn't pay any attention to him. I fractured him."

A few nights later, the playboy's father tapped Gleason on the shoulder. "I understand," he said, "you had an altercation with my son."

"If you mean a fight," Gleason answered, "I did. How do you know?"

"It came out," Papa said, "when he announced today he's going to take boxing lessons."

"He's too late," Gleason said. "But I'm sorry for you that I hit him."

Papa shook his head mournfully. "My complaint," he said, "is that you didn't hit him hard enough!"

Just starting his second full year as star of Cavalcade of Stars, Jackie is currently earning more than $200,000 a year, including TV shots (at about $7,500 each) in which he substitutes for other major stars, and personal appearances in movie houses (at around $10,000 a week). And there is no indication that his take-home pay is going to fall off at any time in the near future; for although he started his program in competition with the popular Friday-night boxing bouts telecast from New York, it improved its rating steadily after Gleason took it over.

Gleason and family. Left to right, Linda, Jackie, Mrs. G., Geraldine and, seated on the stool, Riley

Naturally, Jackie views this situation with considerable pride. Basically a humble man, he has hidden his humility, like many other people in show business, under protective coatings of Broadway swagger.

When he calls a friend in show business, he is apt to say, "Hello, pal, this is the Great." Entering a gathering of associates, he occasionally announces himself with: "All right, pals, step aside. Here's the World's Greatest!"

To demonstrate that he's at least the literary equal of Jacoby and Rosen, his writers, he sometimes leads them into subtle traps. Once, he maneuvered them into the spot he wanted and then said casually, "I think that's a form of sadism." He pronounced it "saddism."

"The word," Rosen said, "is 'saydism!'"

"Tell you what, pal," Gleason purred, "I'll bet you a sawbuck it's pronounced 'saddism.'"

Naturally, the dictionary proved the comedian right, as he knew it would.

Another time, Jacoby was describing a scene and spoke of a "rough, roistering, fast rider."

"Come on, pal," Gleason urged. "You can make it more illiterate than that."

"I still can't figure out if the Great was kidding me or not," Jacoby confesses.

This psychological cold war between comic and writers, not exactly a rarity in show business, flared into an open break toward the close of the first year of Cavalcade of Stars. Gleason and the firm of Jacoby & Rosen split up by mutual, and practically amicable, consent. A few weeks later, however, their talents were rewedded, with the Music Corporation of America, the giant agency handling Gleason, acting as peacemaker.

Jacoby and Rosen spend about seven hours writing the comedy portions of Gleason's show. There is a first reading on the Monday preceding the Friday program, with the writers acting out the sketches so Gleason may better visualize the action. Rehearsals are scheduled daily thereafter. At 6:30 P.M. Friday, there is a dress rehearsal.

There is a minimum of bickering at most of the Cavalcade rehearsals, but Gleason, a stickler for realism, blew his wig at a recent Friday session. A ladder he was supposed to topple off in a grocery sketch wasn't ready. "It'll be here in time for the show," he was told soothingly.

"I want it NOW!" Gleason roared. "How do you expect me to fall off something that isn't there? Want me to get killed?"

Personally fearless, Gleason's beef was that the absence of the ladder made it impossible for him to rehearse a fall so dangerous that most comics would have been happy merely to imagine it. On his program, he takes flops which cause his friends to shield their eyes in horror. A set of hair-trigger reflexes and the complete relaxation of a natural athlete enable him to avoid injury. Nevertheless, there are those among Jackie's associates who think his tendency to risk injury in the course of his work may some day make him ineligible for an organization he recently started called the "Pour Souls." The one membership requirement, in Gleason's own words: "You have to be alive."

It might be noted that you also have to be pretty solid in the exchequer department. The first shindig the Poor Souls threw, with veteran comic Bert Wheeler as guest of honor, made the attending poor souls poorer by $25 a soul. About 100 actors, newspapermen, television and radio figures, and Broadway characters attended. Survivors were invited to the Poor Souls' next outing, a boat ride up the Hudson River, with seersucker suits and hard straw hats de rigeur.

The name of Gleason's club is derived from one of the two groups into which he has divided humanity. People, to him, are either Pals—or Poor Souls.

This arbitrary division illustrates a basic conflict between humility and brashness in Gleason's own character—one of several inner struggles apparent in the comic. Psychologists probably would trace them to the misfortunes of his childhood and early adolescence. But of this period Gleason, characteristically, recalls only the laughs.

He was born in Brooklyn in 1916. When he was eight years old, his father, *(Continued on page 38)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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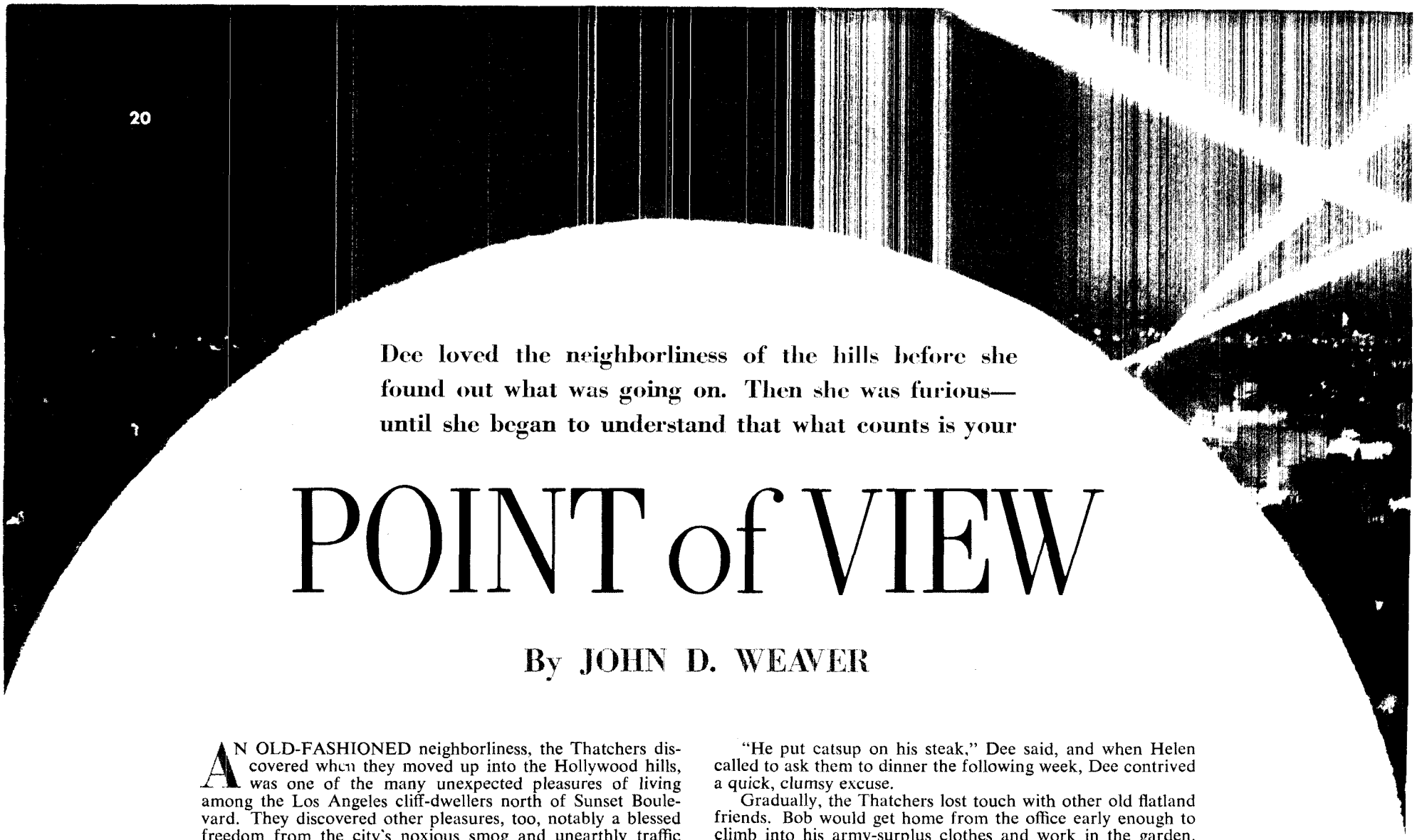


Dee loved the neighborliness of the hills before she found out what was going on. Then she was furious—until she began to understand that what counts is your

POINT of VIEW

By JOHN D. WEAVER

AN OLD-FASHIONED neighborliness, the Thatchers discovered when they moved up into the Hollywood hills, was one of the many unexpected pleasures of living among the Los Angeles cliff-dwellers north of Sunset Boulevard. They discovered other pleasures, too, notably a blessed freedom from the city's noxious smog and unearthly traffic roar, but after having lived in the flat, wind-swept reaches of the San Fernando Valley, where people dwelt side by side for years without even learning each other's names, the Thatchers were particularly surprised and delighted by the amiable, small-town atmosphere of the Hollywood hill country.

"I've never seen anything like it," Bob Thatcher said one night when two old friends, Larry and Helen Morse, drove up from the unfriendly flatness of North Hollywood. "If some of the neighbors have a party, they come over the next morning with cold sliced turkey or a huge casserole."

"And whenever they drive down the hill for anything," Dee Thatcher said, "they stop and ask if we want something from the market."

The Morses, with that look of superior wisdom which had always been a source of friction in their relations with the Thatchers, shook their heads disapprovingly. "It never works out," Larry said, managing to create the impression that his words were being recorded for posterity on stone tablets. "The only way to get along with neighbors is to ignore them."

"But it's different up here," Dee said.

"People just can't live too close to people," Helen said, reflecting an antagonism common to people everywhere toward a way of life not their own.

Afterward, when the Morses had gone (and Dee wished she'd followed her original dinner menu and given them baked fish instead of the New-York-cut steak), the Thatchers stood by their picture window, looking down at the lights of the city that linked the desert and the ocean in a sprawling clutter of varicolored neon. The distant lights, through some attractive trick of atmosphere, twinkled like stars. Bob put his arm around Dee, and they watched two searchlights signaling the opening of a new drive-in. The beams of light, two blue-gray stripes across the night sky, formed a giant V, then slowly moved toward each other, met for an instant—an exclamation point—then swung out again.

"He put catsup on his steak," Dee said, and when Helen called to ask them to dinner the following week, Dee contrived a quick, clumsy excuse.

Gradually, the Thatchers lost touch with other old flatland friends. Bob would get home from the office early enough to climb into his army-surplus clothes and work in the garden. Afterward, he wouldn't feel like getting dressed and going out, and if he wanted someone to have a drink with, he'd call across the road to the Delmans, who would also be working outdoors in old clothes.

The Thatchers felt particularly close to the Delmans. Both couples were roughly the same age, both were childless and both were in the same income bracket. Jesse Delman was head of the escrow department of one of the few independent banks in Los Angeles. He and Bob, who was in insurance, talked markets, politics, sports and sex. Dee and Caroline Delman both made all their own clothes, did their own housework, and read the same comic strips. They compared notes on antique shops (both women furnished their houses in early American), the best place to have pictures framed or old oil lamps wired for electricity.

"Wasn't the view wonderful today?" Caroline said one Saturday when she and Jesse came over to the Thatchers' for a barbecue.

"Beautiful," Dee said.

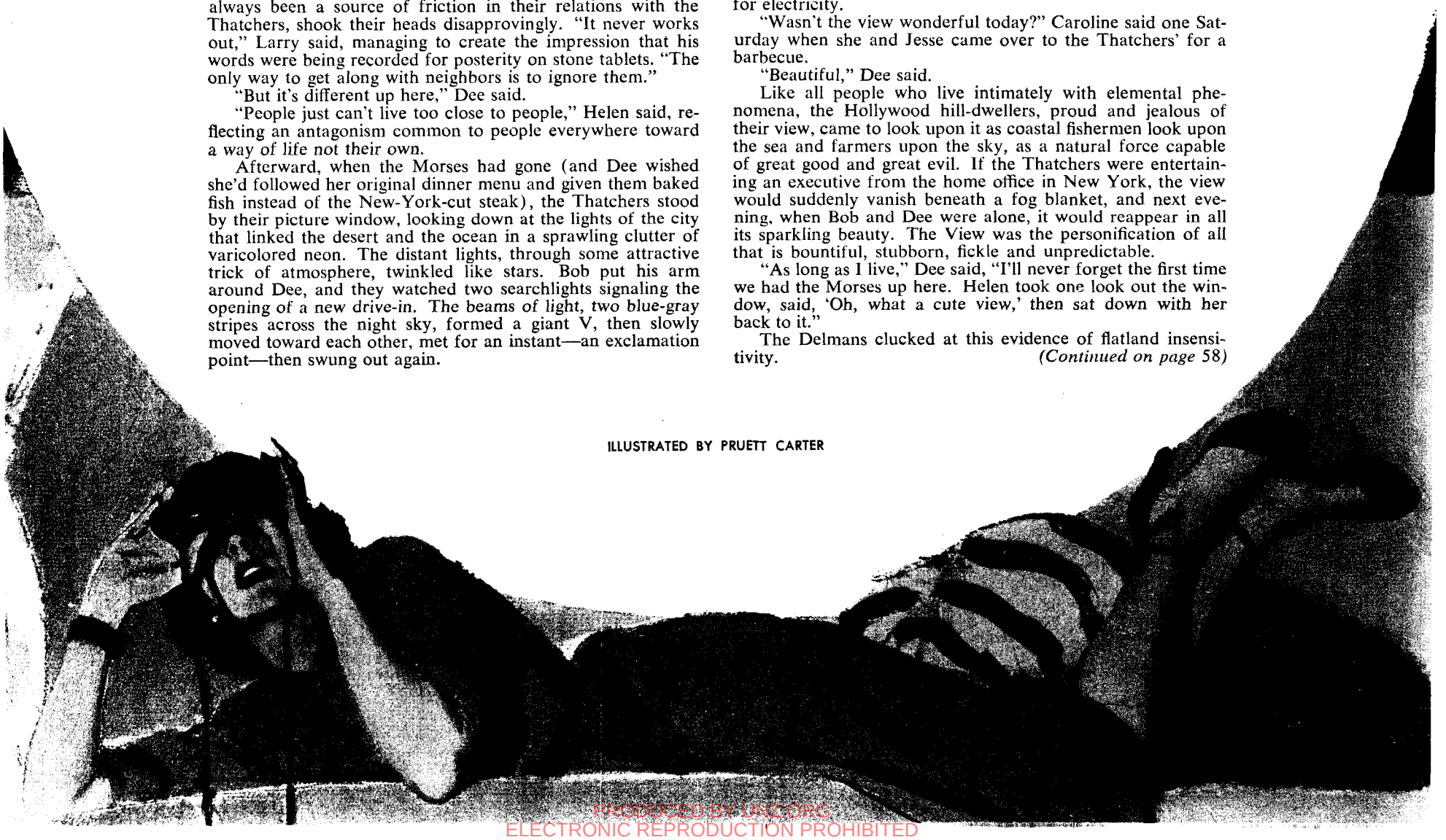
Like all people who live intimately with elemental phenomena, the Hollywood hill-dwellers, proud and jealous of their view, came to look upon it as coastal fishermen look upon the sea and farmers upon the sky, as a natural force capable of great good and great evil. If the Thatchers were entertaining an executive from the home office in New York, the view would suddenly vanish beneath a fog blanket, and next evening, when Bob and Dee were alone, it would reappear in all its sparkling beauty. The View was the personification of all that is bountiful, stubborn, fickle and unpredictable.

"As long as I live," Dee said, "I'll never forget the first time we had the Morses up here. Helen took one look out the window, said, 'Oh, what a cute view,' then sat down with her back to it."

The Delmans clucked at this evidence of flatland insensitivity.

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



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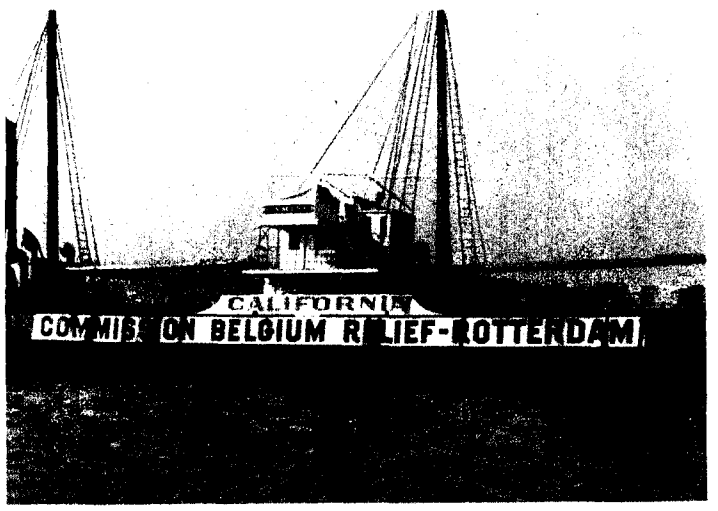
Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

FOOD for 10,000,000

EUROPEAN

The future President with Inez Irwin, widow of Will Irwin, friend and biographer of Mr. Hoover



EUROPEAN

Carrying food donated by Californians, a relief ship leaves New York. It was one of scores used

Besides buying, shipping and distributing supplies to the Belgians and French left destitute by German invasion, the Relief Administrator had to walk a diplomatic tightrope. The British even hinted he was a spy

By HERBERT HOOVER

III

NOT the least of the troubles borne by the Commission for Relief in Belgium during the first World War grew out of the conviction of the major belligerents, England and Germany, that the C.R.B. might be harboring spies. In pursuit of the duties attendant upon the care and feeding of 10,000,000 civilians in German-occupied Belgium and northern France, our staff members—most of them American and thus neutral—were obliged to shuttle back and forth between the combatants. In the first months of war they were searched to the skin at every frontier crossing.

Nor was I, as head of the C.R.B., immune from suspicion. At one point the British naval authorities (Winston Churchill was then First Lord of the Admiralty) went so far as to file with the Foreign Office charges of corruption against me and intimated that I was possibly even an agent working for the Germans.

There was a good bit of irony to the situation. Only a few months before, the suggestion had been made to me via Walter Hines Page, our Ambassador to London, that if I gave up my American citizenship and became a British subject, an important post with the British war administration and ultimately perhaps even a title would await me. (Page later reported this offer in his published letters.)

The charges of my working for the Germans and of my general incapacity were referred by my stanch friend, British Foreign Minister Sir Edward Grey, to a King's Bench judge for a private investigation. Tedious hearings ended in exoneration and eulogy for our work.

Even apart from such irritants, travel in wartime was a complicated matter. With every frontier tight, passports, visas, interrogations, searches and delays brought the life of a traveler to a new low. I had been introduced to the process on my first journey from England to Belgium in November, 1914. I had gone to the Tilbury dock, where the Dutch North Sea steamer was to sail at daylight. There I found 200 people lined up for inspection and general inquisition by British intelligence officials. All passengers were supposed to be searched to their skins and to the linings of their suitcases. I had to line up with the rest, remain standing for four hours and then be searched.

In the meantime, I observed favored persons being mysteriously short-circuited around this bottleneck directly onto the steamer and thus comfortably to bed.

Again I went through an equally vigorous disrobing process by the Germans at the Belgian frontier. It seemed to me that some reforms were badly needed in the conduct of belligerent governments. And I wanted reform not only for myself but for our whole staff. Early in 1915 I arranged with the British authorities, through Lord Eustace Percy of the Foreign Office, for the C.R.B. to issue a special passport for our men, which, when attached to their American passports, would automatically put them among the favored few. I also arranged for the same passport with the Dutch and the Germans.

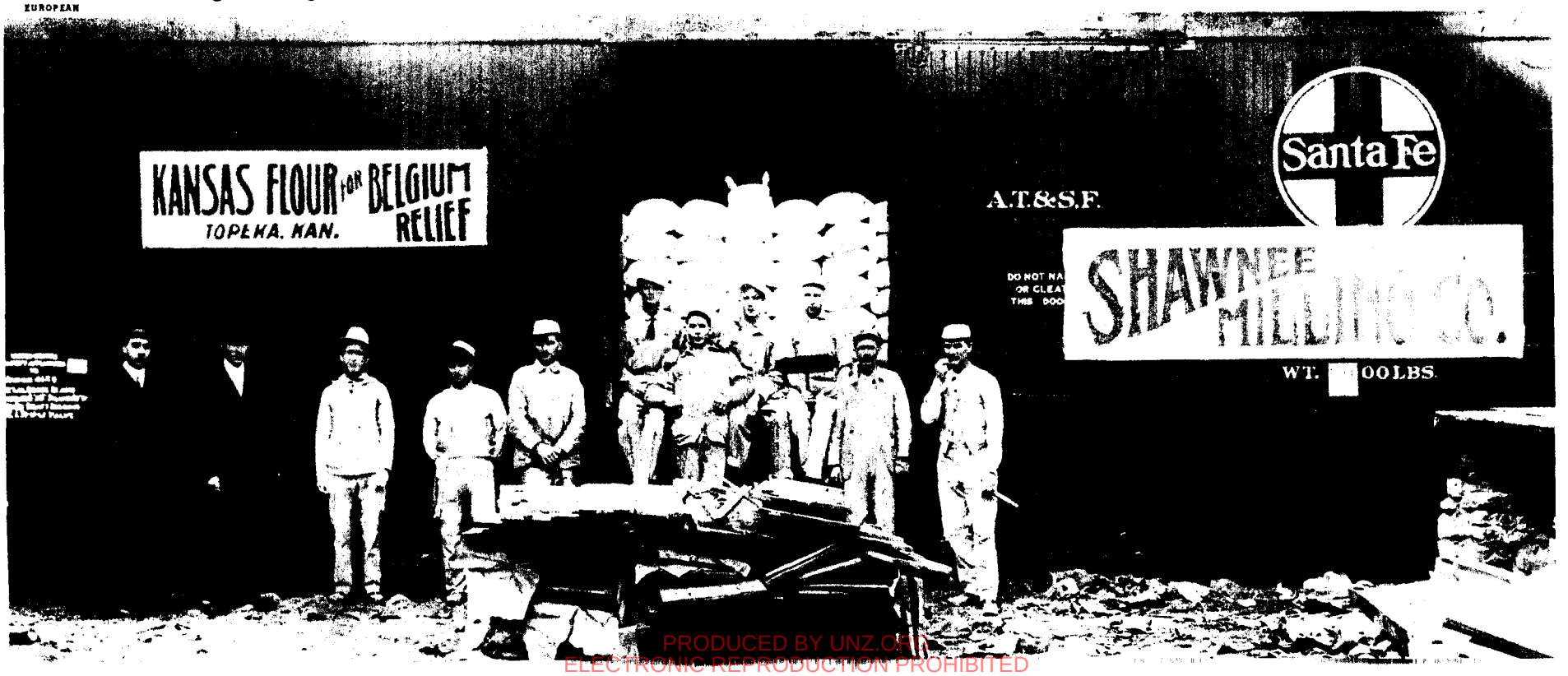
I was never able to get this concession from the French. Once, crossing to France—on a visit at the request of the French government—I stood in line at Dieppe for three hours. In front of me was a French lady. At the head of the long line a lady fainted. Two men stepped out of the line, picked her up and carried her into the Passport Office. They never came out.

I remarked to the C.R.B. colleague with me that this was a good way of getting by. In an instant the French lady next to us toppled over. We picked her up, carried her tenderly into the Passport Office and laid her on a bench to revive. She recovered instantly. The three of us were able to get attended to at once, went into the dining car, and off to Paris.

The price the British, Germans and Dutch exacted for the special C.R.B. passport was the word

A familiar sight during World War I: Food from all parts of the U.S.—some bought and much donated—moved steadily toward Eastern seaports

EUROPEAN



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of honor of the organization—which I gave—that we would attend strictly to our own business. Our men never violated this pledge but in one instance.

We had in our Rotterdam office a young American whom I will call Schmultz. He sometimes brought mail across the frontier to our Antwerp and Brussels offices. In Belgium he naturally gossiped a good deal with our men. One day the German general staff at Charleville headquarters indignantly notified Dr. Vernon Kellogg, our C.R.B. "ambassador" there, that our Americans were engaged in espionage. They would give no details or names, but demanded removal of the entire American staff from Belgium and France. Hugh Gibson telegraphed me to come over at once to Brussels from London, as disaster stared us in the face.

On my arrival I went to see Colonel Marks, whom the Germans had designated as our liaison officer at Brussels. Colonel Marks was under a slight obligation to me because I had obtained for him from the American legation in Petrograd information concerning his son, who had been wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians. The colonel brought me the German intelligence report which had generated the storm.

It appeared that Schmultz, who had German leanings, had listened to any and all offhand anti-German remarks of our men and reported them to German intelligence, with embroidery. I found that only six out of our 60 Americans were even represented as being unneutral.

With the help of Major von Kessler, who was our German liaison officer at Charleville, and Colonel Marks in Brussels, we reduced the general order of expulsion to the six men in question. Then Marks and Von Kessler undertook to interview them and also Schmultz. Even then there was no color of espionage about the words or actions of our men—just anti-German gabble. But they had proved that they were not "safe" men for our purposes, and I sent them back to America.

I directed Schmultz to come to our London office. When he landed in England, Scotland Yard, at our request, arrested him and ordered him deported. He spent an unhappy week in a British jail, with constant assurances from some of our staff that he would probably be executed in the Tower of London. He reached New York, but I never heard of him again.

Relief Effort Menaced by Sinkings

Troubles of this personal type, however, were overshadowed by others far more dangerous to the very life of the great humanitarian effort of the C.R.B.

To charter shipping to transport our food purchases from overseas was, after the first few months, always a fierce battle. German submarines and surface raiders were steadily sinking merchant ships, and the Allies constantly needed more transport.

Our program called for the regular use of about 60 cargo ships, totaling about 300,000 tons, able to deliver up to 150,000 tons a month at Rotterdam. Early in the war we had been able to get the Belgian government to requisition all suitable Belgian flag merchant ships, which gave us about 100,000 tons. The rest we had to charter from neutral countries at increasing rates.

In January, 1915, I asked the British government for permission to charter German cargo ships then in refuge in neutral ports. The British were favorably inclined. As previously mentioned, I had already undertaken negotiations in Berlin on this issue. Finally we settled with Mr. Ballin of the Hamburg-American Line on a contract under which we were to get a charter of about 150,000 tons for the period of the war, which would have given us the backbone of a fleet.

I arranged that Dutch shipping companies should operate the ships with Dutch crews. The British formally agreed to the contract. But the French objected.

I have never witnessed a more stupid and insensate action. They asserted that they would never again consent to a German ship's going to sea, and so on to the limits of inanity. They held us up for three months. By this time the Germans began to get wise to the fact that shipping was becoming scarce, and that by using their ships we would be releasing other ships that *(Continued on page 66)*

RICHARD BEATTIE

Mr. Hoover and his daughter-in-law Margaret (wife of Allan) look at book presented him by grateful European children. Below, archivist Suda Bane in the Hoover Library at Stanford

MASON WEYMOUTH

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THE WORRIER

George knew what his family's troubles were and made a lot of plans to help, but the answer was simpler than he'd guessed

LIKE most twelve-year-olds, George seemed to be mostly arms and legs. He had the average number of freckles and the usual hair-colored hair. His report cards were satisfactory. Though he worked two hours after school as a delivery boy for Riggs Grocery, when the other boys in the neighborhood were playing baseball in the park, he differed from them mainly in this: every evening before dinner he went down into the basement and, sitting behind an upended trunk, spent a few private moments worrying.

This was a job he had set himself three months ago at the end of summer. He rarely shirked it and never on Thursdays. Thursday was his father's afternoon at the hospital clinic, and George was alone at home till five thirty or six o'clock.

This was an X-ray Thursday. George didn't loiter after he left Riggs Grocery. He didn't stop even for a minute at the park to watch the kids playing ball, but went straight home. In the kitchen he closed the windows. His father must have left in a hurry, or been so anxious about the X rays that he had forgotten to clear his books and papers from the table. The litter would make George's mother nervous, if she got home first. George stacked his father's lawbooks, with their mottled covers, and the green-bound public library books on the sideboard. Since no one was at home he thought he might do his worrying in the warm, comfortable kitchen. But sometimes, he knew from experience, the kitchen was too comfortable. Instead of concentrating, George would find himself looking at the breadbox and thinking about how long it was until dinner; or staring at his father's avocado seeds, sprouting in water glasses on the window sill above the sink; or gazing at the calendar and counting the days until Christmas; or watching the clock. Besides, on this important Thursday it would seem as if he were doing more good if he made himself go downstairs to the cold basement.

So, stopping only to get some graham crackers from the cupboard, he went down the back stairs into the basement. There he settled himself on a crate in a dark corner. "Lord, please let Pop's X rays be okay," he prayed.

Ordinarily his schedule began with money. But today money seemed less crucial. *First things first,* his mother said, and health came first. It was like having a disgrace to have a sick father. When the kids on the block, trying to be nice, said, "Gee, your dad's unlucky," it was somehow just as though they said, "Your dad's not as efficient as mine"—as if being unlucky were something to be ashamed of.

Being sick wasn't becoming to a man, any more than staying home all day, making beds and running a vacuum cleaner. A father was supposed to be busy all day away from home, not sitting in the kitchen as if it were an office, studying lawbooks or looking at pictures in garden books from the public library. Not that George's father enjoyed it—he didn't.

And his mother didn't like it either; that was plain. Lately, she was always cross and nervous, probably because she was always in a hurry. She never sat down, not even to listen to the radio on Sunday. It took a quarrel to get her to sit down.

Small as the house was, George's mother and father never sat in the same rooms any more. After his mother went to bed, his father always sat on in the kitchen, studying, as if to be as far away as possible. Sometimes he sat up most of the night. George's bedroom was right off the kitchen, and sometimes he could see the light under the door and hear pages turning and the icebox door opening and closing every hour, as his father got out the milk and cream he was supposed to drink, to heal his stomach ulcer. And sometimes George would hear his mother come back to the kitchen. The conversation would always be friendly enough in the beginning. She was only trying to get him to bed, she'd say. "You've got to rest, you know."

"I've done nothing but rest all day."

"Well, you needn't feel so guilty about it." Her voice would be sharp and thin, as if she were running out of patience. And soon they'd be arguing again.

IT ALL began with the ulcer. George couldn't remember that his mother had minded selling hats during the war. It was nothing to be ashamed of then if a woman worked; lots of them had. And once the ulcer was cured, George's father would go back to the insurance company like other fathers, and everything would be as it used to be. He only wished that it would hurry.

George's second big worry was money. He had given up hope that what he earned at Riggs Grocery would pay the rent or anything important like that. He could add. But he was putting some of his earnings down on a big canned ham to give the family some Saturday night around Christmas or New Year's, so that his mother would have no cooking to do on Sunday. The ham was imported from Denmark, the finest of hams, Mr. Riggs said, big enough for ten servings at least. Almost any day now it would be paid for.

George could feel his feet getting cold. He went over his ritual once more: first the X rays, then the money. "Let something happen, anything to make us rich."

Hearing his father's footsteps in the kitchen, George went up the back stairs, half afraid to hear what the news from the hospital might be.

Wearing an apron, his father *(Continued on page 40)*

In the basement, he settled himself on a crate in a dark corner. "Lord, please let Pop's X rays be okay," he prayed. "Let something happen to make us rich"

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

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The famous novelist John Erskine and his wife thought it would be a simple matter to bring their new pet home from France. They didn't reckon on the United States government, or on Laurel and Hardy, who also got into the act

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

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Polly Wants A PASSPORT

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

No subversive alien ever had more trouble entering the U.S. than Mlle. Coco. Fact is, she wasn't even pink—just a nice, chatty gray parrot

WHEN John Erskine married me he became co-owner of Henry Hawkins, an African gray parrot. I had bought the bird 17 years before at a London East End animal auction. But my husband never gave our pet any serious thought until one day some time after our marriage. John had mixed a bourbon highball for himself; Henry drank it, and immediately afterward laid "his" first egg.

Last year the doctor advised a trip to Europe for John's health. The day we sailed Henry died. We felt that the impending separation from us had broken her heart, and her death saddened our departure. While most of the Ile de France passengers watched New York's receding sky line, John and I remained in our cabin quietly discussing Henry. "We'll buy another parrot as soon as we reach Paris," he declared.

But after two days in Paris, five weeks in Dijon, three months in London, and four on the Riviera, we had still found no successor to Henry. Gray parrots are rare.

Eventually we settled down at Valescure, a resort in the south of France. Almost at once we heard from a dozen sources that Laurel and Hardy, the Hollywood comedians, were filming sequences of their latest movie, Atoll K, in an old stone quarry nearby, and that Suzy Delair, the French screen star, was sharing the feminine lead with a gray parrot.

"A what?" demanded John.

"A gray parrot—Mlle. Coco."

Did Laurel and Hardy own her? Nobody could tell us. It was suggested that we see Monsieur Maurice Marette, Ancien Président du Syndicat des Oiseaux de France, at the neighboring town of Fréjus. From our balcony we had already admired Fréjus, where the Roman Emperor Augustus had retired after defeating the armies of Cleopatra and Mark Antony, where Julius Caesar had summered and, where, 1,700-odd years later, in the shadow of its magnificent cathedral, another conqueror—Napoleon Bonaparte—had drilled his regiment. But while we had often viewed the old city from afar, we had not yet visited it.

Then, just about the time we heard of Mlle. Coco, some birthday checks arrived for John. "We'll celebrate in Fréjus," he said. "Have you Marette's address?"

Joseph Simi, our taxi driver, recalled that the President Emeritus of the Association of the Birds of France lived opposite Augustus' Lantern, a Roman lighthouse. John's birthday, October 5th, proved a typical Riviera day: brilliant sun, blue sky and gentle south wind. Green-yellow date palms and pink flowering oleander trees rimmed the Fréjus road. Across the square, through winding streets, a turn to the right and then, *"Regardez!"* exclaimed Joseph.

Ahead loomed an enormous sign, *"Visitez le Paradis des Oiseaux."* Under the palm trees, in adjoining cages, sat a gray parrot and a little brown monkey. Shutters banged open on a yellow villa set back from the highway.

"Maurice, attention!" a woman called as our taxi stopped.

A middle-aged man wearing faded blue canvas pants, a black turtle-neck sweater and green sun glasses bounded down the path. *"Je suis Monsieur Maurice Marette, Ancien Président du Syndicat des Oiseaux de France,"* he introduced himself.

GEORGE BARRIS

The author and Mlle. Coco

I pointed to the African gray parrot. "Mlle. Coco is not for sale," he said. "Laurel and Hardy rented her for their new film. Now they want to take her to Hollywood. She is under option to them."

I explained that I wanted the parrot as a birthday gift for my husband, an invalid, and I repeated the story of Henry Hawkins and our vain search for a successor. Monsieur Marette shook his head. Laurel and Hardy had first choice. Willingly enough he carried Coco's cage to the car, where John sat. She immediately revived memories of Henry Hawkins in him. "We must have this parrot," John said. To M. Marette I then enlarged upon the role that the bird might play in John's recovery. Simi, our helpful cabby, also dwelt on this angle.

Marette seemed to be weakening. "Return after luncheon," he said. "I'll do what I can."

Over *cocotte bonne femme, salade verte,* crepes Suzette and a bottle of Pouilly Fuisse at the Hôtel Estérel in Fréjus, we discussed the chances of acquiring Coco. The possibility, even if remote, added to the joy of the occasion. Hastily we drank our *café noir* and returned to the Paradise of the Birds. Joseph sounded his taxi horn. Coco swung nonchalantly by one claw from a top bar of her battered cage.

Monsieur Marette trotted down the front steps beaming broadly. Laurel and Hardy had relinquished all rights to Coco in favor of Monsieur John Erskine, the celebrated American author and university professor. The film sequences in which she had acted were complete.

One aspect of the matter still troubled me. Would we have any trouble bringing her into the United States? Importing Henry Hawkins from Britain years before had been a simple matter, but now things were different. Due to a dread of the spreading of psittacosis, or "parrot fever," the importation of privately owned parrots is vigorously discouraged by the United States government.

Monsieur Marette was *(Continued on page 47)*

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America's Only Diamond

Experts assess this battered Arkansas pasture at millions. No one has grown rich from

By BOOTON HERNDON

ONE of the four roads out of Murfreesboro, Arkansas, is a sand and gravel washboard which begins at the back door of the dingy gray courthouse in the middle of the village square, and winds through the scrubby fields and cutover timberland of Pike County. It crosses a muddy little river on a rickety little bridge, then swings in a wide crescent to the right. In this crescent, nestling like the old moon and equally scarred and pitted, lies the 80-acre cow pasture which is America's diamond mine, the only true diamond mine this side of South Africa.

Tell the next person you meet there's a diamond mine in Arkansas, and the chances are he'll tell you you're crazy. Yet this slashed-up tract of blue and green and yellow ground, just two and a half miles from an ordinary little one-horse town, has produced some of the world's loveliest gems. Further, despite the fact that—due to a long period of mismanagement and thievery—a dozen operators have given up in disgust and the mine now lies idle, most mineralogists agree that it is capable of producing many more. Some estimates of the total value of the property have reached fantastic figures.

One such report, made a matter of court record several years ago, states that "the diamond beds have potential value of $605,000,000 and possibly as much as $1,000,000,000." Since the outbreak of hostilities in Korea the price of industrial diamonds, which comprise 80 per cent of the world diamond production, has more than quadrupled, and Arkansas industrials are said to be 28 per cent harder than stones from other parts of the world. Today, the wildest guess as to the value of the Arkansas mine may be just as accurate as the most

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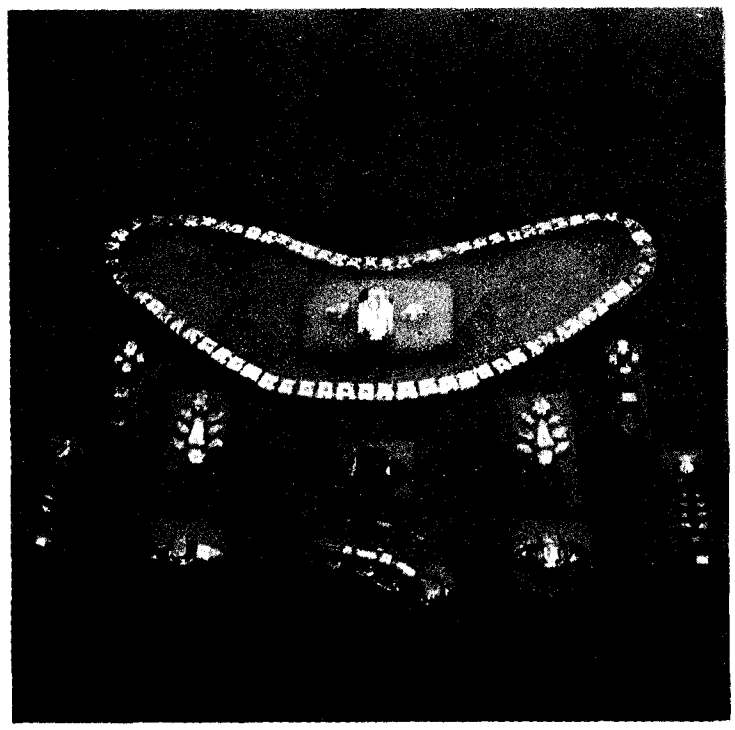
Mine

it yet, but folks are still trying

Ethel Wilkinson, Logansport, Ind., who now controls mine, holds a diamond-bearing rock. House, adjoining property, has an indoor tree



Arkansas gems on display in New York office of diamond cutter Ernest Schenck. Large one in center is famous Uncle Sam, worth $75,000

conservative technical estimate. One of the local people summed it up, recently, as well as any of the experts ever have:

"Until somebody comes along with $5,000,000 and puts up a real plant and runs it efficient," he said, "there just ain't no way of tellin' how many diamonds there is in that there cow pasture."

Today, big-money interest in the field is hotter than it has ever been. Just recently, Mrs. Ethel P. Wilkinson, of Logansport, Indiana, the lady multi-millionaire who has owned most of the mine since the death of her husband five years ago, turned down an offer from a syndicate of Western industrialists which would have meant to her personally, net and after all taxes, $800,000.

"What would I do with $800,000?" she asked. "I'd much rather have a diamond mine."

At last reports, the same group which offered to buy the property was readying a proposal to mine it on a percentage basis. Other organizations and individuals, including a $3,000,000 Wall Street corporation, also have been making passes at the mine.

This spring, a portion of the property was opened up as a tourist attraction, with paying customers entitled to keep a diamond if they can find one. (On the first day, one lucky visitor did indeed run across a small stone.) As the mine is only a 50-mile drive from the popular health resort of Hot Springs, it does a good business.

Permitted to enter at $1.25 a head, visitors comb former pasture for gems under "finders-keepers" rule. One diamond was found the day picture was taken; five have turned up since

Many Stones Are Not Registered

How many diamonds have been found in the Arkansas field, like the number that remain there, is a matter of conjecture. The largest, the Uncle Sam—40.23 carats in the rough, but now cut and polished to 14.34—is a stone of pinkish hue and fascinating beauty, worth, according to experts, $75,000. (Another of the better known gems is an Arkansas stone of a rich mocha color; embedded in clear lucite, it sits on the desk of the President of the United States—one of the world's most expensive paperweights.) In all, more than 10,000 stones, weighing about 3,000 carats, have been registered with the Arkansas Department of Revenue, but for every gem stone registered it's an odds-on bet that 50 more have been found.

A woman who lived on a farm near the property supported her family for years by her nocturnal knack for finding diamonds, which she sold for $10 apiece, regardless of size.

There's a tobacco-chewing farmer in the vicinity who has the reputation among some people of being lazy. "He ain't lazy," others say. "He's just sleepy in the daytime from huntin' diamonds all night."

The local experts agree that the best time to look for diamonds is at night, after a rain: a rough diamond is usually a pretty—and tiny—pebble, with smooth edges and an oily brilliance, and rain makes it shine in the moonlight. Pickings are slim, of course, but if you should happen to stumble on one, there'd be no problem disposing of it. For nearly 50 years, well-dressed strangers have been coming to Murfreesboro to meet, surreptitiously, with certain natives, or even mine officials. By now the local people can spot a diamond merchant halfway across the square.

Living on the brink of the mine has actually had little effect on the thousand-odd people of Murfreesboro. They've seen them come and go, the rapscallions, the promoters, the incompetent, and the out-and-out thieves. Judging by the drab one-story buildings on the square, little of the diamond wealth has remained in the town, but judging by the church attendance, little of the rascality has rubbed off on the townspeople. They are somewhat tolerant as to the law of finders-keepers, however. The nicest people chuckle as they tell you of the superintendent of one mining operation who steadfastly maintained to the owners that he couldn't find a single diamond, while all the time he had fruit jars full of them standing on his window sill.

Mrs. E. J. Babbitt, whose husband owns the local telephone company, was particularly helpful to another big shot who made a lot of long-distance calls. In appreciation, he handed her a folded piece of paper one day containing a dozen lovely diamonds, and told her to take her pick. "I didn't think it would be polite to take the biggest," Mrs. Babbitt said, "so I took one of the medium-sized ones. I didn't exactly have it appraised, but a Little Rock jeweler did offer me a thousand-dollar diamond ring for it." Nevertheless, Mrs. Babbitt was only mildly surprised to learn that her benefactor had reported he couldn't find one single gem-sized stone all the time he worked the mine.

It takes a great deal to surprise anybody in Murfreesboro. Since the first diamond was found there, in 1906, the local people have seen everything—such as the time, one rainy midnight on a Friday the thirteenth, many years ago, when three separate diamond-processing plants simultaneously burned to the ground.

Even the present tourist attraction is nothing new to the older residents.

"Ol' Man M. M. Mauney done that years ago," one of them said. "Ol' Man Mauney owned some land out there, and every Friday night he'd give a big party. For 50 cents he give you a dish of ice cream to eat and a candle to go lookin' for diamonds.

"*Some* people found some diamonds, I guess, but *everybody* got some ice cream."

Ol' Man Mauney had several children, all of whom had more diamonds than shoes, but it is Walter, the eldest, who is remembered most vividly in the community today. Walter wore a wide-brimmed hat of the purest white, and wide-flaring riding breeches. He wore *(Continued on page 62)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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I could put the blame on Corky Mars. I could say the only reason I was a crook was because he made me one. But if I ever played it straight, it's because Chris Evers made me want to

BIG TIME

By NEWLIN B. WILDES

COMING into that last jump I had this bay horse, Hollyrock, out in front and running like an adding machine. He was clearing his hurdles good and landing ready to run. I could hear the crowd rooting the favorite to catch us, and I could smell that fifteen-hundred-dollar purse, plus the bets Corky had got down, and I could feel that warm Florida sun which we would be under in three weeks. One more leap, the straightaway, and we were set. That's what I thought. Then I heard hoofs drumming just a little too fast behind us, and I stole a quick look over my shoulder. Uh-oh.

There was a boy name of Mickey Tune on a gray horse, and he was really coming, and who's figured on any gray horse? Not me. And not Corky Mars. I got into this Hollyrock and gave him a bat, and maybe I didn't do it just right. Maybe I unsettled him. Because he came into that last leap a little bit wrong, and had to scramble a step, and landed mixed up, and that gray horse was past us and down the stretch and our bets were to win and where was that purse and where was Florida? It wasn't with us.

I got this Hollyrock slowed finally, and turned him. I was not in any hurry to meet Corky Mars. Corky Mars owned this Hollyrock horse, and it was the only thing he did own now, we being very down on our luck. He was a big man, Corky Mars, very beefy and very quick with the back of his hand when displeased, which he certainly was now.

"I should have known," he said, "that you was not sleeping good. That you would have to make it up sometime. Only why do you have to do your snoozing in a race where we got every dime we can beg and borrow down? Why—"

"Oh, knock it off," I said. "I beat the two we thought we had to beat. How was I to know—"

"The idea," Corky Mars said, "is to beat 'em all. The idea—"

I left him and went on back to the stable. If he got rough I'd quit him, pay or no pay, broke or not broke. Matter of fact, I should have quit him long ago. Now it wouldn't be so easy. Now I had part of his reputation. It wasn't a good reputation.

First, let me get down that most racing, most big-time racing, is clean and honest and getting more so all the time. The clubs, the associations, and the good owners have got vets and labs and detectives to clamp down on doping, to keep the sharps away from the tracks, and to give the game a chance. That's the big time.

But there are lots of little tracks, little back-country spots, some fairs and the like, where they can't afford the policing or they just don't care. And that's where the sharps gather. That's where anything goes; where, if you bet on a horse's record, you are almost sure to lose. Long-shot paradise. Oh sure, they'll say they have saliva tests back there, of a sort. But a sharp like Corky Mars laughs at that stuff.

Corky Mars could take a vinegar sponge to a horse's mouth right after a race, and wipe out every trace of dope. Corky Mars was an artist with the dye brush—maybe a horse was running under its right name, maybe it wasn't. Corky Mars knew all the answers. He knew so much that, right now, we were flat broke. I didn't like being broke and I didn't like the fast stuff. But what could I do? I was in deep.

To begin with, Corky Mars had given me a job three years before, when I got out of the Army late and most jobs were filled. Corky Mars had seen to it that I ate, and when he had money I got my share. He wasn't a bad guy, some ways. But he was a sharp, and everyone knew he was a sharp. I hadn't cared too much at first. I'd been too hungry. Now it was too late. Now we were both sharps—small-time sharps. And horses were all I knew, or ever had known in my twenty-six years—horses and batting around the tracks. So how could I get out of it? I didn't know.

The derby collapsed over my eyes like a shutter, and the first thing I knew, we had run into one of the main gentlemen in a pink coat

BACK at the stables I stripped off my silks. We were down to two stalls now, one for the good horse, Hollyrock, the other for the tack and the cots Corky and I slept on. And the nights were getting cold. Corky Mars brought Hollyrock back in, and we worked over him, cooled him out, set up his legs, and gave him some hay. He was a good horse, this Hollyrock—not too young, but he could jump and run on and win his share of steeplechase if the company wasn't too fast. He was our meal ticket.

Corky Mars stretched out on his cot. "We got eleven dollars and seventy-two cents," he said. "We got three bales of hay, the car and the trailer an' the last-gasp fifty." We always kept fifty dollars in the boot against starving.

"We could sell Hollyrock," I said unhappily.

Corky Mars looked at me dead-pan. "You gotta have a horse," he said—and he was right. You gotta have a horse. Corky Mars picked up a sporting paper. He read it for maybe five minutes. Then he looked at me. His eyes had the funny gleam that meant he had an idea. "Where," he said, "is Norton?"

I happened to know. "About a hundred miles from here," I said. "Why?"

That little smile twisted one corner of Corky's mouth—that little smile that meant trouble. "Why, nothing," he said. "Just that they're having a hunt meet there in about a month, come late October. A hunt meet with races. For hunters."

"We got no hunters," I said. "Hunters is pop-over horses, slow an' careful an' watch out for holes."

Corky Mars got up. "We might have, son," he said softly. "We just might have." He looked at me. "Tomorrow," he said, "we will take a run down to Norton, you and I."

If I had known what that look would mean, I wouldn't have gone.

We drove on down through the country that next day, and the air was crispy cool and the trees were bright red and yellow in the sunlight. All along were little white houses tucked back in the fields, with smoke coming up warm from the chimneys.

"I wonder," I said, more *(Continued on page 43)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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Nothing stops the Rangers. In school at Fort Benning, Georgia (above), they become Army's hell-and-high-water specialists

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

RANGERS—*Ready to Go!*

IN ANY fight, big punches may finish an opponent, but the short, fast, repetitious jabs laid into his vital organs set him up for the KO. The Army of the United States was operating on that theory when it opened the Ranger Training Command at Fort Benning, Georgia, in September, 1950, to produce specialized troops to deliver swift, surprising, bloodletting blows to an enemy.

During World War II, Ranger battalions stabbed at Nazi installations, cut away communications and generally softened German lines for the devastating air and infantry blows which finished the job. These small gall-and-guts outfits proved the tactical wisdom of keeping an enemy bleeding, while larger units are beating him to death. In Korea, Ranger tactics fully justified the Army's belief in the short, sharp thrust theory of warfare.

Today, the Training Command at Fort Benning is turning out 700 steel-tough Rangers every eight weeks. To make them more flexible, more numerous, more readily available in the field, the Army is integrating them into regular infantry divisions—one Ranger company of 107 men and officers to each division. To give them maximum mobility, all Ranger companies are trained for airborne drops.

As prerequisites for Ranger training a man must be, first, a volunteer; second, a paratrooper in top physical condition. Both requirements produce tough soldiers. The course at Benning, under the command of Colonel John G. Van Houten, of Macon, Georgia, turns them into super-infantry troops—prototypes of the Army of the future in which all men will be skilled airborne operatives ready to strike anywhere on earth.

Emphasizing the short, hard jab, Van Houten's command teaches men to do everything from knocking off a single sentry to ripping apart a small town. The men learn to infiltrate enemy lines by air, water and land; to destroy airports and command posts, tank parks and military positions; to ambush road convoys, demolish bridges, railroads and lines of communications, and to integrate their missions with land, sea and air forces whenever necessary.

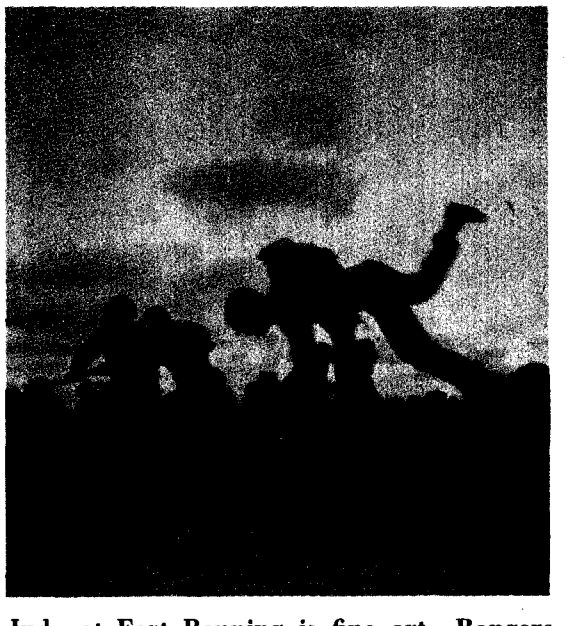
The Rangers' prime purpose is to hit where it hurts most and to get out fast, making way for the sustained action of larger outfits. Their basic weapons are heavily destructive and extremely portable: the regulation M-1 rifle, the 3.5-inch rocket launcher, .30-caliber machine gun, 57-mm. recoil-less rifle and the 60-mm. mortar.

"Right now, we do the dirty work," a recent graduate of Fort Benning and Korea has said. He wasn't griping. He was saying that when it comes to slugging through hell and high water to preserve freedom, the U.S. Army's Rangers are forever ready to go.

SEY CHASSLER

Waiting in underbrush for signal to charge, Pfc James Pruitt, from Tryon, N.C., learns personal camouflage and infiltration tactics

Tough-skinned Rangers get that way on diet of calisthenics. Sgt. William Card (left), of Brooklyn, leads grueling one-arm pushups



Judo at Fort Benning is fine art. Rangers learn the neck-breaking hand-to-hand combat technique to protect selves, eliminate foes

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Deadly accuracy, agility and sure-footedness are developed in exercise in which Rangers scale 10-foot wall, bayonet dummy, keep going

Ranger teams, available for all kinds of fighting jobs, operate like small, versatile armies. In war they might storm a beachhead or take a town. At Fort Benning, they learn "combat in cities," using model village, complete with demolition bombs, live fire, smoke and real buildings

Battle techniques undergo constant study at Fort Benning. What's best way to cross river under fire? Pfc Alfredo Lopez, Cpl. D. W. Carlsen, Sgt. Gerald Langen and Cpl. Evie Jones try to find out

No kindergarten, Fort Benning teaches with loaded weapons. Here student practices with flame thrower. Besides standard infantry weapons, Rangers use anything they can lay hands on to do the job

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK

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Hanging the Hangman

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

BILL BAKER

He gets his foot caught in the wastebasket and falls on his face

OF COURSE the newspaper business ain't near as exciting as it used to be, but it has its moments. Like the other afternoon up in our sports department. This fellow went berserk, tried to wreck a teletype machine, strangle the church editor, behead a sports writer and kill a bookie by dropping a copy boy on him from three stories up. Now, that may not sound exciting but being as how I was the sports writer I found it pretty exhilarating. So did the copy boy.

It all started about a week ago when Quincy Dumbarton, the sports editor, comes in smiling like his teeth are real. Before I can ask him who's dead, he escorts me and Joe Edmonds, the turf writer, over to the window.

"Boys," he says real confidentially, "we're about to hang the hangman. The grand jury is in session. The City Hall boys have shut down the wire service to the handbooks for the duration. The bookies are getting their race results relayed to 'em from across the river. And this grieves me! They're getting 'em two minutes later than we're getting 'em on our teletype machine."

He points a long, bony, quivering finger down at Big George's bar and book across the street. "You see the front table in that home for incurables down there?" he says. "A man sitting at that table has got a perfect view of this window. That's you, Joe. You're gonna sit there like Little Bopeep and I'm gonna be up in this window signaling you how the sheep come in. Especially them long-priced sheep. We'll—"

"Quincy," I say, "you wouldn't actually past-post Big George, would you?" Past-posting is betting on a race after it's over. You know the winner and the bookie doesn't. It's a pretty low trick, especially when it's pulled on a bookie like Big George.

He's a freak bookie. A hell of a nice guy. He's got weak eyes and a strong stomach, so he loves newspaper people. Feeds us, waters us, pays us track odds and preaches that the race horse is to modern man what the lion was to the early Christians.

"Kelly," Quincy says, "for fifteen years I been thinking of things to do to Big George. This is the first thing I've thought of that I won't get the chair for."

Quincy's a little peculiar himself. He thinks he's the world's greatest picker of horses, and every day for fifteen years Big George has been proving to him that he's the worst since the Trojans. Naturally he blames it all on Big George instead of the horses.

"But, Quincy," I say, "Big George loves you. "You're his hero. Big columnist, all that stuff. He—"

"He loves me like Jesse James loved the Missouri Pacific." He turns to Joe. "It's this simple. I get the winner off the teletype machine. If the eight horse wins, I sneak eight bottles up in the window. If the five horse wins, I put up five bottles. And don't worry about that blubbery bloodsucker not taking bets past post time. He trusts us. I just tested him. Lost twenty bucks."

Being an expert turf writer, Joe is the second biggest contributor to Big George's welfare. "We'll just nurse his neck into the noose!" he gloats. "Bet late on some losers so he won't get suspicious, then when a big winner comes along we jerk his thieving eyeballs out!"

Quincy calls Eddie, the copy boy, over and tells him to round up all the pop bottles in the city room and put 'em in the wastebasket by the window. Then he asks me if I want to cover the girl soccer games next fall. I don't, so I take an oath that I won't tell Big George about the blood bath they're drawing for him. Then they start borrowing money. They get about a hundred and Joe goes downstairs. A few minutes later we see him sitting real innocent at the table by the window in Big George's.

Quincy takes out one of Big George's form sheets that gives the horses' numbers according to their post positions, and he's all set.

ABOUT five minutes later the teletype clacks out the winner of the next race. Number seven. Quincy gets down below the level of the window and puts up seven bottles. He doesn't give the signal to bet, though. The pay-off ain't big enough. I see Joe go back and make a late bet on a loser so as to soften Big George up.

Then number five wins the next race. He's a fat one. Figures to be about fifteen to one. Quincy ducks down and puts up five bottles. Then he rises up and nonchalantly gives the betting signal—a casual drawing of the hand across the jugular. Fifteen minutes later Joe comes in looking like Nero just after he did in his mama.

"We got the lamb on the altar and here's the knife," he cackles, throwing a bunch of bills on the desk. Quincy starts thumbing through 'em like they were dirty pictures.

Big George takes another trimming the next afternoon. Joe comes back with just about a grand. "He's tearing my heart out!" he says. "He's begging me to quit while I'm ahead!"

"He's *such* a nice guy!" Quincy says. "Call up the poorhouse and reserve a cot for him in my name. He can't out-nice me!"

THE next afternoon is it. It's got to be. The grand jury has got the cops scared and they're giving Big George and the rest of the bookies twenty-four hours to go out of business.

Quincy is hovering over the teletype like he's trying to hatch it. The number two horse wins the first race. The price ain't right. Joe leaves the table by the window and goes back and bets on a loser. Number eight wins the second race. No price again. Quincy gives the teletype a shake. "Ain't you got anything but short horses! Lay me a long one, you monster!"

A half hour later he's got his long one. The winner of the third race is a notorious old goat named Dry Dock, the number sixteen horse. Quincy goes crazy.

"That's my Santa Claus horse, Kelly!" he whoops. "A sleigh full of goodies for old Quince. Sixty to one if he's a nickel."

He rushes over to the window and gives the throat-cutting signal twice—shoot the works. Then he dives down and starts grabbing bottles. He's got those King Midas mumbles. "Eight hundred dollars on him . . . couldn't have closed worse than fifty to one . . . five bottles, six bottles, seven . . . forty thousand dollars . . . yachts, women . . . eight bottles, nine bottles . . ."

All of a sudden there's this shriek. He grabs me by the throat. "What'd you do with my bottles? I gotta have sixteen. There ain't but thirteen. Damn you, I'll . . ." He turns me loose and yanks a half-pint whisky bottle out of his desk and slams it up in the window. He makes a dive for Joe's desk, gets his foot caught in the wastebasket, and falls on his face.

"Bottles!" he screams. "Bottles!"

He gets a pint gin bottle out of Joe's desk and planks it in the window. "Bottles! Just one more bottle!" He dashes out in the hall.

He comes back with a nice big pop bottle all right but old Jim Ferguson is attached to it. He's taking a drink out of it when Quincy snatches it out of his mouth.

"Turn loose, you old idiot!" Quincy screams. "I'll tear your arm off." He finally turns loose himself, dashes for the window, and sweeps all the bottles on the floor. It's too late. Joe has gone back to bet on the fifteen horse!

Quincy starts beating on the window. "No, Joe! Come back, Joe! Don't give that crook our money! No, you idiot! No!"

No use. He starts toward me. "I didn't mess with your bottles, Quincy!" I warn him. "It just wasn't in the books for you to break a nice guy like Big George!"

"Don't hand me that stuff. I'm—" He stops. Eddie, the copy boy, is standing in the door, watching us.

"Well, Jughead," Quincy snarls at him, "maybe you know what happened to my bottles!"

"Yes, sir," Eddie says, blushing. "I needed a little money so I just borrowed a few of 'em and took 'em over to Big George's. He never gripes about giving me two cents apiece for empties. Big George is a nice guy."

Right then was when that fellow I mentioned went berserk. THE END

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CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

A Vacation for Scientists

Dear Editar:

The other day I was over at my neighbor's house feelin like a foreign diplomat in Washington as I was tryin to borrow some flour and compromise on the repayment plan of the previous flour and as I started to leave he told me he had read where the country has been excited over the new improvements in war equipment, with faster tanks being turned out, lighter rifles, heavier bombs, speedier airplanes, deadlier bacteriological ideas, craftier potato bugs, etc.

Now I never was one to stand in the way of progress, as far as I'm concerned a man can have all the gadgets he can pay for and has the patience to keep runnin. And I recognize that every generation figures it has reached the ultimate and also that what the world has today may seem as old-fashioned 100 years from now as the walkin plow looks alongside a four-row tractor with a hydraulic seat, provided in the meantime we ain't leveled by a hydrogen bomb that goes off before we're ready.

But I've been thinkin. There's already enough gadgets invented to where a man could be fairly comfortable if he had a set of each—cool in the summer, warm in the winter, with radio, television, automobiles, runnin water, easy divorces, salt shakers that work in damp weather, home freezers, old age pensions, sanitary delivery rooms, comfortable funeral parlors, everything a man could want. And I've been reflectin, don't you reckon it would now be advisable to get the scientists and inventors to slow down?

I don't believe all I hear about the new bombs, for example, but so many people who are considered smart are sayin so many serious things about their awful prospects, a man can't help but worry a little. I even worry a little about my roof, just from hearin my wife say it's gonna cave in on me someday, although not enough to do anything about it as long as it hasn't.

As I understand the bomb situation, the first atom bomb was powerful enough to destroy everything in a mile area, the later ones will take in everything in maybe five miles, the hydrogen bomb in maybe 25 miles, and the scientists have in mind other bombs which will extend the territory. As I see it, if the scientists keep goin they'll run out of territory and somebody is gonna invent something someday that will sweep over the earth like ignited gasoline. Strike a match in one direction and have your coattail burned off from the other.

Ain't no sense in man puttin all his wars in one basket. He ought to string em out for years to come.

Therefore, I've got a proposition to make. It's called the Circleville Plan for Calling Off New Inventions. Instead of the world spendin billions of dollars in a race to see which country gets to destroy all the rest and itself too, why not just appropriate a small amount and give it to the scientists if they'll stay out of their laboratories and stop thinkin? Let em go fishin at the world's expense for 25 years. Be the cheapest money we could spend. Be glad to have part of em come out here on my Johnson grass farm. I fish a lot and you ain't never heard of me endangerin the life of anybody.

It never has made any difference to me how a man spends his time, whether he does it on nuclear energy or pole fishin is all the same to me, but it seems to me now maybe we can go too far in one direction. There ought to be a plateau mankind could reach and level off on, in some things.

Take runnin water. Ain't been no essential improvement in runnin water since the water pipe was invented, and I don't guess anybody's tryin. Scientists may have changed the color of the faucet handle or the shape of the spigot, but the basic effect has been the same, and as I see it there ain't much chance of improvin it and blamed sure no reason for tryin. When you turn it on it runs, when you turn it off it stops, and that's all there is to it. Believe runnin water in its present form will be with us from now on, through the atomic age and into the next and regardless of how far out in the universe man explores.

And I feel the same way about a lot of other things. Take refrigerators. The main purpose of the thing, to stay cool inside, has been achieved. Take automobiles. The car has now reached the point where it will carry you along the ground at 75 miles an hour, and while it'll go faster, they're gonna have to improve on roads and the human brain's reaction ability before it'll be safe to try it much faster.

As a matter of fact, I can't imagine a time in the years to come when me or any of my descendants would need to get the five miles from Circleville to Taylor any sooner than five minutes, and it can be done at that rate now. Some human beings may be a lot more important than others, but I ain't seen one so important five minutes ain't enough time for him to get from Circleville to Taylor, or the other way around either.

Hollywood executives can now fly from New York to California in six hours, but what happens? International agreements are broken just as fast when diplomats go by airplane as when they went by clipper ship.

Now I'll admit if man can invent a bomb that'll kill a thousand people, it's only human to try for one that'll kill a hundred thousand, but it strikes me as bein monotonous, like sayin if we got a refrigerator that'll keep food cool, we ought to have one that'll keep it twice as cool. Thunder, after you get a bottle of milk cooled down to 40 degrees, anything below that is ridiculous.

If you think we can get anywhere with this plan, let me know. Figure I can put up four or five scientists out here myself, and if they get tired of fishin and have to use their brain for something else, let em turn it to eradicatin Johnson grass without the use of a hoe.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

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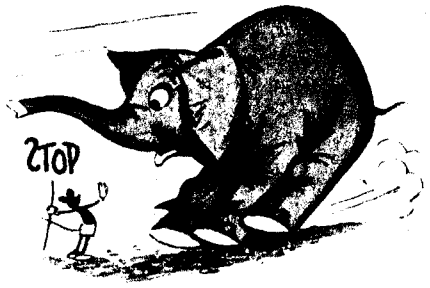

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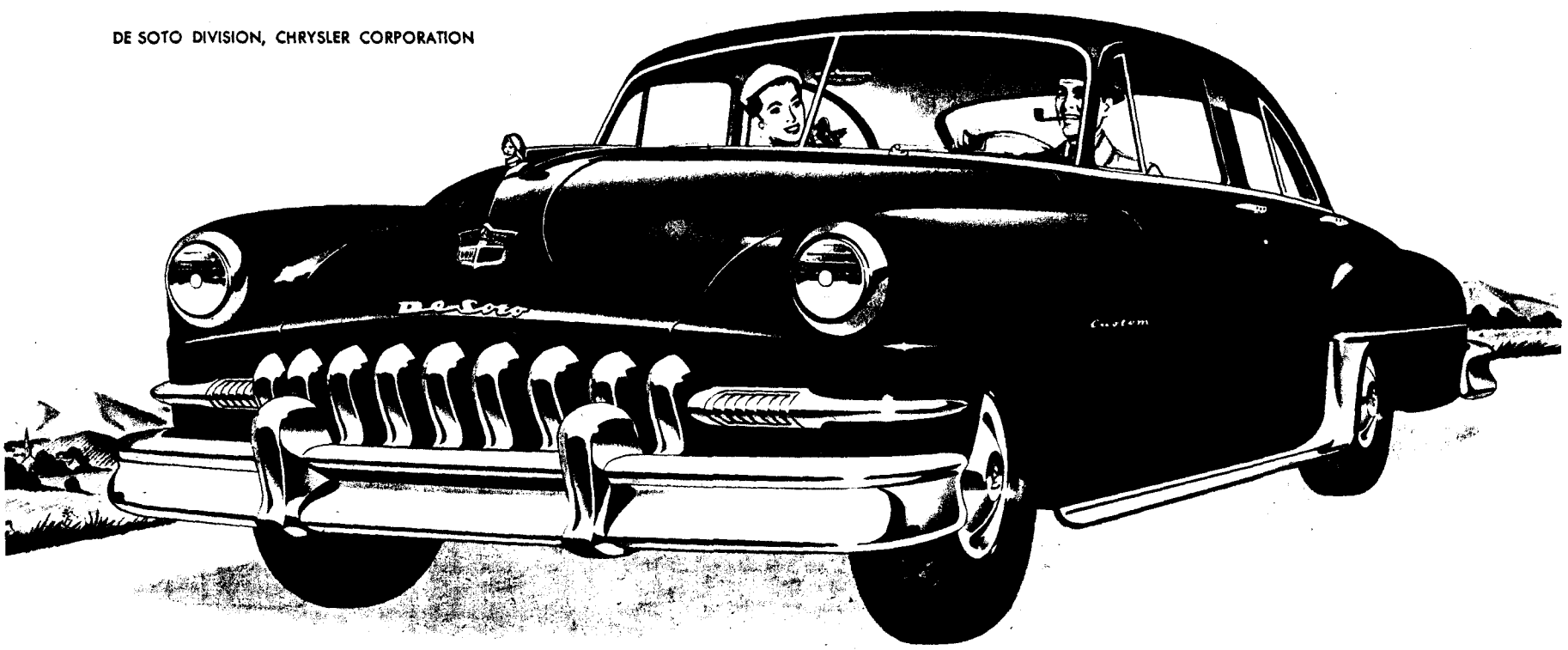

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Jackie Gleason—Gleeful Goliath

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

an insurance company auditor, abruptly left home and never returned. His older brother, to whom he had been greatly attached, had died a short while before. And when Jackie was sixteen, his mother died.

But young Gleason, a handsome Irish youngster, big for his age, with black hair and blue-green eyes, had already begun to make his way as a young blade. At thirteen, he was the best pool shooter on nearby Broadway—Brooklyn's Broadway, that is. Even the older "yoots" (a yoot is a Brooklyn youth) chipped in dimes and quarters to bet on the precocious Gleason kid against other neighborhood champions.

Meanwhile, he was getting his first taste of the excitement of show business. He won some local fame in his elementary school's graduating-class entertainment with imitations of ace radio personalities of the time. He started to go to Brooklyn Tech high school, but dug up a mythical "Uncle Ed" who bailed him out on the plea he was needed more at home. That was the end of Jackie's formal schooling, although he later was to become a prodigious reader with a marvelous memory.

Recollections of his early teens delight Gleason, and he fondly relates stories about the neighbors who figured in them. Some of them, like a Mr. Dennehy and Jimmy Proce, are mentioned in every one of Gleason's Bartender sketches. If they aren't, they beef to him the minute the show is over.

Amateur Night at the Halsey

When he was fourteen, Jackie set something of a record in Amateur Night history at the Halsey Theater near his home. His gang saw to it that he won both first and second prizes in the same contest. They whistled him into the first and stamped him into the second. The manager saw the handwriting on the wall and hired Jackie for $3 a week to be Amateur Night master of ceremonies. The yoots around town knew young Gleason could handle himself well, so they behaved when he was on stage. Later, Jackie doubled into the Folly Theater, about a mile away, as Amateur Night M.C., and finally got a similar job in a Times Square theater.

The Miami Club in Newark gave Gleason his first night-club job. He went there for a week-end spot at $8—and stayed for almost three years. He emceed the floor show, did a routine of his own, and pitched in occasionally when the fistic action started.

When things got bad in the Miami one summer, Gleason went to work at Wanamassa Gardens near Asbury Park, New Jersey. He roomed near the beach. Things were no better at the shore, so, regretfully, the young comic had to leave his quarters with a small bill unpaid.

"I put on my bathing suit," he recalls, "packed my bag, and dropped it out a back window to a pal. Then I walked down the front stairs and told my landlady I was going for a swim. I met my pal, got dressed, and went back to Newark. For years—until I had enough dough to pay her and went back—the landlady thought I had drowned."

In 1936, Gleason was married in Newark's St. Columba Church. His bride was the former Genevieve Halford, a New York girl he had met while both were appearing in Amateur Night vaudeville. She had been in a ballet number with two partners.

"They were all wearing long underwear without buttons," he said recently, "and were as arty as anything."

"It wasn't long underwear, dear," Mrs. Gleason protested gently. "We were wearing leotards."

Genevieve Gleason, who retired from the stage without ever becoming a professional, has ridden the roller coaster with her volatile husband ever since, except for a period of separation in the middle 1940s. They have two pretty, talented daughters—Geraldine, twelve, and Linda, ten years old.

After the Asbury Park failure, Gleason returned to the Miami Club, and later went on to the Colonial Inn at Singac, New Jersey. An incident occurred there that he still remembers with amusement.

"It was a snowy Friday night," he recalls, "and the inn was empty. The roads were blocked, and we're all sitting around in the place, dying. Then we heard a big car plow through the snow. A dowager-type dame comes in with a chauffeur. She sits down at the bar, then asks everybody in the place to drink with her. Then it's steaks and more drinks on her—till closing time.

"The next night it's the same thing. The old dame is the only customer. Again she throws the help a big party. Sunday night, she's back again. We're going along real good until about midnight, when we hear another car pushing through the snow. Two big guys come in and case the place. They spot the dowager. One of them says, 'Oh, there you are, Mildred. Now you come back with us like a good girl.' Then he explains who she is. She's a poor soul who escaped from an asylum not far away. She had just enough dough to hire her limousine in Paterson. She'd been paying the tabs every night with rubber checks. Mildred cost the owner of the inn about 400 clams.

"Just as they were leading merry Mildred out the door, the boss yelled at her keepers, 'Hey, boys, wait for me!' "

"Now, remember—defrost the refrigerator, put out the milk bottles, pay the laundryman, and don't try to draw to an inside straight"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

Insulting Night-Club Guests

Gleason got his first Broadway—Manhattan, that is, not Brooklyn—night-club break in 1940, when he was hired by the late Jack White at the historic Club 18. This was a basement joint in New York City where millionaires and celebrities went to get insulted by White and his assistant ego-deflaters.

He was spotted there by Jack Warner, the movie producer. At twenty-four, Gleason was on his way to fame, fortune—and complications. He made movies in Hollywood for two years and spent a lot of time doing what he calls "laughing it up."

This process—the easy life, with lots of laughs—presented Gleason with a problem which still bothers him. Always a prodigious eater, he got to stoking up more than ever. When he returned to New York in 1943, he was being referred to in the columns as the "rotund young comic." He weighed 275 pounds. He appeared in a few musicals, worked club dates and on the radio, and laughed it up some more. It was during this stage of his career that he and the home-loving Mrs. Gleason separated.

Early in 1944, Gleason went into the musical Follow the Girls, a smash hit, and displayed the first indication of his talent as a character comic. The show ran for two years and Gleason reveled in the twin roles of comedy star and Broadway wit.

In 1946, the Gleasons were reconciled. It was then that Jackie determined to reduce—the first of 10 times he has done so in the past six years.

"I wanted to do something to symbolize my regeneration," he says, "so I took off 100 pounds."

In the next few years, Gleason worked in a few shows on Broadway and in summer stock, but without great success. They were lean years in most respects, but in one way they weren't as lean as Jackie would have liked them. His weight persisted in soaring time and time again, and he was usually going into a diet or coming out of one.

At about this time Gleason took himself a personal business manager, George (Bullets) Durgom, whom he had met during the engagement at the Colonial Inn. Durgom got Jackie a part in the Broadway musical, Along Fifth Avenue (which ran about nine months), then a TV spot in The Life of Riley, and finally his present assignment.

When he went to Hollywood in 1949, to go before the cameras for The Life of Riley TV film program, he was confronted with a new aspect of the weight problem. In preparation for the job, he had whittled himself down to a neat 175 pounds. The producer took one look at him and screamed: "You're too skinny! We'll have to pad you out!"

The problem of avoirdupois is still with Gleason. During his most recent weight-reducing spell, starting last May, he went to a hospital to add vitamins while he lost pounds. He entered weighing 233 and proceeded to lose 41 pounds in six weeks. He left the hospital only to rehearse and to do his show. To keep up with his figure, which continues to fluctuate like the exchange rate of the franc, Jackie keeps three classes of suits in his closets—labeled "fat," "thin" and "in-between."

The comedian, incidentally, is one of the best-dressed men in show business. He designs his own clothes, and all of his suits had cloth-covered buttons until he decided that they were "too theatrical."

He showed them off proudly to a Broadway character one night, and asked, "Ever see anything like these buttons, pal?"

The character looked, then commented, "Yeah. I once knew a doll with a suit just like it."

The Gleasons live in an apartment near Central Park. Mrs. Gleason arises at 6:00 A.M., attends an early Mass, and, during the school term, sees Geraldine and Linda off. They attend Marymount School on New York's Fifth Avenue. Linda, a husky youngster, looks like her father and does imitations of him, to the delight of her mother and older sister.

Daughters with Stage Yens

While Linda says her ambition is to be a "ballerina comedienne," Geraldine, who is more reserved, favors serious drama. She is also an excellent pianist. With their mother, the girls frequently attend the Cavalcade telecast. Mrs. Gleason watches her husband's work closely, and if he shows signs of nervousness, she goes backstage between sketches to calm him down.

The Gleason household is enlivened by a Boston bull terrier called Riley, a little wag with a leering eye and phony growl. The girls often dress him in rubber pants and a shirt and put a brassy wig with long pigtails on his head. Riley then sits up sadly and answers to a new name—Flora.

Gleason doesn't have much opportunity these days to indulge in his penchant for pool, a game for which he has had great talent since he was a yoot. But he still keeps his hand in once in a while. Some time ago he permitted himself to become involved in a match arranged by his friend, Toots Shor, the booming Manhattan restaurateur. Shor had been listening for years to Jackie's tales of his prowess with a cue, and finally he said, "Listen, pal. A feller is up here from Philly. Joe Shulman's his name. A pool man. Wanna play him?"

"For dough or marbles, pal," said Jackie. "Sight unseen."

"Can I bet on you?" Shor asked.

"With confidence, pal," Gleason advised.

A hundred-point match was arranged at a nearby pool parlor. Before it got under way, Shor growled into Gleason's ear: "You better win. I got five hundred riding on you."

"Count your dough, pal," Gleason said airily. "We're in."

Gleason got off to a fair start, missed, and watched Shulman run off 50 balls. Gleason made a few himself—and Shulman ran out the string.

Shor got purple. "Pool shark," he snarled at Gleason. "You cost me!"

Gleason was unruffled. "This bum played away over his head," he said. "I'll get him this time. Bet the limit."

"I'm betting a grand," Shor whispered hoarsely as Gleason chalked up for a return match. Jackie winked confidently. He made 10 points. Shulman ran off 100 points. Shor grabbed a cue and started after Gleason. Then he stopped and roared with laughter.

"Hey, pal," he said to the comic, "it's a rib. I want you to meet somebody. This ain't Joe Shulman. Shake hands with Willie Mosconi, the pool champ."

Gleason didn't even blink. "I told you I was good," he said to Shor. "I got to play the champ, didn't I?" THE END

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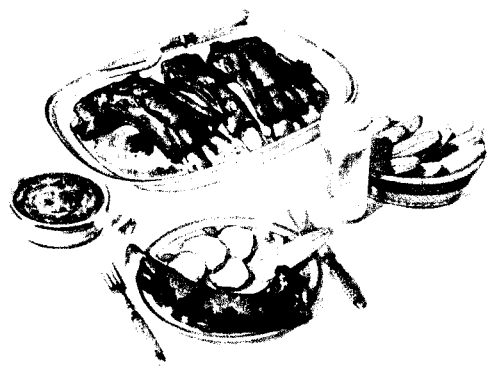

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The Worrier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

was standing at the sink, peeling potatoes. "Where've you been? Playing ball?"

"Not today. I've been around the house."

He didn't look any worse, or any better either. But it seemed to George that his father would be more cheerful if he'd had good news. He didn't offer any information, and George didn't expect him to. George slouched against the sideboard, turning the pages of the Garden Book.

"Was that you in the basement?" his father said. "I thought I heard someone down there."

"I was looking for my baseball glove."

"You can set the table, if you will, kid. We're a little behind time tonight."

INSTEAD of lamb chops his father had poached eggs for his dinner, which could only mean that he was back again on his strict diet. George's mother was looking worried too, but she didn't say anything until she had finished her coffee. Then she asked, "Well, Richard, aren't you going to tell me what the doctor said?"

"Oh! I'm better."

"Better? How much better?" she insisted. Her lipstick was eaten away, except for a thin line around her lips. At this time of day she looked much older than she did in the mornings.

"As a matter of fact, it's not healing normally," his father said, looking away as if he were reporting a defeat. "The doctor asked me if I was worrying about anything. That's one for the book. 'For God's sake,' I told him, 'of course I'm worried. Who wouldn't be?' "

His mother took a deep breath, as if she were going to lift something heavy, like a trunk. Then she said, "Things could be much worse. Suppose you weren't a veteran and had to pay doctor and X-ray bills? We're not going to starve, you know, Richard."

His father was rattling the cellophane paper his pills came in. He began to chew a pill. "Do you suppose our parents were as calm as we thought they were? I know Grandfather had a kind of calm most of the time that nothing could disturb. Maybe it was because he was just a Welsh country boy."

George loved to hear the stories about his great-grandfather, who had come to America in a sailing ship from Wales. Behind the best books in the living-room bookcase were albums that had belonged to his great-grandfather, full of pictures of famous gardens in Wales. But his mother was in no mood for cheerful reminiscences tonight. She got up from the table and began to carry the dishes to the sink.

"We've become a week-end people," his father said. "We race through the week as if the week end were a goal, when all the time it's our daily life that ought to count."

"Most people hate their jobs, Richard. I don't like selling hats, either."

She shouldn't have said that, for his father was hurt. "My grandfather didn't hate his," he said angrily.

"What sort of life did he have?—always nursing other people's gardens."

Up and down, like surf, their talk was; one moment they were allies, the next, they were at war.

"Sit down, Emily. I'll do the dishes."

But she wouldn't sit down; she was already busy at the sink. "How many glasses of these things do you plan to accumulate?" she said, nodding at the row of avocado plants on the window sill. "They look so untidy. And we can't afford avocados. You can't eat them, and George doesn't like them. And they make me fat."

George thought his father would be angry again, but he wasn't. "They're such a nice green," he said. "Without something green around, our lives would be the color of newspapers."

It promised to be calmer again.

"I guess I'll go next door for a while," George said. . . .

George came home at nine o'clock. His mother was already in her room, and his father was sitting at the kitchen table copying a sentence from one of the public library books, printing in large, clear print: *When we are, we can do.* A cigarette was burning in the ash tray, though he shouldn't smoke.

Long after George was in bed, he could hear the turning of pages, the rattle of the cellophane around his father's pills. After what seemed a very long time, he heard his mother's shuffling slippers. "Aren't you ever coming to bed, Richard?"

They began talking again about how to be patient. "It isn't as if you weren't

COLLIER'S

"If it would make such a nice lamp —why not just buy a nice lamp?"

HARRY MACE

making good use of your time while you're at home; it isn't as if you weren't studying."

"I haven't looked at a lawbook for weeks."

In the silence that followed, George could almost hear them thinking.

"I may as well tell you now, Emily, I have no intention of becoming a lawyer. I'm afraid you'll have to be satisfied with me as an insurance man. Who knows, maybe someday I'll be division claim agent. Or even auditor."

"You're discouraged today. I don't blame you. Maybe you'll feel differently tomorrow."

"No, tomorrow I'm going down to the office to see Draper. I'm going to tell him I'll go back to work Monday."

"Did you talk to the doctor about that?"

"He didn't say I couldn't."

His mother sounded tired, and she tried again to get his father to go to bed. As soon as she'd spoken she must have realized she was irritating him because she quickly changed the subject to her job at the hat store, and tried to cheer him up by joking about how hard it was to get the customers to make up their minds. . . .

The next afternoon George had good news. His ham was paid for, and Mr. Riggs said he could take it home whenever he chose. He decided to take it at once, he was so delighted with it: *Product of Denmark—the finest ham in the world.* Mr. Riggs wrapped the oddly shaped can in white paper with a red ribbon around it, so that it looked like a Christmas present. George carried the package home and hid it in the hall closet, among the umbrellas. Then, after a brief session in the basement, he went out again to spend some time with his friends.

When he came back home at six he found his parents busy in the kitchen, getting dinner. Their conversation stopped as he came in, so he went out into the living room and turned on the radio. Over the sound of the radio and the running water and clattering pans in the kitchen, George could hear his father say, "Oh, Draper put it diplomatically enough. Take more time. You still look a little puny. Enjoy the rest while you can. Why the hurry, fella?"

"I hate the word fella," his mother said crossly. "Draper's no older than you are. Who does he think he is?"

"He's my boss."

"Does this mean you're not even sure of your job?"

George turned the radio up. Here was a new worry. Then he remembered the ham in the closet. He knew he wouldn't be able to wait very long anyway; maybe this would be the best moment to get it out.

AT FIRST there was only silence when his mother untied the red ribbon. "It's imported," George boasted.

Then, all of a sudden, his father began to wrap the can up again. "Now you get your coat on," he ordered, "and take this right back to Riggs. I'll phone that guy and tell him what I think of him. Does he think our kid has to feed us?"

"It's too heavy for him to carry, Richard. Please—" his mother said and she began to cry.

"He carried it home, and he can carry it back," his father said.

It was the most awkward package George had ever tried to carry. The can kept slipping around in the crumpled paper. All the way down the street he rehearsed what he'd say to Mr. Riggs, but it was easier than he thought it would be.

All Mr. Riggs said to him was, "All right, boy," as if he'd been expecting the ham back.

"They said it was too big," George lied.

Mr. Riggs agreed that it was probably too much ham for a family of three. . . .

After dinner, George went next door to see a television program. When he came home his mother told him that his father had gone to the public library. "Your father didn't mean to seem ungrateful for the ham, George," she said. "It was a beautiful ham, I'm sure; and it was very thoughtful of you. It's just that Father wants you to spend the money you earn on things for yourself. Don't you want a new baseball glove or something like that?"

George could tell that when his mother got back in her own room she'd start crying again.

Before he went to sleep he heard his father come in. The kitchen light went on and George heard the rattle of the cellophane wrapping of his pills, and then the sound of the refrigerator door opening and closing. But he fell asleep before his mother came into the kitchen.

SATURDAY morning, after his mother had gone to work, George and his father loitered at the breakfast table. Maybe to cover his embarrassment about last night's scene, his father was reading snatches of the paper aloud. "H'mm—Texas upset Southern Methodist. California's a cinch for the Rose Bowl."

"I don't care much about who plays in the Rose Bowl," George said. "I'd rather go to the World Series any day. I'd like to be Ralph Kiner. That's who I want to be."

"Yep." His father lowered the sports page and stared out the window. "It wouldn't be bad, would it, making your living doing the thing you like best in the world? Making fifty thousand a year playing a game. Not bad."

Then, putting the newspaper away, he said he thought he would go along to the park this morning, if the kids were going to play ball.

Before he got sick, George's father had always been available to be umpire on Saturday mornings. But lately he hadn't had the time. More than once George had thought that it was queer that when his father had nothing to do, he had no extra time. . . .

At the park the kids argued so long about who would be on which team that George's father strolled away to watch the workmen pruning the trees and hedges. Finally, when the kids were all set to begin, George went over to tell him. But his father was talking to the pruning men, and George didn't dare interrupt.

"Water sprouts generally should be removed during the spring months by jerking them out by hand, while they are still soft," his father was saying. "Otherwise you will get wounds like this—and more suckers."

George decided not to wait for the end of the conversation; the kids were calling As he turned to run back, he heard his father explaining to the men how he had spent many backbreaking summers helping his grandfather, who was a professional gardener. Between innings George found the men still talking, their words punctuated by the snipping of the shears. "That hedge should have been sheared two or three times; privet should be wider at the base than at the top. See what you've got," his father said, pushing the branches aside. "It's leggy and full of bad spots."

After the game George's father and the pruning men had all disappeared, and George decided his father had probably gone home to lunch. But the kitchen was

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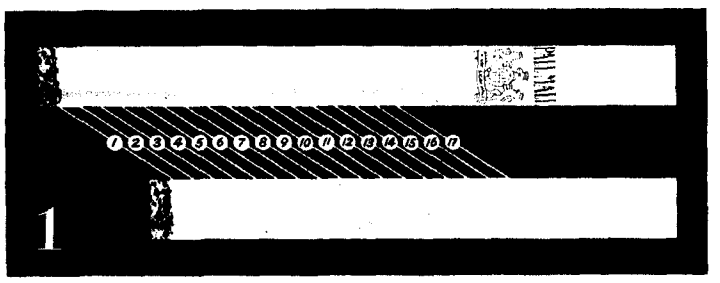

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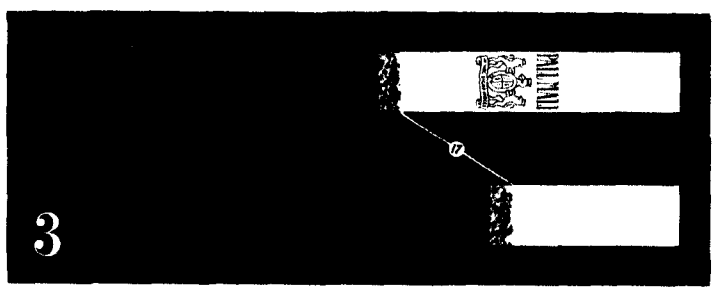

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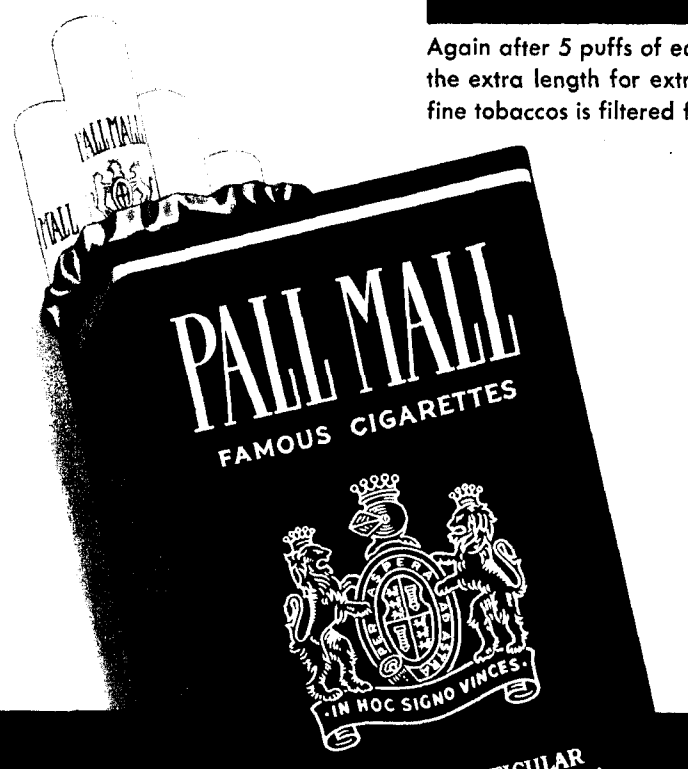

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empty. George made himself a sandwich and drank a glass of milk.

Standing in the kitchen as he ate, he felt a little angry to see the breakfast dishes still in the sink. He began to worry about his father. He remembered an awful Saturday a long time ago, when his father hadn't come home all afternoon; and when he did appear, it had been plain that he'd been drinking, and he'd gone straight to the bathroom and vomited blood. But that was a long time ago, and usually he cleaned the house especially well on Saturday, so that George's mother would not have to work on Sunday. Today he was still out when it was time for George to go to the store.

BUT when George got home, after five, it was all right. He heard the cheerful noise of the vacuum cleaner and his father's whistling. George stopped in the doorway a moment, admiring the way his father manipulated the cleaner with speed and grace—no bumping on the turns, no tangling of the cord. There seemed to be excitement brewing.

"What's cooking, Pop?"

"Tell you later."

As soon as they sat down to dinner, his father said it. "I've got a job, Emily," and he handed her a card.

"As the old saying goes," his father said, "shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations."

His mother laid the card on the table where George could read it. It said: *E. Walter Taft Organization. Landscape Nurseries.*

"But what will you do?" his mother said anxiously. "You're not going to be an ordinary gardener?"

"At first maybe. I'll have to prove to them what I can do. But I don't think you realize what a big field this is, Emily. Who do you think draws the plans for public parks? I got the idea this morning, when I was watching some nurserymen prune the bushes in the park. They were doing it so badly. But just the same, I could see the plants coming cleaner and cleaner; three shades of green, the Portuguese laurel, the privet and the conifers. Then, suddenly, I knew what I wanted to do, what I should have been doing all along. I went right over to see the Taft people—talked to Taft himself. There's plenty of room for people like me in the field, he told me. Don't look so horrified, Emily. Sure, for a while I'll probably be wearing work clothes, and you'll make me wash my hands on the back porch."

He laughed. George hadn't heard him laugh like that since he began to get sick.

"Are you sure you're strong enough?"

"I'll be doing what I want to do," he turned to George. "Like Ralph Kiner." . . .

Long after he was in bed George could hear their voices in the kitchen. He was too happy to sleep.

"Why didn't we think of it before, Emily? Why didn't it occur to me before? A landscape architect has to have a degree, of course. But I already have some engineering and agriculture credits, and a course or two in design. Taft told me I could get most of the rest in university extension courses in a year—two at the most. And in the meantime, I'll be earning a good living. When I saw and smelled those greens this morning, I realized I'd forgotten how well made the world is. All of a sudden it came to me, like an inspiration. Why didn't I think of it before?"

"But what about your ulcer?"

"Oh, that— I'll bloom, Emily, you'll see, I'll bloom."

And so their troubles were over, George thought, and without a miracle. Nothing had come in the way he had prayed for it—nothing. But it was good; he was sure it would be all right now, and maybe, George thought, this was the way all prayers were answered. THE END

COLLIER'S **"He likes my company and I simply love his. . . . I think it's called the Fidelity Trust"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Big Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to myself than to Corky, "what it would be like to live in one of them little houses, and have a fire."

Corky grunted. "Dumb," he said; and, after a while, we pulled up to a long, low set of red buildings with brass weathervanes of horses and a sign that said: *Norton Hunt Club Stables. C. Evers, Mgr.*

A girl came to the stable door. She was about my age, I'd guess, maybe younger, and she had on faded blue jeans. You know how some gals look in pants—like a bag of bran. This one didn't. Her hair was red, a copper red, and just to her shoulders with the right amount of curls.

"Hello," she said, friendly but waiting.

Corky got out of the car. "How do," he said, showing her all his gold teeth. "Is Mr. Evers around?"

"There isn't any Mr. Evers," she said. "I'm Chris Evers. I'm the manager."

"Well," he said, "then you can help us. Would you mind if we looked at your layout? We're interested in hunters. This," he said, pointing to me, "this is Joey Simms."

I got out. I was three inches taller than the girl, and I liked that, somehow. She smiled. It was a nice smile.

"Why, no," she said. "Come in." The runway was dirt, packed hard, swept spotless clean; and down each side ran a row of box stalls. There were maybe forty stalls, all full. Good horses. Most of them were thoroughbreds, but some were cold bloods, and all of them were brushed right up and ready, with that look that said they got real care.

"Do you hunt?" the girl asked Corky. She was very polite. I looked to see if there was a smile somewhere—in her eyes, maybe. Did Corky hunt? Does a seal tango?

"Why, no," Corky said, "I don't. But Joey here likes to hunt. Don't you, Joey?" The girl turned to me. She had a way of taking you all in, and not showing what she thought.

"I might," I said shortly.

There was a big placard on the wall. *Hunt Meet,* it said, *October 22. Steeplechases. Hunter Trials.*

Corky didn't even look at it. Corky was very smart. "Can outsiders hunt here?" he asked.

The girl thought about that. "Why, yes," she said finally, "they can. The capping fee is ten dollars. Here's an appointment card. It will tell you when and where."

Corky put it in his pocket. "Thank you very much," he said. "Maybe we'll see you." The girl stood in the stable door and watched us drive away. I guess she couldn't figure it. I didn't blame her. I couldn't figure it either.

WHEN we were out of sight, Corky turned to me and grinned his crooked grin. "Joey," he said, "you're going to look good in a derby hat and a black coat."

"All right," I said. "What is all this?"

Corky was very pleased with himself. "Stick around, Joey," he said. "The first thing we got to do is get you a hunter. A very special kind of hunter. And I think I know just where to look." He usually did.

We looked at a lot of horses next day. And Corky had three brought out on the floor—all bays. I should have gotten wise then. I didn't. The third one was a big, gaunt thoroughbred with two white socks, and a white patch on his face.

"Get up on him, Joey," Corky said.

I warmed him around the field, and then I turned him down a half-mile lane and let him breeze home. That horse just didn't have it. He moved good, but there wasn't any drive in him, any heart. He didn't care.

"This ain't the one," I said to Corky.

"Put him over that fence," Corky said. There was a post-and-rail fence, maybe three foot six, but solid. I gathered the bay up, gave him everything we had, and he got over it. He didn't get over it with any enthusiasm, and he landed like the end of a hard day, but we made it.

And, believe it or not, Corky was pleased. "H'mm," he said. "Can't run much, and can't jump much. What you want for him?"

The dealer and Corky huddled to one side. After a while they came back.

"Go get the trailer," Corky said to me. "We own him."

I looked at him. "Are you crazy?" I began. "What—"

"Go get the trailer," Corky said again. We loaded the bay horse and started back to the track. The horse was named White Light.

"The only thing good about this White Light is that he looks like Hollyrock," I said. "Except for the white on him."

Corky's smile twisted very wise. "You don't say," he grinned. "So he looks like Hollyrock, does he? Well now, ain't that a coincidence."

I stared at him. I began to get it, suddenly. "Corky," I said, "you'll never get away with it."

Corky gave a quick, sure nod. "Oh yes I will," he said. "You wait and see. Saturday you start hunting."

ONE thing about the two-bit horse business: you can operate on credit, up to a certain point. Corky had bought this don't-care bay on time, and, come Friday, we moved the two horses down to a little back-country stable that Corky had located some twenty miles from the Norton Hunt. And Saturday morning early, Corky got me into a black riding coat that was two sizes too big, and a derby hat that was likewise.

"Remember now," he said, "this is a hunt—not a race. Keep him back at first, then let him move up where people can see him." And we loaded up our new bay gunner and we were off for the hunt, and now I was a sportsman. . . .

The appointment card said *Mr. William Chichester's Farm. Ten o'clock,* and, about half past nine, we turned the trailer into a driveway with gravel so deep we like to stall. Finally there was a brick house bigger than a hotel, and a field with rows of vans and trailers and a lot of people already up and walking their horses around, warming them. A very smart-turned-out crowd it was, too.

There were guys in pink coats and velvet caps, and guys in black coats and derbys—but theirs fit—and gals with colored collars on their coats and some with high hats that gleamed. There were even a few pros—to school green ones, I suppose—and they spotted me and I spotted them.

One of them rode up alongside me and said, "Where did you get the coat, Snuffy?"

I ignored that and then, over to one side, I saw the girl, the redheaded girl from the Hunt Club. I ambled the bay over. "Hello," I said, not knowing if she would speak to me, and she gave me a look that was amazed, somewhat, and then she did remember and she had that smile—that smile that warmed me all over and made me forget the coat and the derby and Corky and everything else.

"Why, hello," she said. "It's Joey Simms. Nice to see you out." Her red hair curled out from under her derby that had just the right tilt to it, and her stock was crispy white and her coat fit her perfect. She was on a long-legged chestnut that looked like it had plenty of run and was apt to take off any minute. "What do we do now?" I asked her, and she laughed.

"Haven't you ever hunted?" she asked, and I admitted that I hadn't. "Well—" she began; and then, suddenly, there was a considerable flurry, with a number of characters in pink coats snapping long whips at some twenty or thirty hounds, and the

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horses began to act up a bit, and the girl said, "You'd better stick behind me, but not too close." There was some tooting on a horn, the hounds got their noses down, and the horses were out over the long field at a gallop.

I got this White Light under me and tried to keep about a hundred feet behind the chestnut horse, and also tried to keep that big derby up over my eyes, which was not easy. Then I saw a stone wall coming toward us, and it was not a small stone wall, either. It was maybe four feet high, with a big log on top of it, and I said to my bay, "Brother, don't you try to brush through this one," and then we were in the air.

We were pretty well into the air, too, except that my bay kind of dragged his legs over the log, which was not too encouraging, and then we were off down a hillside which had a large number of small trees and big rocks in it, and we were going very fast, and the chestnut horse was losing us. There was a post-and-rail fence that had four rails when we came up to it and three when we were through. The bay pecked bad and, from then on, the whole run was a blur of fields and trees and ditches and these big walls and fences coming up too regular and usually just when my derby was sliding down over my face.

FINALLY there was a long downhill meadow. I saw all the other horses stopped below, with cars alongside and a crowd watching and another one of these post-and-rail fences between us and the rest. That I did not care for. My horse was tired. But he had some pride left, because he stood off fifteen feet from that post-and-rail, and he gave one tremendous leap, and we were up and over and down. Down very hard.

We were down so hard that it was too much for the derby, and it collapsed over my eyes like a shutter, and the first thing I knew, we hit something that yielded a little and then swore very terrible, and, when I pried the hat up, I found I had run into one of the main gentlemen in a pink coat. He didn't like it, and told me so in choice language. I subsided, very red and hot, and the pros made their sneery comments, and then this girl, this Chris Evers, came over.

"All right," she said loudly, "for a green horse." That quieted some of the comments, and we hacked around the field side by side, the girl and I. The bay was very tired.

"I'm pulling out," the girl said suddenly. "This mare has had enough. Why don't you come along? I'll show you the way back."

Her mare was fit and ready to go. I knew it. And she knew it. I appreciated it. We pulled out and walked back through a woods road.

"Joey," she said suddenly, "what are you doing out here?"

It brought me back sharp—back to Corky and his plan and the quick buck. So I told her what Corky had told me to. "The boss," I said, "wants to make this bay into a hunter, get him qualified, and get him sold."

She considered that for a while, not saying anything. The two horses clopped along through the deep fallen leaves, and the sky was very bright above.

"I like this," I said finally. "I've never done this kind of riding."

Chris looked at me. "You've been around the tracks a lot, haven't you?" she said. And, before I knew it, I was telling her about all those years, and all the places I had knocked around—cheap places, most of them, small time—and I guess it got into my voice that I thought they were cheap places.

After a while Chris nodded. "I don't think I could stand that side of the horse business," she said. "I've never been around those places much, but I've heard about them. You hear everything in the horse business. I know my father never wanted that part of things. He was here at the Hunt Club for years. He helped build it up, and he loved the open country and the hounds and good horses that were respected and cared for, and not just run into the ground for a long-shot bet. This," she said, looking at the great fields and the stretching woods, "this I love. The other you can have."

The next turn brought us to the club. Corky was there. He wasn't too pleased.

"What'd you pull out for?" he demanded. "The bay was going good."

"Your horse was dead-tired," the girl said. "He's soft."

Corky decided to be nice. "Maybe you're right," he said, "but a few more hunts and he'll really be in shape. Rolled right along, didn't he? Got a lot of foot. Good fencer, too."

The girl didn't answer. We cooled the bay horse, and others from the hunt began to straggle in. Chris had only two men to help her, so I walked some hots, set up a leg or two, and tried to make myself useful. She stopped beside me finally.

"Thanks, Joey," she said, and that smile made me feel warm and good. "It's nice to have someone around who knows how." . . .

I hunted White Light twice a week for the next month. We'd moved him into a stall at the Hunt Club, and he liked it there. But certain things about him showed up plain—very plain. You couldn't hurry him over fences. If you tried to, he'd sort of lose his head and fling himself at the leaps. I found that you had to bring him back to you before a fence and let him look at it before you gave him his head to jump. That way he'd get over, but it didn't make him a top-flight horse. Although you'd never think so to hear Corky.

CORKY was into everything around the Hunt Club. "Tough horse to beat, that bay of mine," he'd say. "A top goer." I got tired of it. So did the crowd, I guess.

But Chris was nice to me. She was more than nice. I took her out one night. I hadn't really thought that she would go, but she said yes. We went to a movie, and after the show I said, "A little drive?" and she looked at me for a second. Then she nodded.

The big October moon was soft and full as we drove along, and the dead leaves were hanging on the trees, waiting for winter. A big, quiet country. And then there was a high hill, a little turn-out parking space, and I swung the car into it. The fields and woods stretched out for miles in front of us, with lights here and there, and no sounds, no sounds at all. Chris sat there in the seat beside me, looking out at all that spread before us, and then she said, very happy, very contented, "It's a wonderful world, isn't it, Joey?" and I shrugged suddenly.

"Yeah," I said, and my voice was harsh and broke the spell. "Yeah, it is. If you're big time, and can have some of it."

I could feel Chris turn and look at me, and I didn't meet her eyes. "Joey," she said, "don't you realize that anyone can be big time, as you say? That it isn't big cars and racing stables and yachts in Florida that make you big time? It's what you do yourself, and what you think of yourself, and what others think of you, too. That's what makes you big time." She stopped then, embarrassed a little. "I'm not preaching at you, Joey," she said, "I'm just telling you what I think. What I know."

And I wouldn't buy that. That was just a lot of words. "Very pretty," I said, "if you don't have to eat." And it wasn't a good night now. The wind was cold, suddenly, and the front seat was fifty feet wide, with Chris on the far end of it, away from me. We went on back, and I dropped her at her place.

"Good night, Joey," she said, and I drove away. So that was that. Only it wasn't.

Because suddenly, that night, I didn't want to go back to our room, back and hear Corky snore. I couldn't do it. I found myself driving that little car over the same road, out to that high hill where we'd parked, Chris and I. And I sat there and thought until, all at once, it was morning and I was stiff and cramped and I felt good. Better than I ever had. Like I had the beginning of something.

Corky was stirring around when I got back. I played dumb. "Corky," I said, rushing in abrupt, like a busher, "Corky, I don't want any more of this deal. Count me out."

He turned and looked at me quick, and I didn't like his mouth. Then he laughed. "So you want out, do you, Joey?" he said. "You don't want to play any more." He moved over to me. "Listen, you punk," he said, "I need you now, for a stake. We got a chance to take this tally-ho crowd for enough to put us back in business, and you're sticking. Because—" and he could put it straight and hard—"because if you don't, I have got enough to black you up for life. Not just to bar you from the tracks, but jail stuff." His eyes were small, pigmean. "Remember that saddle deal?" he said. "Them tack trunks that sort of disappeared? They lock you up for that. They call it stealing."

"You rigged that," I said. "It was your deal."

Corky's eyes went wide. "Me?" he said. "Who cares about me? I been there before. But for you it would be the first time. It would hurt." And he had me there. I turned and went on out.

THE Norton Hunt Race Meet was in one week, and Corky began to get his bets down. He did it very good. There were several races carded for that Saturday, but the big one was the Norton Cup Steeplechase for horses that had been hunted fairly that season—which was why, of course, I had been hunting the bay, White Light. It was a four-mile run, an open race for amateurs or pros. There'd be perhaps twenty-five jumps, good stiff hunting stuff, post-and-rail, aikens of evergreen boughs, board fences, and the like. There was no purse but there was plenty of betting on the side, and that was where Corky moved in.

He had been praising the bay so loud and long that he was wide open. And they began to take him. They'd seen the bay go. They knew you don't put a heart into a horse in a few weeks—if you ever do. They gave nice odds.

"Seven to two," I'd hear Corky say around the stable. "All right, I've got twenty." He got down maybe five hundred and stood to win near two thousand. He was smart, too. His bets were all scratch bets, which meant that if his horse went lame, unsound, and couldn't run, all bets were off.

Chris was around, of course. She heard it all. She'd speak to me, but it was far-off, impersonal, not like before that night on the hill. Never that warm smile any more. I didn't look for it, either. It couldn't belong to me now.

We came up to the Friday night before the race, and Corky made his move. I went to bed at ten, but I didn't go to sleep. I lay there in our room in the house near our hideaway stable, some twenty miles from the Hunt Club—lay there thinking. Corky didn't go to bed. Corky was very busy that night. I knew what he was doing.

At about eleven o'clock he would be loading our good 'chaser, Hollyrock, on the trailer, and Hollyrock had changed somewhat. He was fit and hard from the work I'd been giving him back in our hideaway, but the important thing was that he had growed two white socks on his front legs, and he had a white patch on his face that never was there before. He had always looked like this other bay, this White Light horse, and moved like him. Now, with the markings, there wasn't a person in two thousand could tell them apart. Corky would swap them around at the Hunt Club stables, and tomorrow I would be riding Hollyrock—and who was going to beat him? Not any horse I'd seen schooling there. It would be easy pickings, if it went right.

And I lay there thinking about it, thinking about this good crowd and the sport they had, and the country. And thinking most about Chris. And suddenly I couldn't do it. Suddenly I knew that if I went through with this I'd be a cheap, small-time gyp for the rest of my life. This was my last chance. So what was I going to do? And I got an idea. A crazy idea maybe, and it could fall apart. But it was a chance.

At one o'clock Corky came back. In half an hour he was snoring. I got up, felt for my clothes, and made it outdoors. There was no moon. I hoped Corky had left the trailer hitched to the car and down by the stable, a hundred fifty yards from the house. He had. That was my first break. I got a halter and rope on the bay, White Light, hoping he wouldn't whinny. He didn't. He had been moved so much that nothing surprised him. I got him in the trailer and it was two o'clock when I pulled

SISTER

COLLIER'S "Daddy, look!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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in to the side of the Norton Hunt Club stables.

There wasn't a sound but horses shifting sleepily in the main barn. I got the tailboard to the trailer down, and had the bay backed off when he gave a big jump, and a voice from the shadows said, "All right, Joey." A flashlight played over us, and there was Chris. I couldn't see her face, but her voice was flat and hard.

"Very cute, Joey," she said. "Very sharp. Before you and your friend load *both* your horses on that trailer and get out of here for keeps, I've got something to tell you. Where is Corky—in the car?"

"He isn't here," I said.

"So much the worse," she said. "You can give him this message. And remember it yourself. This is a nice crowd down here. A really sporting crowd. They aren't looking for crookedness; they aren't expecting it. You could get away with your switch and win your money. Except that I've been in this game for quite a while and I have friends. Didn't you realize that? Didn't you realize that the horse business is a clique, that things get around? I'm surprised at you. Now get out. Go on back and dope your runners and pull them and make your deals. Just stay away from—"

"Wait a minute," I said. "What was I doing now—loading or unloading?"

She hesitated a second. "Why, unloading," she said.

"Okay," I said. "If I was unloading, I was going to leave this horse here, wasn't I?" She thought about that. "All right," I said, "go look at the bay in our stall. Look at him carefully. You know horses. Look at the white on his legs and the small dead-splint on the inside. The bay I been hunting didn't have that splint, did he?"

She stood there for a second. Then she went into the barn, her flashlight glinting. It was minutes before she came back.

"All right, Joey," she said, and her voice had changed. It had softened. "What's the story?" she said.

So I explained. "Never mind the reasons why," I told her. "They're of no importance to anyone but me. Corky made the shift earlier tonight. I couldn't take it. I'm putting the White Light horse back in your barn. He'll race tomorrow—like he was entered."

CHRIS looked at me for a long time; it seemed like she moved toward me, just a little. Likely she didn't. "But Corky won't run him—when he finds out," she said. "He'll say he's lame—some reason. He'll scratch him from the race. Besides—" and it seemed, somehow, that she was really looking for the answer to this—"besides, what difference does it make whether he runs or not? Why not do it the easy way? Pull out. Scratch your horse. Forget it. No one will know. I promise you."

I shook my head. "That's the important part," I said. "The only really important part—to me." I wasn't talking to her; she was just there. "We pull out," I said, "and no one knows. But I know. I'm still tied up with Corky, still his boy. Cheap stuff. Cheap stuff the rest of my life. I'd never get away. But—" and I tried to make her see—"but if I ride this horse, and ride him hard, and ride to win, then I'm in the clear—see? Then I belong to myself and I can shave and look at this face and say, 'You ain't big time, Joey, and maybe you never will be, but you've made your move, Joey, you've made your move.' Don't you understand that, Chris?" I wanted her to understand it. An awful lot.

And she just stood there, looking at me, for a long time. "Yes, Joey," she said, very quiet, "I think I do."

I hurried on. I had to. "I'll need some help tomorrow," I said. "I'll need you and some good big husky guy right in the stall with this bay, White Light, right there every second until we go to post, so that Corky can't go cracking him on the knee or doing anything so's he can scratch him. I'll need you there close and watchful, because I got to ride him, Chris. I got to."

She nodded. "We'll be there, Joey," she promised. She helped me put Hollyrock on the trailer, and I rumbled on back to our hideaway. Corky was still asleep and I'd made it—so far. Tomorrow we'd see if I could go the whole way.

CORKY woke up at six o'clock the next morning, stretching under his dirty blankets. "I've fed the bay," I said, "and unhooked the trailer." I didn't want him looking around that stable. We ate on the way to the Norton Hunt Club. I had on the clothes I'd ride in—my faded yellow turtle-neck sweater and my breeches and boots. They didn't race in colors at these small hunt meets. There was a crowd already at the Hunt Club stables. We went in to our stall.

Chris was there in riding clothes, small and trim and very ready. Mike Cullinane was with her. Mike was a pro, big and rugged and rough. He didn't like Corky. I opened the stall door and brought the bay out. Corky's head jerked just a little and I knew he knew. His eyes darted. I ducked them. He was thinking hard, looking for an out.

"Jog him in the runway," he said to me. I jogged him and he went true and square. "I don't like that off front," Corky said, trying. "He's gimpy."

"Looks all right to me," Mike Cullinane said.

"Do you want a vet to look at him?" Chris Evers said to Corky, very evenly.

Double-Take

Of *course*, my dear, you look a perfect dream—
You always do, in anything you don;
But aren't these bathing suits a bit extreme?
Oh, pardon me! I thought you had it on.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Corky Mars knew he was licked then. He didn't know for sure who had licked him, but he knew he couldn't make a move. "Never mind," he said. "Tack him up."

I was going to have my ride. I might have guessed what Corky Mars would do. I didn't. I tried to forget him, tried to plan my race.

Ever been to one of these small hunt meets? There's nothing fancy. The course circled wide, through rolling country, with maybe two hundred yards of turf between the jumps. The crowd wasn't big—a thousand, fifteen hundred maybe—and they gathered at the leaps and at the start and finish. A nice crowd—tweeds, station wagons, kids on ponies, with the talk of horses and hunting—and the race riders were tense and a little nervous.

Most of the nine riders in my race were amateurs—there was only one other pro—and that was a big part of my plan. Three of the horses were fast. The other five I could stay in sight of—maybe. And then they were calling the field to post, and Chris Evers was at the paddock fence.

"Joey," she said, and she was pleading with me, suddenly. "Joey, rate him along. Handle him." And I just grinned at her. She knew the bay horse was no top 'chaser. I knew it too. But sometimes you want more than anything to be up there, to be up front. This was that time for me.

The start was down a long, gentle slope, and I took a good hold on the bay and let the others run interference for me. The bay felt good under me, better than he ever had, and we flew the turf. Two eager amateurs took out the top board on the first fence. I'd thought they would, and the bay took the gap easy, and I moved up a horse or two, keeping the leaders in sight.

The second leap was a post-and-rail and, again, the leaders took out the top rail. We made the first swing of the course—you went around twice—and the last leap was the one that worried me. It was a stone wall, log-topped, and that one you had to jump—big.

I was fifth coming up to that, and I had to steady the bay and we lost some ground. But maybe a rider can give his horse something, and we had those leaps that had been knocked lower and I was beginning to wonder if maybe I could make it. Oh, I never could have been close against pro riders. But these amateurs weren't handling their mounts; they were running them out. I hadn't even seen the other pro, and we came down the slope on the last round and I began to make my move.

I edged up on the flat and got by one horse, a gray, and felt the second horse begin to slow on the slight rises. But I lost some ground at two big jumps and we were making the turn before I could move into second place.

And then I heard a horse coming behind me and I sensed it. It was the other pro, laying off the pace until he thought he had it, and we roared through a meadow and he was coming.

I was neck and neck with the leader, but he wasn't the one I was scared of, and we caught him on the last long rise and I could see, from the corner of my eye, the horse behind me moving up to my stirrup iron, and then I had to decide.

I had to decide whether to go into that last great leap, that stone wall, wide open, or to slow for it and hope I could win on the finish flat. You have to decide those things quick, and I asked the bay for a little more and he tried and then I was grinning to myself because I had decided.

Big time. Ride it to win. Give it a try.

I let the bay roar and we came into that last leap side by side, and we both stood back and flew it and I heard that crack and crash and that was all I did hear for some time—for some long time. The grass was dead and dry and came up around me hard, and finally there were people pulling at my arms, and I grinned at them, cockeyed. Chris was there. So was the horse. The horse looked down at me. The horse was okay.

"You made a race of it, Joey," Chris was saying. "You made a real race of it."

Mike Cullinane had my arm over his shoulder, and we got to a cot in the first-aid tent, and things began to stop whirling.

"Where's Corky?" I said, maybe because I had said it for years.

Mike Cullinane grinned at me. "He took a powder," he said. "The last I saw of him, he was vanishing south just after the race started. You rode the best race I ever saw, kid."

"Yeah," I said, "and lost it. I got to pay off those bets. I'm part of them."

They said not to worry about the bets.

AFTER a minute, Mike Cullinane and the rest went out, all together—as if they'd been asked to leave.

Chris said, "You got two horses, Joey—the bay and Hollyrock back there. Corky didn't take Hollyrock; Mike saw to that. And I thought maybe I could buy them, to square the bets and what he owes you, and we could use them in the hunt."

"What do you mean—we?" I said. I was thinking clearer. I hoped.

Chris looked at me. She had that smile, and it wavered just a little, uncertainly. "I thought that perhaps you might stay and help me run the stables and the hunt," she said.

I grinned at her. "Just that?" I said.

She didn't answer me. But suddenly I felt better than I ever had. I felt big time, really. In a small way, of course, but still big time. THE END

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Polly Wants a Passport

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

plainly hurt. "Madame, as Ancien Président du Syndicat des Oiseaux, I would not sell an unhealthy animal. This parrot was born in Fréjus, a great French city never contaminated by parrot fever. Mlle. Coco is personally known to the local veterinarian, to the mayor and to the clergy."

What proof would I have of this on our return to New York?

"A health certificate signed by our veterinarian," Marette replied. "Exactly what I should have given Messieurs Laurel and Hardy had they removed Mlle. Coco to Hollywood."

Henry Hawkins' successor soon became part of our household. She chattered in French with Mme. Blau, our *femme de ménage*, whistled The Campbells Are Coming, cried *"Entrez!"* when the doorbell rang, and indicated her various dislikes by shrill barks. She perched on my shoulder, rode on John's arm and beat a reveille with a wooden clothespin. Every morning she splashed and bathed on the balcony in a water-filled French casserole.

We loved Coco and Coco loved us.

New Subjects to Imitate

In November, when the mistral—the north wind—began to blow across the Estérel Mountains, we all moved to a first-floor suite at Saint-Raphaël's Hotel Excelsior. Like all gray parrots, Coco reacted cheerfully to change. From her cage by my bedroom window she could see the garden and the surging sea beyond. On balmy days, when I could open the window, she mimicked the shrill piping of sea gulls, the whistles of delivery boys and the talk of passers-by on the Rue Felix Martin.

A relapse left John eager to be home once more among his familiar possessions, especially his books. The Vulcania was sailing November 26th from Cannes. I engaged passage, including a five-dollar parrot ticket for Coco. Cyril Maplethorp, our travel agent, an Englishman living at Saint-Raphaël, had telephoned Marette about Coco's health certificate. When it came I clipped it to our own vaccination cards and fitted it into our passport case.

At Cannes on sailing day, we lunched on the terrace of the Hotel Splendide. Coco relaxed and preened her cerise tail feathers. At five, as we prepared to go aboard ship, she and the customs officials exchanged whistles and salutations. Aboard the tender I held her traveling cage on my lap so that she might see what was going on. We watched the waters of the bay blush under the setting sun, and far out we saw the Vulcania's restless searchlight.

With Coco's cage tucked beneath my arm, I ascended the ship's rope stairway. At the sight of her an enormous man in uniform screamed, "God in heaven, a parrot! You cannot bring it aboard. I am the ship's doctor, Giuseppe de Martino, and I say you cannot bring it aboard!"

"But the Italian Line agent in Nice sold me a parrot ticket," I protested. "This bird has a health certificate." Passengers and ship's officers crowded around.

"Let me see that health certificate," thundered the doctor. I detached it from my passport. He scanned it and eyed me sternly. "I'll have to show this to the chief surgeon, Dr. Carlo Vergombello, and to our captain, Giovanni Gladioli."

At the door of our cabin he left us. But no sooner had we settled than he was back. "You must not let that parrot out of your cabin," he warned. "Tomorrow, Captain Gladioli, Dr. Vergombello and I will confer on how to dispose of it." Coco drowned his last words in shrill barks.

John and I spent a sleepless night. On deck next morning the first person I met was Dr. de Martino. "I saw parrots all night," he told me. "The health certificate is worthless. It should have been witnessed by a public official of Fréjus."

He took Coco's paper from his pocket and handed it to me. "This afternoon you must see the American Consul in Naples, have your bird re-examined, and obtain from the consul a document with the seal of the United States upon it certifying—if true—that your parrot is healthy. Otherwise the bird goes ashore at Gibraltar."

I had never been to Naples in my life. I didn't even know the name of the American Consul. What time did the Vulcania dock?

"Half past three this afternoon."

I dashed up to the radio room and sent this radiogram to Cyril Maplethorp:

"Have duplicate health certificate Coco witnessed by Fréjus official. Air-mail New York."

It was half past four when the Vulcania nosed up to the Naples dock. The American Consulate closed at five. Signor Novello, the chief purser, took pity on me and assigned his assistant to accompany me.

A venerable taxi jolted us over the streets of Naples. At five minutes to five we raced into the American Consulate. "Sorry," said the receptionist. "The consul isn't here. Mr. Richard Schaben, the acting viceconsul, is still in his office. What do you want to see him about?"

"It's a personal matter," I said.

"You can't see him unless you tell me what it is about."

"It's about a parrot," I said desperately.

Never let anyone tell you that the Foreign Service of the United States hasn't a heart. A young man rose from his desk chair as the receptionist ushered me into his office. "You don't have to explain," he smiled. "I own a parrot."

While I waited, his secretary telephoned the consulate's official veterinarian. He was neither in his office nor at his home. "Never mind," reassured Mr. Schaben. "We'll call him from the ship. The Vulcania doesn't sail until after midnight."

By nine o'clock Coco was given a clean bill of health—an official document stamped with the red seal of the United States government. For the first time since John and I left Saint-Raphaël, we slept.

Bad News from Chief Surgeon

Next morning on deck, Dr. Vergombello, the chief surgeon, approached me. "I am not satisfied with the Naples health certificate. We dock at Lisbon Friday. Your parrot may be put ashore there."

Why wasn't the certificate with the seal of the United States upon it sufficient?

He spoke with great patience. "New York City is the 49th state—a law unto itself. We had a distressing experience last trip." A passenger had attempted to smuggle in a pair of parakeets, and the Vulcania had been threatened with quarantine.

Dr. Vergombello tried to be understanding. Granted, there was no more reason to ban all parrots than there would be to exterminate all dogs just because one had rabies. True, it had not been proved that parrots carried parrot fever. Certainly, the disease was no longer fatal when treated with aureomycin. But the law stood.

I saw I must act quickly, and dispatched a radiogram to Mrs. Willard Huntington Wright in New York:

"Coco can't land. Tell Freddie Woltman. Ask him to contact Forrest Davis, Taft, Farley, Impellitteri and Corsi. Air-mailing letter from Gibraltar."

Mrs. Wright, an old friend, shared our passion for gray parrots. She and her late husband, the mystery writer who used the pen name S. S. Van Dine, had owned a beauty named Salome. The moment we had acquired Coco I had air-mailed Mrs. Wright the news and sent word that we were bringing Coco home.

Freddie Woltman, brilliant reporter for the New York World-Telegram and Sun, had been my desk neighbor in the days when I worked for the same paper. I knew

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he loved animals. I named Forrest Davis, another newspaper friend, because he knew Senator Robert Taft. I also felt sure that James Farley and Edward Corsi, New York State Labor Commissioner, would do what they could to help me; New York's Mayor Vincent Impellitteri might do something for Mr. Woltman's sake.

After sending the radiogram I lay in my steamer chair wondering what to do next. Exhausted, I fell asleep—only to be awakened by a boy from the radio room waving a message under my nose.

Maplethorp's reply, I thought. Instead it was from John Perry, senior member of the international law firm of Rathbone, Perry, Kelley & Drye, and lawyer for the Juilliard School of Music, of which my husband was chairman of the board. Mr. Perry's terse message said: "Crouse says impossible land parrot."

I was sunk. How on earth had John Perry and playwright Russel Crouse, my stepson-in-law, got into this? I resumed my deck-pacing. When my husband emerged for tea at four I mentioned neither the radiogram nor the conversation with Dr. Vergombello. As we sat in the lounge sipping our tea, the radio room messenger, by now an old friend, appeared once more calling "Message for Mrs. John Erskine."

I signed for it with mixed feelings, still worried by the radiogram from Mr. Perry. John stared expectantly at the envelope. There was nothing for it but to read him the message. Luckily, it was a good one.

"Mayor of Fréjus witnessed duplicate health certificate Mlle. Coco. Air-mailed New York. (Signed) Cyril Maplethorp."

Before dinner I typed a letter to Freddie Woltman telling him the whole story, and another to Mrs. Wright asking her to meet me at the pier with Coco's duplicate health certificate. As we went to dinner I stuck air-mail stamps on the letters and dropped them in the Gibraltar mail pouch. The dining-saloon steward welcomed me with a bow and an extended silver salver on which rested another radiogram. It was from Mrs. Wright. "Doing everything possible. Where is Coco now?" Obviously she had not received my letter telling of our departure from Saint-Raphaël!

Parrots Not Welcome in U.S.

In the lounge Captain Gladioli looked me up. "I'm afraid we're in for trouble," he told me. "Dr. Vergombello has just translated into Italian for me the latest U.S. ruling on birds of the parrot family. No parrot can land in America. It is not I who raise the issue, it will be the U.S. health officers who board our ship at Quarantine."

In no mood for after-dinner coffee, I passed the evening in our cabin with Coco. The more she whistled and chattered and nuzzled my fingers with her stubby little black tongue, the more my heart sank at the thought of the mess into which I had plunged this innocent, happy young bird.

Next day brought a respite. The Vulcania would not be at Gibraltar long enough for anybody—even the doctor—to go ashore; and the ship was not due in Lisbon until the following afternoon. Coco, blissfully unaware of her plight, continued to be her gay self, speaking French to the steward, whistling The Campbells Are Coming for the passengers and practicing Italian on the sailors. Public sympathy was with her, to the last passenger. Gifts of nuts, fruits and crackers greeted her each morning. People gathered in little groups to swap anecdotes about family parrots.

All had suggestions to offer. Some advised letting her fly to New Jersey, a state friendlier to parrots than New York. Others suggested giving her a whiff of chloroform and dropping her into a coat pocket. A returning vice-consul dug up a U.S. Customs Information pamphlet which mentioned birds of the parrot family as being admitted occasionally under the heading of "restricted importations." He thought this clause might provide a loophole. I relayed this item to the captain. Reluctantly he agreed not to put Coco ashore at Lisbon.

"But you must assume all responsibility," he warned, "and be prepared to take the consequences of a quarantine."

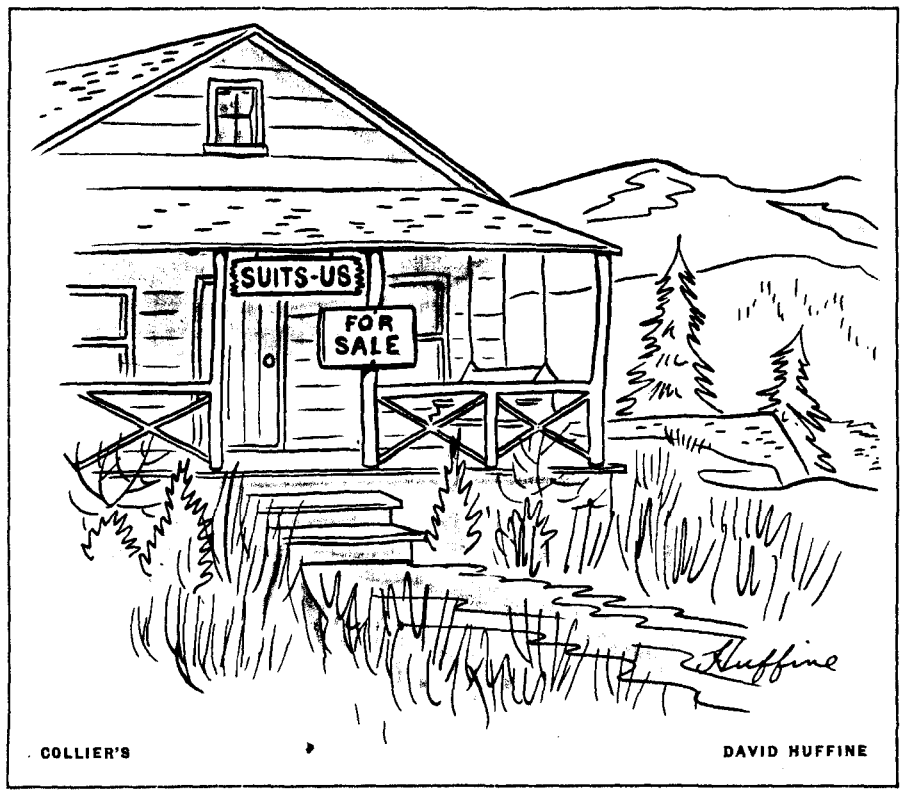
The entire next week I paced the decks by day and tossed in my berth by night. On the seventh of December, the day before we were due in New York, I received a second radiogram from Mrs. Wright: "Bronx Zoo officials say impossible land Coco without proper credentials."

So Claire had appealed to the zoo—and what were the credentials I lacked? Nervously I fingered those I had collected: poor Coco's original health certificate signed by the Fréjus veterinarian; the impressive official document with the red seal and scarlet ribbons from the U.S. Consulate at Naples; my batch of radiograms—including word of the duplicate health certificate witnessed by the mayor of Fréjus—and, last of all, her parrot ticket.

"Kindly remain in your cabin until summoned," Dr. de Martino told me as the Vulcania steamed into New York Harbor.

After what seemed a century, the steward tapped on our door. The U.S. Public Health Officers wanted to see Coco.

A pair of stern-faced young men in blue



COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

uniform silently studied Coco's papers and then peered into her cage. She barked excitedly. The two went into a second huddle over the papers. Then one of them said, "Your parrot cannot land. She has not been in your possession long enough, and her past is questionable. She must be either destroyed or deported."

At this point, my friend Jim Duffy, ships' news reporter for the New York World-Telegram and Sun, joined us. "Let's see Henry Friedman," he said. "He's the health chief who boards the ship at the pier."

Had Woltman been able to help?

"His wife is sick," said Jim. "A Mrs. Wright phoned him but neither understood your radiogram." Nor had either, apparently, received my Gibraltar letters!

Dr. Friedman listened patiently while I explained Coco's plight and showed her credentials. "Even if the U.S. government passed your parrot, the city of New York would not let her in," he told me, shaking his head. "Parrots are controversial."

The minute the ship-to-shore telephone wires were up, I called Claire Wright. Not only had she not received either my Saint-Raphaël or Gibraltar letters, but Coco's health certificate had not arrived at our home. "Hang up and I'll call you back in five minutes," she promised.

When the phone rang, it was not Mrs. Wright, but a spokesman for the Bronx Zoo. "The law permits us to accept parrots," he declared. "Let me talk to Dr. Friedman."

At first the doctor was adamant. Then I heard him concede, "Well, if the parrot goes to the zoo—"

I collapsed in the nearest chair. I didn't want to lose possession of Coco, but anything would be better than having her destroyed.

Next morning I hurried back to the Vulcania to see that the attendant from the Bronx Zoo connected with Coco. He was to collect her at ten o'clock. At noon Coco and I were still waiting. Fearful that the zoo had decided, after all, against sheltering Coco, I telephoned the general curator, Lee Crandall. It appeared that his emissary, instead of boarding the boat, had waited on the pier and finally gone home!

"By the way," asked Mr. Crandall, "did you clear the parrot with Customs?" Of course I hadn't.

"You must declare her," he said, "or even we cannot save her. Hurry to the customs office on the pier."

I raced down the dock. "Sorry, lady," said the U.S. Customs Inspector, "your papers are now at the main office in the Customs Building on Bowling Green. It is closed until Monday morning."

The Vulcania sailed at noon Monday. Frantic, I called Mr. Crandall back. "Don't worry," he said, "George Scott, our head bird keeper, will be at your home Monday morning at nine thirty with the zoo station wagon. That should give you ample time to declare the parrot and get her ashore."

All Sunday I haunted the Vulcania. In the warm cabin Coco chirped and whistled and talked. She had won the sympathy of every employee on the pier.

Promptly at half past nine Monday morning, George Scott came by my home. Off we dashed to the customshouse, where a clerk casually flipped through a card index. "All Vulcania declarations have gone to the warehouse on Stone Street," he finally announced.

Mr. Scott and I stared at the clock. Five minutes past ten. The Vulcania sailed at noon. We tore through the winding streets of lower Manhattan. The hands of the customshouse clock indicated half past eleven when we returned breathlessly to the main office, clutching my declaration. The clerk had telephoned the U.S. health office and received confirmation of Coco's clearance to the Bronx Zoo. He was all ready to stamp my declaration.

At twenty minutes to twelve, Mr. Scott and I zoomed up the West Side Highway in the zoo's station wagon. As we loped down Pier 84, the Vulcania sounded its departure whistle. "Don't worry," Mr. Scott panted, "we'll make it."

Hundreds of people churned about in the ship's corridors. "Your cabin has been taken," Chief Purser Novello called to me. "I don't know what the steward did with your parrot."

A second warning whistle blew. Suddenly my steward emerged from a passageway. He had put Coco in an inside cabin for safekeeping. Hastily I transferred her to her traveling cage. At last she would be safe on American soil.

Then, out of nowhere, appeared Clifford Deeds, the Italian Line's landing agent. "For the protection of this ship, I must be assured that the parrot is going to the Bronx Zoo," he announced. "I hate to be a nuisance, but unless I have proof, she will be disposed of."

Like mourners at a funeral, Mr. Scott, Coco and I, trailed by Mr. Deeds, descended the gangplank. The ship was to sail in seven minutes. At the sight of me the customs chief threw up his hands. "You here again! We'll give you an inspector's cap and put you to work."

"I want to talk to the U.S. health officer," insisted Mr. Deeds. "If I'm not satisfied, this bird goes back to the boat."

Weakly, I leaned against a filing cabinet while he and Mr. Scott huddled at the telephone. "It's okay, all right," Mr. Deeds finally said. "But for my own record, Mrs. Erskine, you must sign a paper saying you are giving the parrot to the zoo."

"I'll sign anything," I gasped.

Baffling Mystery Is Solved

The last I saw of Coco that day she was gaily riding off with Mr. Scott in the station wagon of the Bronx Zoo. Still unaccounted for was the duplicate health certificate witnessed by the mayor of Fréjus. Our maid said it had never arrived. Then, the week following our return, this mystery was solved when I lunched at the Columbia Club with Melville Cane, our lawyer.

"By the way," he said, as we sat down, "your bank telephoned me a few days before you and John arrived. They had received a mysterious document bearing the seal of some French town. As nearly as the secretary translated it, a Mlle. Coco was involved. I didn't know what it was all about. The bank thought it might have something to do with a singer and sent it to Perry, the Juilliard school's lawyer."

Coco's missing health certificate!

That afternoon Mr. Perry telephoned me. "I received a strange document from the Irving Trust Company about 10 days ago," he said. "I forwarded it to Russel Crouse. He had it translated and didn't want you to get up your hopes about landing that parrot. I think I radioed you to that effect."

Next day I phoned the Bronx Zoo to inquire after Coco.

"*She's in quarantine*," I was told by Dr. Leonard Goss, the zoo's veterinarian, "and will be until we learn the result of the blood test."

"Blood test!"

"The test for psittacosis. A sample of her blood has been flown to West Coast laboratories."

"And if she doesn't pass the test?"

"*She will have to be destroyed.*"

I couldn't bear it. That Saturday Mrs. Wright and I made a special trip to the zoo. Coco, ensconced in a fine cage at the isolation ward, shouted, *"Bon jour!"*

"She looks healthy to me," I insisted.

"Her blood test will tell," replied Goss noncommittally.

Three weeks later I received the following word from him.

"Dear Mrs. Erskine: You will be pleased to know that the report on the blood sample taken from the African gray parrot you attempted to import is negative, thereby indicating that it is free of psittacosis."

Coco had been cleared.

From quarantine she graduated to the ostrich house. My husband died in June without ever seeing Coco again. A few days ago I visited her. She was whistling The Campbells Are Coming, and teaching French to the other birds. THE END

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If You Don't Get Caught

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

suggested it looked a little fresh-painty, and Buck laughed and reminded me that the Jones company was a new outfit, as I should know since I was Jones.

"I withdraw my criticism," I said. "Who is Grady, by the way?"

"Grady Pickens, my stepfather. Mom's worthless third husband. He prowls the woods like a half-wild tomcat. Never does a lick of work. Hunt, fish, trap, make moonshine. That's all he's good for." Buck climbed into the cab of the truck and got the keys out of the ignition. Removing one from the ring, he put it in the lock and handed me the ring with the others. "Tony will drive her into town tonight and park downstreet from where you'll be staying."

"Why don't I drive it in myself?"

"I want you to ride in with me over the route you'll use coming back out here tomorrow," Buck said, and I said okay, he was the boss, and we went out and closed the barn door, and Buck looked around and sighed. "Place sure is run-down," he said. "I had to sell all the stock and my car and everything else that could be hocked, to get the scratch for this caper tomorrow. But with the dough I'm going to clear, I can turn this into a nice place to live."

"You put up all the money?" I said.

He shook his head. "Floyd's in for two thousand."

Peachy. If the sheriff was investing, it must be foolproof.

"Let's get a cup of coffee and head for town," Buck said, and we went on up to the house and in the back door.

WE SAT at the kitchen table and drank black coffee laced with whisky. I was beginning to feel hungry, too, but I didn't want to eat there. The kitchen smelled of wood smoke and boiled coffee and cabbage and grease.

"Mom," Buck said, "I knew Robert in the Coast Guard, and at O.U."

His mother was sitting in an old rocking chair by the kitchen window, staring out into the dusk. She didn't say anything.

"Robert was a cook, a belly robber. Won the war with a skillet." She made no move, no sound. "We were shipmates for two years," Buck said, and her broad back said drop dead, anybody. Buck grinned at me. "Trouble with Mom, she talks too much."

I smoked a cigarette and finished my coffee, and after a while Buck said it was about time we got started. "Mom," he said, "don't worry, it's all right. This is the last time. After tomorrow, no more whisky."

She just sat there like a gunny sack full of corn meal.

"We'll paint the house, get electricity," Buck said. "Get you a refrigerator. Cheer up, Ruby. Don't act so glum."

She wouldn't endorse the venture. She just shook her head sullenly, and Buck shrugged, and we went on out to the car.

We drove back down the hollow and Buck said turn left. Buck explained that we were southwest of Derrick. We would go two and a half miles north, using back roads, and turn east for three miles and then swing back south, coming into town from the northeast, and I was to reverse the procedure tomorrow. I nodded and looked in the rearview mirror and saw an old pickup truck behind us—a faded red pickup with the red rays of the sun on it. I didn't say anything until we had turned east, but when the red pickup turned east behind us the hair on the back of my neck stood up.

"I think we're being followed, none too subtly," I said.

Buck looked back. "Naw. Some shirttail farmer, that's all."

Okay. I was new at the business. A little nervous, that's all.

The sun went down and the clouds closed up and dusk settled down swiftly. I turned on the lights, but the pickup behind us stayed blacked out. After the second crossroad going east I couldn't see the pickup behind us any more at all, partly because of the blackness of the tree-crowded road, but mostly, I think, because the lights of my own car accustomed my eyes to the brightness instead of the darkness. But it was still there, that old pickup.

We crossed a bridge, the pickup not far behind. I felt creepy; a darkened pickup tailing us through the night was a little too sinister. Presently we reached the blacktop highway and swung south toward the glow on the lowering clouds that marked the town, and when we came around a bend and entered the city limits, Buck told me to take the next street to the left. This time the pickup didn't turn with us.

Buck had me park in front of a small house with a new Studebaker two-door sedan in its driveway, and we got out. I followed Buck around the house, where he knocked once on the door and went in, and I followed him into a kitchen, where a thin, not very pretty, sulky-faced woman gave us a look of annoyance.

"Floyd in?" Buck asked her, and she nodded, and we went on into a living room full of assorted hideous furniture. A man who could have been thirty-four or older was sitting in a chair with his feet, in astonishing green cowboy boots, parked on the top of a cold television set.

"We're in, Floyd," Buck said. "Take a gander at the new Edgar Jones, of Missouri. Isn't the resemblance amazing?"

FLOYD wore his hat and gun in the house, it appeared. He had thick, coarse brown hair and low sideburns, a nose that had once been broken, and deep-set, pale-blue eyes. His face was angular and hard, with a muddy skin, and he was drinking a glass of milk as though it had something nasty in it. He gave me a sour look.

"Reckon he'll do," he growled. "Kin you trust him?"

"Damned right," Buck said. "How's the ulcer? Kicking up?"

Floyd grunted, and Buck said, "It'll feel good tomorrow. Listen, did you get any word from Clarence yet?"

Floyd shook his head. "Reckon he ain't interested."

Buck looked disappointed. "I wish he'd play ball with us. At least he could give us some of his contacts in Muskogee."

"He won't come back, nohow. Jist git in more trouble around here."

Buck shrugged and fished out a new cigar and bit the end off of it. "Well, I got three hundred cases spoken for by that Tulsa guy, and we won't have no trouble peddling the rest of it. Everything set?"

Floyd scowled at his milk. "Those guys got in. At the hotel now."

"All right," Buck said. "Come on, Edgar, let's shove." He started out and I looked at Floyd. "Pleased to have met you, Sheriff," I said.

"Yeah," he said. And we were both lying. I didn't like his looks, and I didn't like the thought of his corruptness. And I very carefully didn't let myself think about what that made me. I went on outside to the car, and Buck said he'd drive so I could get oriented and check landmarks. I gave him the keys and got in on the other side.

VIP'S WAR

"If you'll hold one of these for a second, sir, I'd be *more* than glad to salute you"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

"Who is this Clarence type you mentioned?" I asked Buck.

"Clarence Talmadge, Floyd's brother." Buck made a U-turn in the street. "Got out of the pen a couple months ago after serving eight years for manslaughter, plus bad behavior and what not. Shot a man up by Blue Falls back during the war."

"Nice friends you got now," I said.

"Clarence isn't a friend. I don't even know him. But he could be useful. Knows all the crooks in eastern Oklahoma."

Not all of them, I thought. And I thought: Useful like me—Nolan, the last-minute substitute. I said, "That's some sheriff, man."

"The people's choice, Robert," Buck said.

He turned the corner onto the highway, and the old red pickup was parked in front of a beer joint in the middle of the block. I looked at Buck and he saw it, so I didn't offer any comments. He was running things, not me. I lighted a cigarette, feeling hungry, thinking about five hundred dollars. Apparently that was a cure-all, thinking about five hundred dollars.

Buck showed me the courthouse and then headed on south through town. It looked like a nice town, a thriving town. A nice place to live, to raise a family—No, by damn! Not with Floyd and . . .

"How did Floyd make sheriff, with a murderer for a brother?" I asked.

Buck told me. Floyd had the best hillbilly band, and the best campaign manager—Buck. Floyd's opponent had come out openly against all forms of alcohol and wasn't a veteran and was very cold on the stump. He was going to dry up the county—and the county didn't want to be dried up. Moonshiners and bootleggers and consumers and occasional party givers went to the polls and chose the lesser of two evils, they thought. So now Floyd was sheriff, Buck was a deputy, and Buck's maternal uncle, Tony, was a deputy.

"That smacks of nepotism," I said.

Buck laughed. "That's politics, kid."

KID, he kept calling me. I was two years older than his twenty-seven summers. Maybe compared to him I was a kid, at that. A babe in the woods. After a while he stopped the car in front of a two-story frame house at the southern edge of town. A sign read: VACANCY.

"What's this?" I said. "The Ritz-Plaza?"

"A rooming house off the beaten track," Buck said. "They take in transients. All the others will have eaten by now, but the old lady will feed you—and a lot of nosy characters won't be asking your business."

"Okay," I said. "Listen, who are the guys Floyd says are at the hotel?"

"What?" Floyd said. "Oh, those guys." He sighed. "Look, kid, I haven't been entirely honest with you, I guess. Those guys are from the Alcohol Tax Unit. They'll be there tomorrow to see that we handle the auction according to the book. Don't let it worry you. Everything is fixed, Robert. They have no reason to be suspicious."

"That's why I get five hundred, huh?" I said. "T-men, huh?"

"Forget it, kid," he said. "It's nothing. They have to be here, that's all. And we're all in this together, don't forget."

"Okay," I said. "Every man has his price. Mine happens to be five hundred dollars. Check me out on the routine."

Buck sighed again, this time with relief. "All the stuff's in this brief case," he told me. "Power of attorney, your cousin's federal stamp and state dealer's licenses, permits, et cetera. Edgar's papers and chauffeur's license. A pair of glasses for camouflage. Wear them tomorrow, kid. Give me your billfold and get his out of the brief case." I did as directed, like a faithful lackey. "The inventory list is there," Buck continued. "And the sealed bid and your cousin's certified check."

"All right," I said. "Will that be all, sir?"

He grinned and threw his cigar away. "I'll take your car and Tony will drive it out to the farm when he goes after the truck. You can pick it up there tomorrow, and I'll pay you off and you can go back to school. Finis. Here's a little expense money."

I leaned back over the seat and got my bag, my suit in its cellophane bag, and my slicker. And when I dropped back into the seat, Buck was pointing an ugly automatic at me—but he was grinning. "This might make you feel taller," he said. "You won't need it, but there's a permit in Edgar's billfold, and a guy carrying a check for fourteen thousand would tote a heater."

It was a brand I knew how to shift gears on, but I didn't like the idea of guns. I put it in the brief case and got out of the car.

"What time is the ball?" I asked him. He said nine o'clock sharp and I said, "Well, good night." I didn't know what else to say.

I went in the rooming house. There was a small parlor-lobby with a desk and telephone and ledger, some prim and comfortless chairs, and a curtained doorway beside the stairs leading to the second floor. I pushed a buzzer on the desk and a wispy, white-haired woman with sharp eyes came through the curtained archway.

I told her I'd like a room, and dinner if it wasn't too late. She said it would be all right about dinner, as one of her regular people usually took a late meal and she was keeping things warm in the oven. She

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nudged the register toward me and I signed it *Edgar Jones* and listed my home as St. Jo, Missouri, because I didn't know where I was supposed to be from yet. She read it and gave me a wintry smile and said her name was Mrs. Turner.

"I'll show you your room, Mr. Jones," she said. "Come down when you're ready."

She showed me the room and I thanked her and closed the door and put my bag and slicker in the closet and hung up my suit. Then I went downstairs to eat.

PLACES had been set for two at the long table. Mrs. Turner brought in the food. I poured myself a cup of coffee, and she said if I wanted anything just pull the bell cord by the kitchen door, and then she went away. As I started to investigate the covered dishes I heard the front door open and heard light feet going swiftly up the stairs. There was meat loaf, green beans, mashed potatoes, warm rolls, pickled beets and a salad. Upstairs the plumbing banged and thumped, and I put a little of everything on my plate and buttered a roll. All I was thinking about was food, and I was sampling the meat loaf when the light feet came back down the stairs and toward the archway. It was good meat loaf, I decided, and a feminine voice said:

"I'm famished. Bring on the chow."

I looked over my shoulder and forgot all about food, and she gasped and said, "Oh, no! Not *you!*" She was a girl I had known well but not wisely at the university. I didn't have to grope in my memory for the name. Jerry Evans, erstwhile journalism student. A girl I had wanted to live in sin with but not marry. A girl who probably hated my guts.

"What are you doing here?" she asked in that outraged whisper.

"Eating," I said. "And you?"

"I live here. Nolan, if you came over here—"

"I didn't," I said. "Believe me, this is a nasty shock, Evans."

She was small and slim and shapely and, to me at least, very lovely. Even in low-heeled shoes and the mannish-tailored seersucker suit. Even with her hair cut short, she still looked good. When she smiled, or grinned—she had grinned a lot, boyishly, when I knew her—or when she laughed or talked about a thing that interested her, she took on a kind of glow, a sparkle. And at such times she was very lovely, and once you'd seen her like that—animated, vivacious—you never forgot that she was lovely. But it was still a nasty shock, bumping into her like this in Derrick, Oklahoma.

Her oval face was tense and her gray eyes were wide and she was beginning to change from shock to anger, and we were like that when Mrs. Turner came pussyfooting in.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Evans," she said gaily. "I thought I heard voices. I do think you'll find everything nice and hot, my dear." She grimaced. "Have you two people introduced yourselves yet?"

"I don't think so," Jerry said.

"Miss Evans, this is Mr. Jones."

Jerry's eyebrows jumped and her mouth opened. "Jones?"

"Edgar Jones," I said. Go on, expose me. Louse me up.

Jerry sat down and poured herself a cup of coffee, looking stunned.

"Miss Evans works on the newspaper," the old lady said.

"Well, well," I said. "Are you a reporter, Miss Evans?"

"That's right. And what is your racket, Mr. Smith?"

"Jones, but call me Edgar," I said. "I'm an unemployed steeplejack."

"Edgar is a pretty name," she said. "Not *déclassé* like—oh, for instance, Robert."

"Glad you like it," I said wryly.

"I almost have the feeling I've seen you before, Edgar."

"Could be. Us steeplejacks get around."

She smiled like a cat. "And reporters meet so many types. Phonies, screwballs, phonies, steeplejacks, phonies . . ."

I was ill at ease, you hear me? And irritated as the dickens.

Mrs. Turner bought in, bless her. "Now, dear, you must eat before things get cold. And both of you must excuse me. Prayer meeting night, you know."

Burn a candle for me, lady, I thought.

When the front door closed behind the old lady, Jerry sniffed. "Prayer meeting! She's the town's ace gossip. This is scoop night." I guess she wanted me to think she had grown hard and tough. I didn't really believe it. In December, 1950, she had worn sweaters and worn her black hair long; she'd had an impish grin, a gentle wit. Well, she wasn't grinning now, and her wit wasn't gentle any more. I finished my coffee and got up. I wasn't hungry any more. I had changed, too.

"I've been checking on a job in St. Louis," I said.

"Who asked you?"

I shrugged. "I want to get an early start," I told her. "Good night, Jerry."

COLLIER'S **"Charles makes a little game of it"** BARNEY TOBEY

"Drop dead, Nolan," she said. Scoop Evans, the tough guy.

I went upstairs and brushed my teeth and lighted a cigarette and opened the brief case. Along with the papers and gun there was a half pint of rye, a surprise present from Buck. Something to give me courage and confidence—and numb my conscience, maybe. I broke the seal and took a little drink, but it didn't do anything for me. It never has. Born and raised in Oklahoma, I've never been able to afford whisky, so I never developed any special liking for it. I checked the contents of the brief case, and then I put the pistol in my slicker pocket and undressed and got in bed.

It didn't occur to me to worry about the effect Jerry's knowing me might have on the situation. I didn't see her as a threat to the business, just as a threat to my peace of mind. I wasn't thinking so much of the Jerry downstairs as the Jerry of last December at O.U. I had sure been wrong about that one. I guess her eyes misled me—that and the practiced way she'd had of kissing. As it turned out, her intentions had been strictly honorable. Mine hadn't.

We'd been having dates, going to movies and sitting around the Union Cafeteria drinking coffee and playing the juke box, and once I'd gone to a dance at her dorm. She managed to give the impression that it was all very, very casual, even after we reached the stage where we were doing a lot of what is generally called heavy necking. I suppose it was more or less the usual college boy-girl sort of thing, except that I was no boy. So I'd wanted to show her my etchings, which by sheer coincidence had happened to be in a tourist cabin I'd rented for the purpose, and believe me it broke up a very pleasant friendship.

Afterward, when she wasn't around any more, I came to realize how much I needed her around. I guess I'd been as mistaken about me as she had. Maybe my intentions had been honorable after all, only I hadn't recognized the symptoms.

Well, it had been quite a third act, complete with hot expressions of disgust and bitter disappointment on her part, and she had wanted to walk home in the bitter night and I'd told her that custom was obsolete, and I'd driven her home. She was twenty-two, not exactly a child. I wasn't trying to potshoot any quail. I had felt lousy about it, but I thought it was the being wrong that made me feel that way. A guy my age should be able to cull out the lambs, but this one had slipped by me. Due to the ugly world situation at that time and a lot of other considerations, I hadn't wanted to get involved with any innocent young girls. I'd wanted to get involved, but not very, with an *un*innocent young girl. No strings.

I don't know if I can explain how it was with me after Jerry left. Once I'd wanted to graduate from journalism school and become, someday, a sort of militant editor, a social conscience. But came Korea and a lot of other things, minor things, and the fires burned down in me and I got the idea the gold trumpets were all tarnished tin kazoos, and there were enough futile Don Quixotes knocking themselves out on the editorial pages—and even more of the same old windmills. That's when I switched to sports writing, but then I lost my taste for sports, too, after Jerry left. I lost my enthusiasm for college, and I didn't care whether I got a degree or not. All the flavor went out of things, and part of it, of course, was because all of the old gang, including Buck, were gone from the campus. I think the rest had to do with Jerry.

So here I was, launching my criminal career in Derrick. We were going to put a new wrinkle in the bootlegging game. A couple of years ago the Oklahoma legislature passed a law making it legal for sheriffs to sell their accumulations of confiscated whisky to out-of-state dealers. That is one of the more whimsical contradictions in our brand of prohibition: it was terrible for us Okies to drink, but perfectly natural for people in other states.

I would like to clear up a point here. If I was sentenced to no whisky the rest of my life, I wouldn't bat an eyelash. I guess you could say I was opposed to the principle of prohibition, and the way it works in Oklahoma is an insult to the average intelligence. Anybody—even a twelve-year-old kid—can buy a pint if he has the money and knows where to go buy it, and the fifteen or twenty million dollars of revenue the state could realize from legal whisky each year goes out-of-state, like the confiscated whisky at sheriffs' auctions.

But I wasn't thinking about tomorrow's auction. I was thinking about Jerry and not liking it much, figuring up that I hadn't seen her for almost five months or spoken to her for even longer. It was just before the holidays when we busted up, and she didn't give me anything for Christmas, and after the holidays I'd seen her a few times in the J-building and on the campus and felt the chill of her passing. I knew by then I was sorry about the whole thing and wanted to start over, on a slightly different basis, but I had a sort of foolish streak in me and I kept waiting for her to make the first move, and she never did make it. She just disappeared at the end of the semester.

I turned out the light and lay there a while with the cool night breeze lifting the curtains and blowing across my face, and after a while I fell asleep. But I didn't sleep long. It couldn't have been more than an hour later when I woke up suddenly and became aware that the door of the room was opening slowly. I sat up in bed, startled and maybe even scared, thinking of the gun in my slicker—and then I could see her silhouetted in the rectangle of light from the hall before the door closed. I snapped on the bedside lamp, and Jerry stood there against the door, looking at me. I didn't know what she had in mind, so I just waited. Go ahead, you lovely thing, start something. Attack me, why don't you?

"Wake you up?" she whispered. Obviously her mood had changed. I nodded, wondering what she wanted, and she said, "Got a cigarette?" I pointed to the pack on the bedside table.

SHE was wearing a woolly robe over a thin nightgown with lace around the bottom, and she hadn't been to bed yet because her hair was neat. She moved to the table and got a cigarette and picked up my lighter, and then she stiffened slightly—because it was the lighter she'd given me for my birthday in October. She threw me a quick look and lighted her cigarette, and then she stared at me. From the pocket of her robe she took a folded newspaper.

"Thought you might like to see the paper I work for," she said.

That wasn't why she'd come. I got myself a cigarette and lighted it and waited.

"What's with this Edgar Jones routine, Nolan?" That was it, then.

"I always register in hotels under fictitious names," I told her.

"Your car isn't parked out front."

"It's in a garage downtown," I said. "Burned out a bearing."

She frowned at her cigarette. "Which garage is your car in, Nolan?"

I remembered passing a garage near the courthouse. I told her that was the one and she accepted it. She put out her cigarette and tightened the belt of her robe and gave me a sort of wicked grin. She looked lovely as hell, and I suspect she knew it.

"Mind if I kiss you good night, Edgar?" she cooed.

"Get out of here," I said.

She pouted, batting her eyes. "No kiss for little Jerry?"

I made as if to throw the cover back and get out of bed in my skivvies, and her expression changed to alarm, and she beat a

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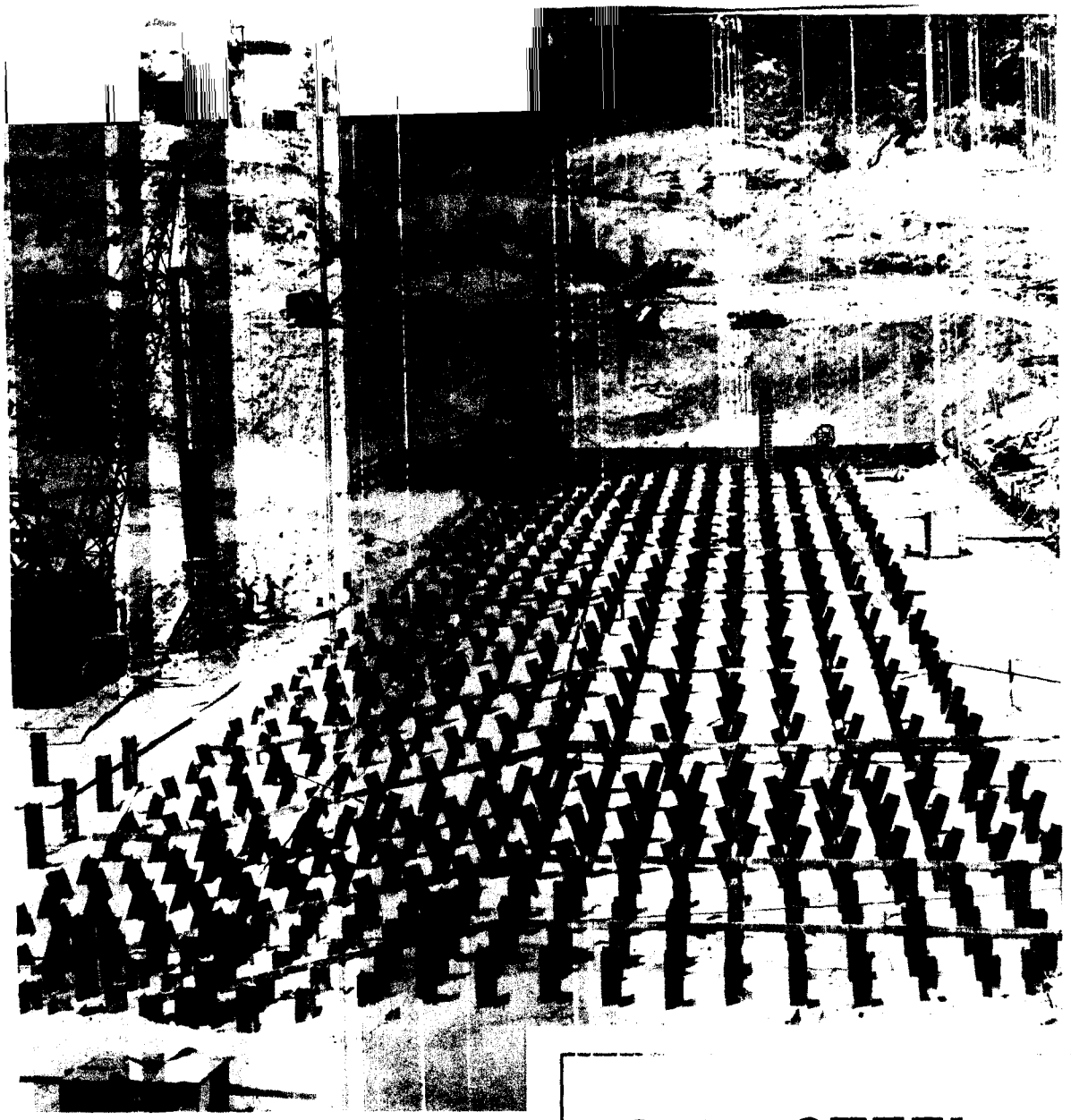

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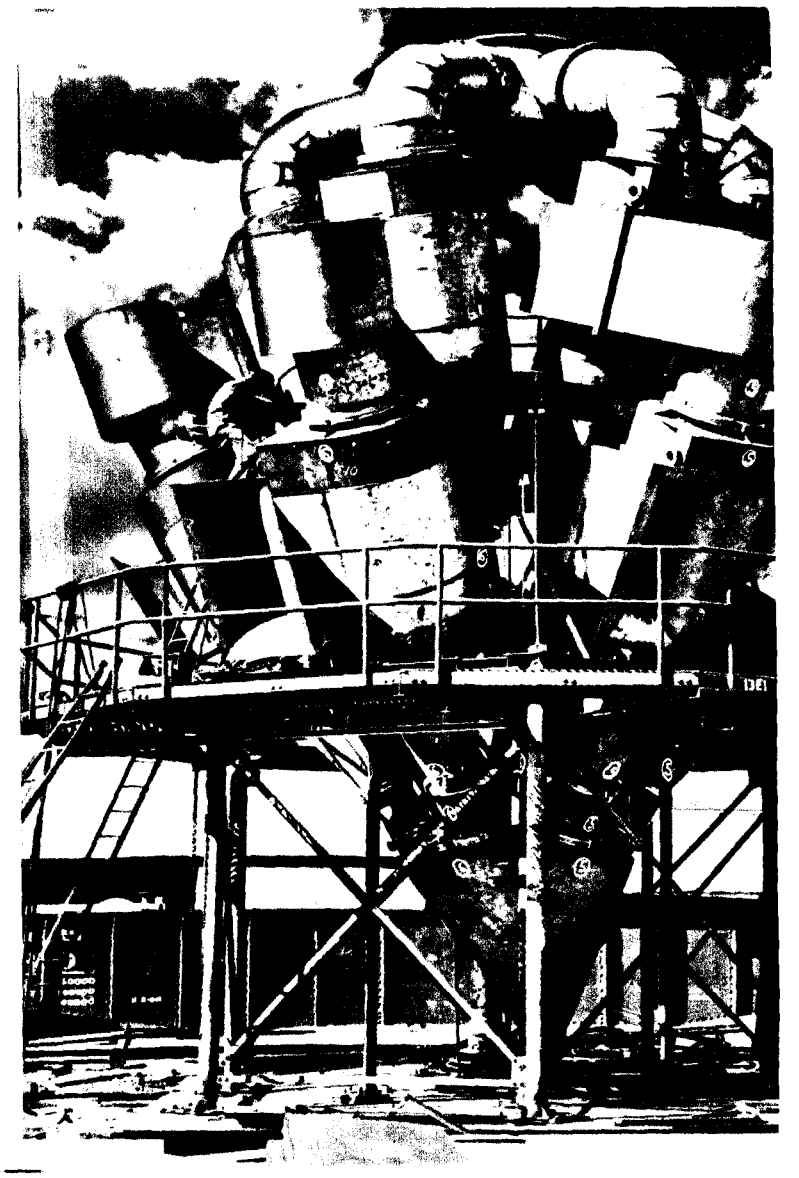

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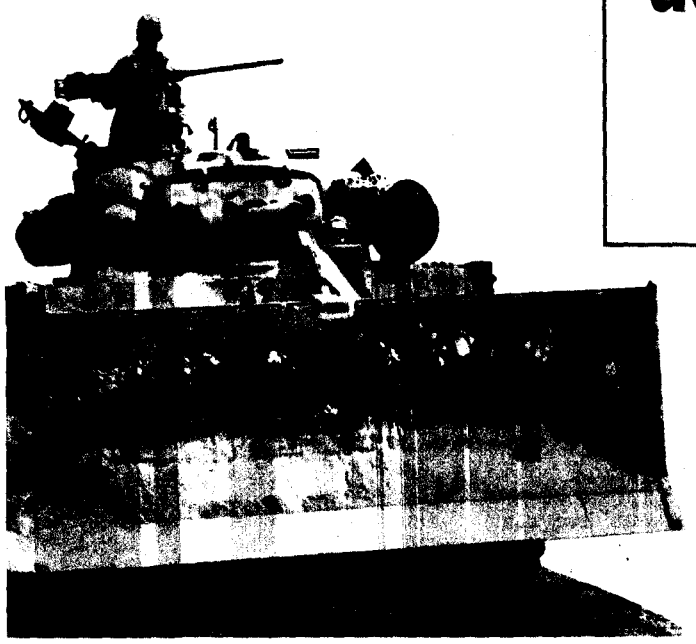

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hasty retreat. As she opened the door she looked at me over her shoulder, and she wasn't grinning. Then she went out.

I knew I wasn't going to get back to sleep for a while after that, so I unfolded the Derrick Star and browsed—with my mind outside in the hall, following Jerry. It disturbed hell out of me, knowing she was there in the house somewhere, lovely and warm and sweet and pure as the driven snow—and as inquisitive as a cop.

When I came to the editorial page my mind sneaked back in the room, and I scanned a couple of boxes with professional criticism. There was an editorial about the bootlegging industry in Oklahoma. It implied that a nation-wide crime syndicate was milking money out of Oklahoma through crooked, untaxed whisky operations out of Cairo, Illinois, and other wet-state hot spots. The editorial ended by stating that the best way to destroy the foul cancer of corrupt bootlegging interests in Oklahoma was to legalize whisky.

I turned off the light and lay back on the bed. Talk, talk, talk, I thought. The ineffectual editorial writers were always taking little cautious slaps at prohibition. Me, Robert L. Nolan, I was doing something about it. I was rebelling. Look, I know it gets silly here, but I'm writing this in retrospect, of course, and I'm trying to be honest about it—*now* I'm trying to be honest about it. Then I was trying to justify myself and doing a sloppy job of it, and before I fell asleep again my conscience hit me a couple of sharp whacks. But I managed to get to sleep, and if I dreamed, I dreamed of Jerry, not crime.

IT WAS raining in the morning and the breeze coming in the open window had a damp chill in it. I put my khakis and moccasins in the bag and got dressed in my Saturday-night suit and best ten-dollar shoes, and the slicker and the hat I seldom wore. Then I took the brief case and bag and went downstairs. I didn't have a watch and didn't know what time it was. On a rainy day you can't tell morning from afternoon, and I fretted a little about being too late, and I guess a part of my mind was hoping that I *would* be too late.

Not that I was scared of the deal. I believed it was foolproof, like Buck said. I wanted to be late for a different reason. But I was moving like a zombi, acting first and postponing the thinking until later. I decided to pass up breakfast until later, too. Maybe while the truck was being loaded I could sneak off for a cup of coffee. Maybe Buck's sealed bid wouldn't be high, and then I could eat all morning. Don't bet on it, I thought; Buck knows what he's doing. Besides, unless Buck got the whisky, I wouldn't get the five hundred dollars.

I rang the buzzer, and when the old lady came through the curtains, accompanied by a wonderful smell of coffee and bacon, I gave her a five-dollar bill and she went to get change. I waited, worrying about my debut in crime, feeling like a bashful amateur scheduled to get up and sing The Bells of St. Mary's in front of a large mob of strangers. I was standing there looking out the window at the rain when Jerry came downstairs.

"Good morning, Edgar," she said. "Waiting for a cab?" She had on green galoshes. I shook my head, and she said, "I'll be glad to drive you downtown."

I had noticed the convertible out front, a maroon Ford convertible. I had also noticed the truck parked down by the corner in front of a vacant lot. I said, "A man from the garage is going to pick me up." It was quick thinking. I said, "Is that your car out front?" She nodded, and I said, "Christmas present?" I thought I didn't want to talk to her.

"Nope," she told me. "One of the fellows on the paper got called up in the Army, and he let me take over the payments."

"That was big of him," I said. "No down payment, huh?"

"No down payment," she said. She looked fresh and pretty, and seemed to be mocking me a little. A typical American girl—white, even teeth, roses in her little cheeks, eyes like a chicken hawk's. "In a way it was just keeping it in the family."

"I don't get that one," I said. "What is he, your cousin?"

"Oh, no; no relation—yet," she said coyly.

"Oh," I said. "Congratulations."

She was at the door. "I guess I won't be seeing you again, huh?"

"No," I said. "You won't."

She said good-by then, and I said good-by, and she went out to the maroon convertible and drove off in the rain, and presently the old lady brought me my change, and I went out into the rain and got in the truck and sat there giving myself one last chance to back out. I didn't back out. I wasn't going to run out on a friend—not if it cost me five hundred dollars.

I got the glasses out of the brief case and tried them on, and the street was suddenly full of dips and waves, so I took them off and put them in my pocket. I didn't know what time it was, but I figured Jerry had to be at work by nine, so it was around nine. I started the engine and drove downtown, not hurrying and not tarrying. The way I put it to myself, if I got there in time, okay; if not, okay. Because I didn't like any of it now. But all the traffic lights turned green for me, and when I pulled up in front of the courthouse I had a feeling I was on time. I put the glasses on and went inside, and with those glasses on I *needed* glasses. But when I got inside the sheriff's office, I was glad I couldn't see very well. The office had too many people in it, and I had stage fright.

"I'm Jones." I said. "Edgar Jones, from Missouri. I'm here as agent for my cousin, Newton Jones." My voice didn't shake and give the foul plot away. There were four men with white shirts and ties and then there was the sheriff and his deputies. I figured two of the white shirts belonged to Tax Unit men; the other two would be my competitors. I opened the brief case and laid my credentials on Floyd's desk.

"You got here jist in time, Jones," Floyd rasped.

"A little engine trouble," I said. "And the rain, you know."

He picked up the papers and glanced through them, and two of the white shirts moved up beside him and helped. Somebody asked why my cousin hadn't come along, and I told them he was sick—intestinal flu—and mentioned that we were partners—his brains and money and my youth. Somebody giggled, and I think it must have been me. I was nervous.

AFTER a while Floyd handed me back the power of attorney and the other papers—including my billfold, which one of the Tax Unit men had examined carefully—keeping only the sealed bid. He introduced me to the two federal men, but don't ask me what their names were. I was so keyed up it didn't register, but it sounded like Muirftz and Glinsky. Then Floyd introduced me to the other hopeful buyers, and I didn't make them much better. Harshbarger and Zinetti, I think it was. Both of them were from Arkansas.

One of the Arkies—Harshbarger, I think—talked to me a little with that polished surface congeniality that always seems to mask contempt, and I was vaguely aware of Floyd and the Tax Unit guys in another huddle. Harshbarger was asking if I knew some guy in Mildew, Missouri, where I was supposed to be from, and I explained that I had only recently returned there from St. Louis and bought an interest in my cousin's business and hadn't met many people yet. And all the time I was stalling and fluctuating between chills and fever, I was conscious of Buck sitting on a corner of the desk, coolly smoking a cigar.

"Well, gents," Floyd announced. "It looks like Mr. Jones has submitted the highest bid." And then I was committed. And I knew I'd been secretly hoping one of the Arkies would outbid me and I could get out of there. It was too late now.

Zinetti congratulated me wryly, and Harshbarger acted as though he hadn't es-

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pecially wanted the whisky anyhow. Harshbarger said you never quite knew what you were getting in these broken-lot deals, and I didn't know what he was talking about. I was anxious for the party in Floyd's office to break up.

And then the press arrived.

I ask you to believe this. It hadn't occurred to me that the thing would be covered by the newspaper. I'm positive that if I had considered the possibility I would have backed out. Way out. Now I couldn't. And even with those specs in front of my eyes like blinders, I recognized the green galoshes of that ace reporter, Jerry Evans.

"Am I too late to bid on the refreshments?" she asked coltishly.

FLOYD guffawed. "It's been knocked down to Mr. Jones yonder. Maybe you kin talk him outa some, though."

She was looking right at me. "Which one is Mr. Jones?" she asked, and I didn't see how they could fail to notice that she had smelled the pungent aroma of fraud.

"I'm Jones," I told her. "But the whisky isn't really mine, Miss."

"I'll bet it isn't," she said dryly.

"Well," I said nervously. "Where do I oad? I'd like to get at it. It'll be a slow naul in this rain." I was scared the whole thing was going to blow up in my face.

Buck got off the desk. "I'll show you, Mr. Jones," he said. So I got my brief case off the desk and we left the office, and when we got outside Buck heaved a gusty sigh. "Never again!" he said. "Whew!"

I didn't say anything. I just wondered how soon Jerry would start yelling *Police!*—if she wasn't already. We got in the truck and I drove around to the rear of the courthouse and backed the trailer down a concrete ramp to a loading platform, and when we got out and walked around the trailer the doors of the basement were opening, and one of the first people I saw was Jerry. There wasn't much I could do about the way the thing was fouled up, except just go ahead and stumble through with it, if she let me. It angered me to see Buck so cheerful, and I wondered how he'd feel if I told him Jerry knew me. I'll tell you this much: the affair had lost all its fine ironic charm for yours truly, R. L. Nolan.

The cases of whisky were stacked along the wall inside, and I opened the trailer doors and helped Buck spread sheets of wrapping paper on the floor, and then I got out my manifest and pretended to be checking the whisky as the deputies loaded it. The two government boys were very much in evidence, watching everything, and I kept an eye on them and both ears cocked for whatever Jerry was going to say.

"How many cases of what?" she asked Floyd. That wasn't awful.

"Six hundred and forty-seven cases," Floyd told her. "Near all of it's in what we call broken lots. All the cases is sealed, which is the law on it, but each case has got its contents listed on the outside." Jerry said she could see that, but would he be a little more specific as to what was inside the cases? Floyd said, "Well, some of it's rum, some Scotch, a little gin and brandy and wine. But most of it's just straight rye and bourbon."

"How much was the winning bid?" Jerry wanted to know.

"Thirteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars," he recited.

"Does this clean out the vaults, Sheriff?"

"Taken the whole shebang," Floyd said, and I wondered what was going on in Jerry's mind. She probably felt disgusted about me, I thought.

Without my help in the matter, Jerry got straightened out about me being Edgar but the whisky belonging to my cousin, Newton Jones. The two Alcohol Tax Unit men were everywhere, alert and watchful; two clean-cut intelligent-looking young men who chewed gum and didn't miss a trick. I wanted to get loaded and get out.

"How do you feel about all this, Sheriff?" Jerry asked. "You're supposed to *arrest* people for selling whisky, not *sell* it."

Floyd laughed; he was very calm, that one. "Cain't help feelin' like I'm breakin' the law, ma'am," he said. "Course, I only been in office since January and the bootleggers been layin' low, so I ain't done much arrestin' so far on that count." He scratched his head and squinted owlishly. "Now, if it was jist up to me, I'd a busted them bottles and poured the dirty stuff down the sewer. But thisaway somebody gits some good outa it. I reckon that's fair."

"By the way," Jerry asked playfully, "how did you vote in that special prohibition election a year or so ago, Sheriff?"

"Why, dry, ma'am," Floyd said. I didn't doubt him, either. *All* the bootlegging interests voted dry.

"You know, ma'am, my kid brother got in some bad trouble on account of whisky," Floyd remarked sadly. "I reckon that's why I hate it so bad myself." He was a liar. He was a hypocrite. A real louse.

"Well," Jerry said, a little embarrassed, "that was before I came here, but of course I've heard of it. Let's see, his name was Clarence. Didn't he—get *out* not long ago?" She said it hesitantly.

"Except for an occasional little lovers' spat, our married life has been one long headache"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"That's right," Floyd said. "He's down in Texas now, tryin' to git a new start. I told him never to come back here."

"Well," Jerry said, "I've got my story. Thanks, Sheriff." And then she added, "Happy drinking, Mr. Jones."

I made some kind of reply, with my skin creeping, not really yet believing that she was going to let me get away with it. But she left, and suddenly I couldn't stand the slowness of the loading. I put away the manifest and began helping Buck and Tony, hurrying the job, all the while thinking about Jerry on her way to the newspaper office with a load of TNT.

"Say, Buck," Floyd said, "when you git through here, I want you to serve a summons over at Pinto Creek."

Buck's face went stiff. "Can't Tony do it?" he asked softly.

"I want you to do it," Floyd growled. Even through the glasses I could see Buck's eyes grow flinty. But the two Tax Unit men were there, and Buck couldn't very well tell his nominal boss to go to hell. Pinto Creek was clear down at the southern end of the county, with bad roads. But Buck was stuck with the assignment, and I knew that Floyd knew it, and I thought at the time he was just taking a kind of childish revenge on Buck because he knew he was Buck's creature and resented it. I guessed it hacked him to be a sheriff who took orders from one of his own deputies, and he liked to throw his weight around when he could get away with it.

"All right, Floyd," Buck said quietly. "When we finish."

Floyd looked at me. "Jones, if you wanta come up to the office, we can git the paper work took care of now."

"Right," I said. I looked at Buck's stony face in passing, going with Floyd across the basement and up the stairs and into his office. When we got there he closed the door and took out a little green bottle and ate a couple of pills, scowling at me.

"Well, you jist about loused us up," he said. "Another minute and we'd a had to let one of them other guys bid in the whisky. Looks to me like you was *tryin'* to mess us up, maybe, feller."

"Look, feeble-minded," I said. "Just drop that subject, quick."

"What did you jist call me?" he asked ominously.

"Feeble-minded," I said. "Look, I got here. Relax, why don't you?" I hadn't had my morning coffee, and I wasn't fit to live with; besides I'd had the fright of my young life. "We didn't come up here to bicker," I said. "Stop acting like a damn' fool, Talmadge."

Suddenly and violently he had me by the lapels, twisting and lifting, and I went up on tiptoe against my will, and his voice shook when he said, "I oughta chill you. Nobody talks to me like that, feller."

"Easy, boy," I said soothingly. "That's no way to treat a customer."

He relaxed his grip, but didn't turn loose, and suddenly I was fed up with him; I was a little hot myself. But I gave him a couple more seconds to tear himself loose from my lapels, and when he didn't do it I decided to show him how foolish he was to play that way. Lifting my hands as if to straighten my tie, I locked my fingers together and came down hard and fast on his forearms just below the elbows. His arms buckled at the elbows and I pulled on down and toward me, pulling his arms in hard against my stomach and forcing him to his knees. He was helpless; all he could do was kneel there and glare at me and curse.

"You want a shoe in the groin?" I asked him. I was bluffing. I didn't intend to mark him up.

"I'll git you fer this!" he said thickly.

Well, he had a gun; everybody knew he had a gun. I didn't, but maybe I could reason with the knothead. One of us had to back water; we couldn't stay in that position all day. "Look," I said, "I'm going to turn you loose, and you're going to fix up the bill of sale or whatever needs fixing, and that's all it'll be. Now play nice."

I LET him go, stepping back and cocking my right, just in case. But he had started thinking, it seemed.

"All right," he said. "You surprised me that time, boy. Let's git our business done. And then you better steer clear of this town. It wouldn't be healthy for you if you ever showed up here again."

He went around the desk and sat down and began doing his official duties, giving me a malevolent glare from time to time. He got a couple more pills out of the green bottle and chewed them, and I guessed that his ulcer was probably raising the devil with him because he'd let himself get all worked up. When he finished and I had the papers in my pocket, I started out.

"Don't ever let me catch you around here again," he said. "You won't surprise nobody next time."

"There won't be a next time," I said. "Take care of that ulcer, kid."

We finished loading the truck and I closed the trailer doors and padlocked them. "Well," I said, "let me know when you have another fire sale, gentlemen."

Everybody laughed politely, and Buck said he'd let me know. I told the two government men I was pleased to have met

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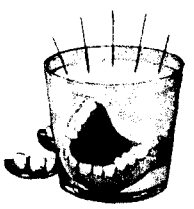

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them, and then I got in the truck and took off my glasses and drove up the ramp and around the courthouse—and we had introduced a new wrinkle to Oklahoma's whisky industry. I should have been proud. I lighted a cigarette, and it tasted hot and nasty. Presently I was out of town and it had long since stopped raining, and I figured it was a little after ten o'clock.

This was the highway to Missouri. Straight north, and then east. Only I was going to swing back west a couple of miles out of town and go around the squared circle to Buck's farm, which was southwest of town. Before the turnoff I slowed down and checked the rearview mirror, and there was no traffic behind me. I made the turn and the big wheels sank in a little, but under the rain-softened surface was firm, rocky bottom.

THE sky was still gray and sagging with rags of low scud traveling northeast at a good clip in the damp wind. I knew the truck was leaving tracks in the soft surface of the road like an elephant, and I hoped it would rain again soon and wash them out, just to play safe. And then I looked in the rearview mirror again, and I was being followed by a maroon convertible—Jerry's engagement-present convertible. At first it seemed impossible, but then I realized that she'd been so close behind the trailer, keeping over to the right of the highway, that I hadn't been able to spot her there.

I stopped as soon as a bend put me out of sight of the highway. I lighted a cigarette and sat in the cab and waited, wondering how I was going to shake her, feeling angry and a little frustrated and also a little self-conscious about talking to her, now that she knew about me.

She came up alongside the cab of the truck. She looked triumphant, but she also looked reproachful and disgusted.

She said, stiff-lipped, "I would hardly recommend this route to anybody going to Missouri. What cooks, Mr. *Jones?*"

"Go home," I said, wearily. "Get lost."

"Come, now, Dillinger. Confess. What crummy thing are you up to?"

"What do you want, an interview?"

"Sure," she said. "For the paper. You know. This may well be the biggest story of my career. It might get me offers from the big-city papers, like the Tulsa Tribune. Start talking facts, brother."

She had a big club and she knew it. She could get me in a bad jam with what she already knew—my name, age and last address. I said, "Look, you're in this yourself—you aided and abetted, and withheld evidence. You should have tattled on me back at the courthouse."

"*A reporter is justified in trying to get* all the facts before he unloads," she said coolly. "You're not the brains in this racket. You don't have the *brains* to be the brains." All at once her face got kind of stiff and her eyes a little glassy. "Oh, damn!" she said. "Robert, how did you get mixed up in this nasty thing, and why?"

"Little Miss Virtue!" I said sourly. "I'm working for money—what else? And this end of the bootlegging business isn't any nastier than the other end, the consumer end. There wouldn't be any bootleggers if there weren't so many thirsty buyers, baby." *The argument never sounded so* specious or stupid before.

"You can argue with the judge," Jerry said, her eyes flashing. "I am aware that if this load of hooch did go to Missouri it would most likely be back in Oklahoma before Sunday night anyhow, and I am familiar with the tired old saw about Okies drinking wet and voting dry. I know that many of our nicest people help support shady dealers in bottled goods and don't consider it a crime. But this isn't just bootlegging. Good Lord, you're breaking all kinds of laws and compounding felonies—"

"Let us all rise and sing The Star-Spangled Banner," I said.

She shrugged. "Okay, skip it. But the point is, Dillinger, you're obviously not going to Missouri, so where *are* you going?"

"Oklahoma City," I said. I couldn't sit there chatting all day, and I couldn't outrun her or slip her a Mickey or anything. I didn't *think she was really concerned* with law and order, or the newsman's creed, or even about getting her by-line on a sensational story. I figured she was stricken with a malignant curiosity that was hers alone, and then, too, I wasn't discounting the theory subscribed to by better minds *than mine that women are a little prone to* be vindictive when scorned. Although I hadn't exactly scorned Jerry, I guess it added up to about the same thing. Her ego was bruised, and if she spilled her guts it would be chiefly in order to fix R. L. Nolan's little red wagon. Any information I gave her would just help her get a better grip on her hatchet, the way I figured. So I told her Oklahoma City.

"You're going to drive there in daylight with those signs on the truck?" she asked.

"They'll wash off," I said. "When I come to a creek. Then it's just another truck." Sure, *I saw how flimsy that was. If it* would wash off, how come the rain hadn't already washed the paint off? But she didn't think of it, not yet anyhow, and before she had a chance to think of it I got an idea. I climbed out of the truck and walked back to her car to get her car keys. Without car keys she wouldn't follow me. I opened the door of the convertible, and the keys weren't in the switch. And Jerry was standing in the road, laughing at me. She had thought of *that* first, at least.

"You don't mind if I just sort of follow along to make sure you're really going toward Oklahoma City, do you, Dillinger?" she asked me.

THAT'S why I wanted the keys. Wouldn't it be great if she followed me to Buck's place? I had to get the keys from her, *now.* So I walked back to her and started shaking her down, without arguing about it. The keys weren't in any of her pockets or either hand, and she kept grinning, but she was also pretty nervous now.

"Well, it gets a little obvious now, doesn't it?" I said. "Will you give me the keys, or shall I get them myself?"

"You wouldn't dare!" she said.

I didn't think I'd dare, either, but I had to make her think I would. So I grabbed her and we tussled a little, and she said, "Oh, damn you!" She felt small and angry, and smelled clean and warm and fragrant, and I forgot you should never mix business with pleasure. She was glaring at me when I kissed her, and her lips felt warm and smooth and clinging, and when I stopped she wasn't glaring any more. I felt pretty shaky myself. I remember thinking: That might be the last time you ever kiss her, boy. File it away. I felt very tender toward her, *but also annoyed because she* had to stumble onto the plot. She was blinking her eyes, not looking at me.

"Give me the keys," I said. She gave them to me, retrieving them from the front of her sweater. I said, "Look, promise not to follow me and you can have them back. I don't want to leave you stranded here."

"All right," she said dully.

I turned her loose and looked at her. "And promise me something else," I said. "Don't use my name in any newspaper stories for a couple of days. Give me a chance to get my money and head for Mexico."

"All right," she said.

I gave her the keys and got in the truck and started the motor and drove away. I wasn't thinking about right and wrong, then, or about five hundred dollars, or a load of whisky or anything else. I was just thinking with a dull ache in me that I probably wouldn't ever see Jerry Evans again, and that now I'd have to start all over again with the forgetting part.

Between the truck and Derrick now there were a couple of miles, more or less, of timbered hills and ridges. Ahead of me the road turned and twisted in a generally westward direction, with timber thick on both sides, with occasionally a small clearing and a house set back in the trees. After about a half mile I crossed the rattling planks of the bridge over Squaw River, and I slowed the truck and listened for the rest of that first mile to see if the planks rattled again. They didn't.

At the end of the first mile there was a narrow intersecting road which didn't look as though it went very far north and which had a BRIDGE OUT sign if you turned south. I kept going west, not driving very fast because now I had it so near made that I didn't want to risk sliding into a ditch. I was in a slow hurry. I tried not to think about being on the dodge, but I thought about it anyhow, and it wasn't the most appealing prospect in the world. But I figured, hell, I always wanted to go to Mexico, anyhow, and now I'd be going there, and maybe in a few years the FBI would stop looking for me. Pleasant thought, that.

The second mile was fairly straight and often level, and I made better time, and then I was into the third and last mile, getting closer to the safety of Buck's barn all the time. I hadn't passed any cars or any people, and now the road was solider, and just ahead was a steep grade. I seemed to recall that it went into an S-curve after the hill, and I geared down to low on the descent because both curves of the S-curve were screened by trees and I didn't want to meet any road hogs going fast—I didn't want to jackknife the trailerload of whisky into a ditch and have to call a wrecker or anything silly like that.

So I was going very slow when I swung around the second curve of the S and saw the farm truck parked diagonally across the road just short of the concrete culvert I hadn't remembered being there. I hit the air brakes and thought I must be psychic, because if I'd been going pretty fast I'd have had a hard time getting the trailer stopped, and there wasn't room to pass.

A MAN was in the back of the stake-bed truck where the bed was snugged in against the steep slope of the embankment, and he was trying to lead a cow off the gravel bank onto the truck. There was nothing alarming about the situation. I didn't like the delay, but I wasn't going to get excited. The man would be finished in a minute and would move the truck and let me pass. What's frightening about a man loading a cow onto a truck the hard way?

There was a second man in the cab of the truck, and as I came to a stop fifty feet away he got out and said something to his partner. All right, two dopey farmers. Hurry up, Zeke, he probably said; we're ablockin' this yere feller's way, dang it. The second man came plodding up the road, looking apologetic. He was a short, slender guy with a self-conscious grin on his stupid backwoodsy face. Blankety-blank hayseeds, I thought, blocking a public road. But I wasn't going to be mean about it. I wasn't mad at these two cow wranglers. Not even very annoyed.

Up close he was a mild-looking little guy except for his pale blue eyes, which were badly bloodshot. He either had something wrong with his eyes, or else he was a chronic boozer, and he acted very nervous and apologetic about the whole unfortunate matter. He wore a dirty denim jumper and an old and greasy felt hat; he wore gum boots and overalls and several days' growth of rusty brown beard. "Shore sorry, mister," he said. "Be outa here direckly."

"All right," I said.

He stood there beside the truck, nervously blinking his reddened eyes at me, half grinning. "Danged old heifer," he said. He had an odd, thin voice, a tenor voice. "Allus *gittin' out and hittin' fer the brush.*"

"That right?" I said, lighting a cigarette. This was a real witty chunk of repartee going on. We were going to discuss the habits of cows, me and the rustic goon.

"Say, friend," he mumbled hesitantly. "Reckon you could spare me one of them cigarettes? I run outa makin's and I'm havin' a nicotine fit."

"Sure," I said. I handed him the pack and looked toward the other man, checking operations, watching him lead the cow onto the stake-bed truck and snub her up short behind the cab. I felt the little guy take a cigarette, and I put the pack in my pocket, and the other guy, a big man, was replacing the end gate in the farm truck.

"How about a light, neighbor?" the little guy said.

"Sure," I said, and I started reaching for my lighter as I turned my head to look down at him, and then I stopped fumbling for my lighter. He didn't want a light. He had dropped his cigarette on the wet gravel and he just wanted my undivided attention. That's almost all he wanted.

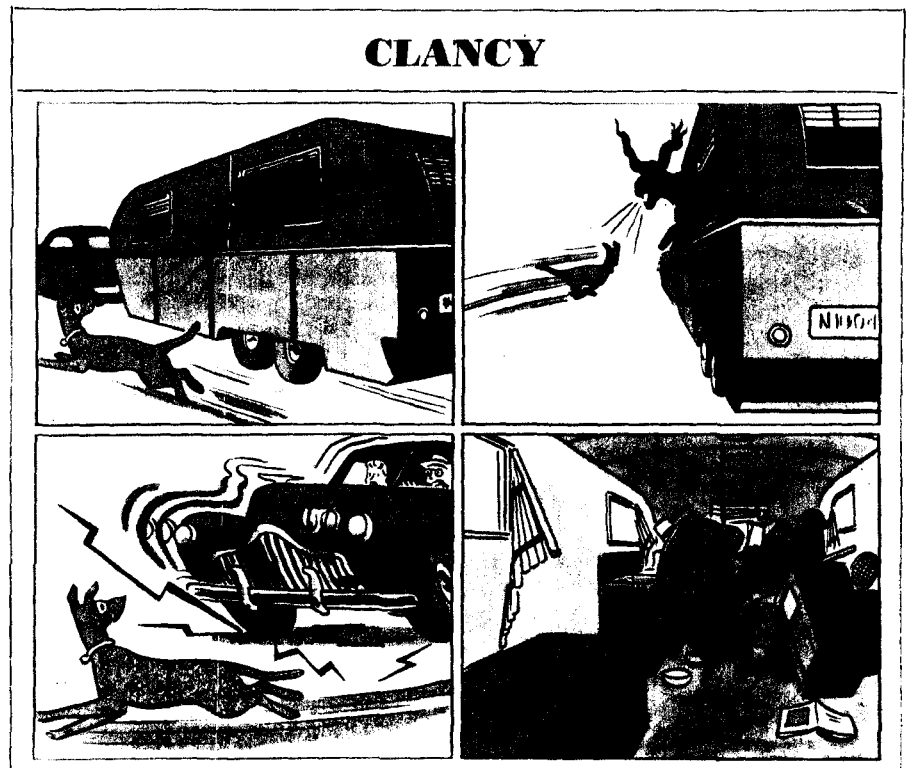
"All right," he snarled in that boyish tenor. "All right, chum!"

He had a nasty-looking pug-nosed re*volver in his right hand, and it was pointed* right between my eyes, and he wasn't apologetic or mild-looking or grinning any more. He wasn't a backwoods goofus now. His bloodshot eyes were bugged and his face twisted in a yellow-toothed snarl, and I got a quick hollow sick feeling under my ribs. Trouble.

"What in the hell?" I said. "What's with you, what cooks?"

"Git 'em up!" he said. "Git them hands where I kin see 'em."

(To be continued next week)



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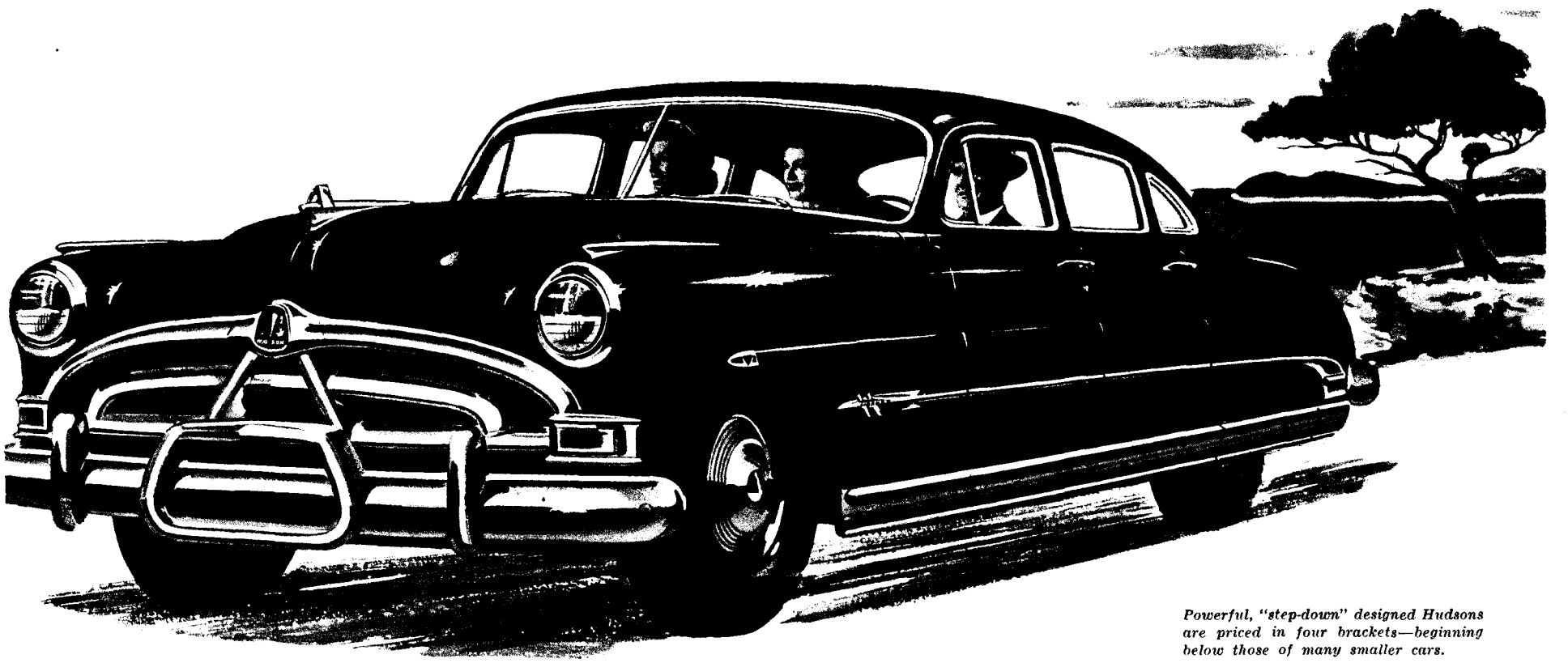
Takes Over
where the others leave off



Powerful, "step-down" designed Hudsons are priced in four brackets—beginning below those of many smaller cars.

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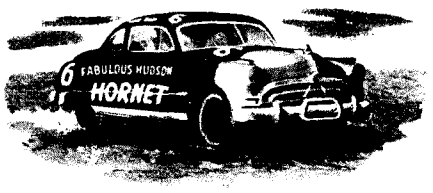

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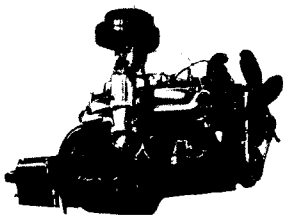

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Point of View

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

"Her *back* to the view," Bob marveled.

The Thatchers and the Delmans stood by the picture window, sipping their Martinis and watching the lights come on in the flat valley below. It was like a ritual of propitiation, an offering of gin and vermouth to the gods whose winds blew the bronze curtain of smog from the city, laying bare its glittering loveliness. The winds came, and the smog lifted, and the lights of the city shone to their great joy.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but we're busy Thursday," Dee lied when Helen Morse called next morning.

The Thatchers, in time, came to know the other neighbors scattered through their part of the hills. Mrs. Phigg, an elderly woman who collected old spoons, lived just below them. She had played bit parts in silent pictures and wore her remnants of glamor like an aged fur piece which, though dulled and splotched, had still once been a thing of some value and beauty. On the cliff to the left of Mrs. Phigg were the Ostermanns who had four children, a boxer, and a smoky incinerator. Paul Ostermann was a contractor, a hulking man whose laugh boomed through the canyon with an Olympian roar. His wife crocheted.

"I'll bet they all give us something," Bob said when Dee started drawing up her Christmas list, and he was right. The Delmans gave them an old dough tray Dee had admired in the antique shop at the Farmers Market. The Ostermanns gave them liquor, and Mrs. Phigg hobbled up the hill with two jars of homemade preserves. The Thatchers had presents for each of them, and Dee said afterward, "It's the nicest Christmas I've had since I was a child."

Larry and Helen Morse sent a card from North Hollywood with a scribbled note, *When are we going to see you?*

"We ought to have them up," Bob said.

Dee nodded, and, carried away by the season, suggested they have a buffet supper for all their old flatland friends. It was typical of hill-country neighborliness that when word of the party spread through the canyon, Mrs. Phigg called to ask Dee if she would like to borrow her coin-silver dessert spoons, and Caroline Delman brought over her big French earthenware casserole in case Dee should need it. Phyllis Ostermann sent Paul up the hill with a silver ice bucket.

"It's going to be fun to see old Larry again," Bob said as he checked the cigarette boxes the night of the party.

Dee brought in a tray of *canapés*. "It's going to be fun to see all of them."

THE evening began ominously when the view, which had been lovely all day, suddenly vanished beneath a wall of fog. Dick and Emily Peterson were the first to arrive, and, as the Thatchers might have predicted from past performance, Dick disapproved of their new home freezer, which had been the Thatchers' joint Christmas present to each other. "Not enough insulation," Dick said, and then added the familiar line, "I wish you'd let me know. I could have got you twenty per cent off." The Thatchers smiled and changed the subject, tactfully not mentioning the portable radio Dick had once gotten for them wholesale. The radio, before being retired to the garage, had cost them over twenty dollars in repairs.

"I love your rug," Emily said. "It's a shame the way the sun's fading it."

"I hadn't noticed," Dee said.

"Let's have a drink," Bob said.

Arthur and Sue Langley, who had never been able to stand the Petersons, largely because Dick made so much more than Arthur, came in with strained smiles. They had guessed that the new car outside belonged to Dick.

"Well, I see you didn't get lost this time," Dee said.

"Oh, no," Sue said. "We didn't have a bit of trouble."

"I wasn't sure our jalopy would make it, though," Arthur said.

"I came up in high," Dick said, and Arthur tried to seem pleased with the announcement. "Not that it matters," Dick added, "with that automatic transmission."

"An old-fashioned would be fine, Bob," Arthur said.

"What a lovely dress, Sue, dear," Emily said. "I wish *I* were clever about making over things."

"Canapés?" Dee said, passing the tray a little too hurriedly.

Larry and Helen Morse came in glowering. "Damned hills," Larry said, and explained that someone had smashed into his right front fender on the way up. "Oh, I'm so sorry," Dee said, and Bob said, "What you need, son, is a drink." Dick Peterson said he could get Larry a good deal on a new car, and Larry said he didn't need a new car. "I can save you at least two hundred bucks," Dick said, and Larry turned to Bob. "Make it a *double* old fashioned."

By the second round of drinks Sue Langley was needling Emily Peterson about the weight she'd put on since they'd last seen each other, and Dick and Larry were arguing about Jimmy Roosevelt. Arthur Langley, a notoriously bad drinker, was sinking from exhilaration to moroseness, and Helen Morse was insisting, "But, Dee darling, I didn't say your green was *too* green."

"Anybody like to hear my new Jo Stafford album?" Bob said, and nobody seemed to hear. He put the records on anyway.

Midway through the third round of drinks, the Carltons arrived. "We got lost," Mary Carlton said, and Jack said, "You ought to have St. Bernards to lead the way up here." Larry suddenly sprang up and said he was damned if he'd sit next to a Fascist, and Dick said it wasn't Fascism to want clean, honest government. "But, Emily," Sue said with poisoned sweetness, "you *needed* a little more weight." Arthur Langley slumped into a sodden apathy.

The Carltons tried to catch up on the drinking, and by the time everyone was ready to eat, the food was cold, and Dee was on the verge of tears over having got too much seasoning in the lamb curry, which tasted like hopped-up oatmeal. "But, darling," Bob whispered hoarsely, "it's perfectly all right once you put chutney on it," and Dee said, "Have you ever tried to cook for ten people?" Jo Stafford was singing, Larry was muttering, Dick was fuming, and Mary Carlton spilled curry on the new green rug. Arthur Langley pushed unsteadily up from the couch and staggered toward the bathroom. "I'm sick."

The Thatchers, when they woke up the next morning, remembered the evening with horror. They lay for a moment with their eyes shut; then Dee broke out laughing, and Bob kissed her and said, "To hell with them." They got up and did the dishes. Dee went over the rug with dry cleaner. Bob cleaned the bathroom and returned all the borrowed things.

"Oh, it was a fine party," he lied to Mrs. Phigg, but to Jesse Delman he told the truth. "A nightmare."

Sunday afternoon the Thatchers and the Delmans prowled through the empty rooms of the new house being built across the canyon from them. Anything new in the hills, especially a new house, was always thoroughly inspected and discussed. Bob and Jesse agreed on the unwisdom of building on filled ground, while Dee and Caroline went over the floor plan, with enthusiastic approval of the prodigal closet space. Dee noticed that the kitchen window looked into her bedroom. One of the living-room windows faced the Delmans, another the Ostermanns. The Delmans said they hoped the new couple would fit in, and the Thatchers said it would be simply awful if they didn't. "We're all so congenial," Dee said.

IT WAS a relief to meet the new couple. Dottie was a lovely girl, quite Southern, with perhaps an exaggerated helplessness, but pleasant, and Tex was almost excessively friendly. The Thatchers reported back to the Ostermanns. There was no need to tell Mrs. Phigg. She was in her garden and heard every word the Thatchers said.

"We ought to have a party for them," Dee said when Tex and Dottie moved into their new house. Bob, remembering the Christmas fiasco, reluctantly agreed.

Caroline Delman said the party should be a co-operative enterprise, and Phyllis Ostermann insisted on sharing not only the expense, but also the burdens of preparation. They decided to make Dee responsible for the liquor, Caroline for the meat, Phyllis for the salad, and Mrs. Phigg for the dessert. Each was to keep a record of her expenses. When the party was over, they would settle up on a pro rata basis.

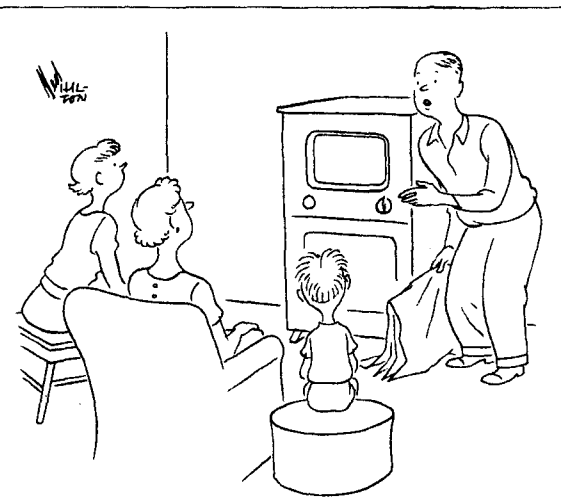
"Only in the hills would they think of such a thing," Bob said when Dee told him about the arrangements.

The party was a great success. Everybody felt gay, but nobody got drunk, and the view was sensationally clear. Most important of all, Tex and Dottie proved to be charming, one of those couples that, as Dee said later, "you spend five minutes with and feel you've known all your life." Nobody, including the guests of honor, would leave until they had all helped do the dishes.

"Incredible," Bob said when he got up next morning and called to Dee to come look at the wonder of it. The house was spotless, every ash tray washed and in place, not a sign of a highball glass, a rug stain, or a cigarette stub smeared with lipstick.

"The hills," Dee said, with a reverent gratitude in her voice. "Only in the hills."

Dee and Helen Morse, after not having seen each other for weeks, almost collided in front of a display of marked-down purses in a clearance sale. There was a brief, em-



COLLIER'S **"It's agreed that we all want opera, but what kind—Horse, Grand or Soap?"** NED HILTON

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barrassed exchange, and then Helen said, "What are you two trying to do, anyway? Cut yourselves off from all your friends?"

"Of course not. We just get so busy with our friends up there."

"They're not friends. They're neighbors."

"They're both."

"Nobody can be both."

Dee was still mentally talking back to Helen next day when she stopped, as usual, on her way down the hill to ask Mrs. Phigg if she could get anything for her at the market. Mrs. Phigg gave her a list of things she needed, and as they were chatting, she mentioned the new curtains Dee had put up in the bedroom. "I love them," Mrs. Phigg said, and not until Dee was in the supermarket did she realize that Mrs. Phigg hadn't been up to the house since she'd put up the new curtains.

"She probably heard you talking about them," Bob said when Dee mentioned it.

"But she said she *liked* them."

Bob shrugged, and changed the subject to his birthday. He told Dee not to get him the golf bag he'd been hinting for. "I saw what I wanted this morning and bought it," he said, and when Dee asked him what it was, he laughed. *"Somebody's* got to be surprised."

He was in bed with a virus infection on his birthday, so Dee brought his presents into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed while he opened them. His mother had sent white shirts, as usual, and both the Delmans and the Ostermanns had sent bottles of bourbon. Tex and Dottie had sent a box of golf balls, and Mrs. Phigg had sent a jar of strawberry preserves. Bob, to tease Dee, saved his own present for last.

"Why, how wonderful," Dee said when he finally opened the box and lifted out a pair of 7x50 binoculars.

Bob climbed out of bed long enough to study the view of the city from the picture window. It was like a close-up on a color television screen. They took turns looking at what before had been only meaningless blobs of red and green neon, but now could be identified as an insurance building, a drive-in theater, a department store, and a motion-picture studio.

"Look," Bob said, "you can even make out what movie's playing at the drive-in."

"Now get back in bed," Dee said, and Bob carried the binoculars with him, like a child with a new flash-gun.

DOTTIE telephoned to ask how Bob was feeling. "Much better," Dee said, and Dottie said, "The presents must have cheered him up, especially those bottles." Dee laughed, and after hanging up she began to wonder how Dottie knew about the bottles. "Somebody must have told her," Bob said, but Dee wasn't satisfied. "How did she know you'd *opened* your presents?" "You always open presents," Bob said, focusing the binoculars.

Dee undressed after dinner, put on her old chenille bathrobe and slippers, and lay on the couch reading until about ten-thirty. When she came into the bedroom, Bob was asleep, the binoculars on the floor beside the bed. He roused up with a groggy grin as she got into bed and quickly slid her feet over to the warm side. "I've got an instinct about women," Bob said, "but I sure guessed wrong on Caroline. I'd never have figured her to wear black lace underwear."

Dee paused in the plumping of her pillow. "You mean you were watching her?"

"Just a neighborly glance, that's all."

Dee turned out the light, and for a moment the room was quiet—an uneasy hush. "No wonder they know everything we do. It never occurred to me before, but they *all* have binoculars. They watch us." She squirmed beneath the blanket, drawing it tight around her throat, her mind filled with pictures of nakedness and intimacy. "What must they think? The way you go around the house."

"Me? What about you? That old bathrobe."

"Those awful shorts of yours."

"I've been begging you for six months to get me some new ones."

"Hush! They're probably listening."

"They can't hear us."

"They can see."

"Not with the lights out, and besides I wasn't shouting."

"If I'd let *my* hips go like that, I'd wear black lace, too."

Bob tugged on his half of the blanket, Dee on hers. They lay with their backs to each other.

"You didn't *have* to watch her undress," Dee said.

"I was just trying out my binoculars."

"You never even look up when I—"

"That's different."

"I don't see what pleasure a man can get out of watching a fat, middle-aged—"

"She isn't fat."

"Well, at least we won't have to get a television set now."

WHEN Dee woke up the next morning, she snatched her bathrobe from the dressing-table stool and wriggled into it before she got out of bed. She drew the Venetian blinds in the living and dining rooms and pulled the shades in the bathroom.

"Are you barricading the place?" Bob said, and Dee told him to put on his bathrobe. It was the only remark she made to him all morning. At ten-thirty she went shopping, and Bob went back to bed. For lunch he heated up a can of soup. It was after dark, and he had started rooting through the refrigerator for his dinner, when Dee came home. She handed him a package with a brusque, "New shorts," then put her other bundles in the guest room. She quietly took over the dinner preparations. Bob sat down on the kitchen stool. "Mrs. Phigg talks to herself," he said.

"What kind of undies does *she* wear?"

"I don't know. I just thought it was kind of funny, talking to herself."

"What else did you get on television?"

"Dottie."

"That must have been fun."

"It was."

Dee waited for him to go on, but he picked up the evening paper and began to leaf through it. "Well?" Dee finally said. "What was the little flower of the Old South doing? Modeling French bathing suits?"

"What, dear?"

"I said what was Dottie doing?"

"Oh. Running the vacuum cleaner."

Larry and Helen Morse drove up from North Hollywood after dinner to see how Bob was feeling. The Thatchers hadn't seen them for weeks. "You look like you'll pull through," Larry said, and Bob said, "That's what Dee's afraid of." Larry, who had also been married a long time, nodded. "Fight, huh?"

"I'd rather not talk about it," Dee said.

After Larry and Helen left, Dee shut herself in the bathroom to undress. When she came out, she was wearing a new pink silk dressing gown, and for the first time in years, she hadn't put her hair up in curlers or smeared her face with cold cream. Bob didn't say anything. "It was on sale," Dee said, a bit defensively.

"Paul Ostermann sleeps with that dog," Bob said at breakfast next morning.

"I don't want to hear about it," Dee said, and Bob noticed she had done her hair and put on make-up before she came to the table, something she hadn't bothered doing since their honeymoon at Big Bear.

"There's something fascinating about watching people when they don't think anybody's looking," Bob said. "They act more like people."

"It's disgusting."

KENNESAW

"I hope you made them pancakes thicker this time, Bessie. The last pair wore through in six months"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

When Bob came home from the office that evening, he found fresh flowers in the living room. The blinds had been raised, the rug vacuumed, the cigarette boxes filled. Bob grunted. "Company?" Dee shook her head. "I just like to keep the place looking nice, that's all." She was wearing a new red hostess gown.

Bob shook off his suit coat and draped it over the back of a dining-room chair. Dee whisked it off and hung it in his half of the closet. She brought him a dark-blue silk smoking jacket someone had given him years ago. He had never worn it, except at first, when it had been a novelty.

"You don't have to sit around the house looking like a hoodlum," Dee said.

"Nobody wears these things except in the movies," Bob said.

"Tex wears one."

"Tex? He wouldn't be caught dead in one."

"He's got it on right this minute."

Bob glanced at the binoculars standing upright on the bookcase, and, with the wisdom which comes from years of marriage, made no comment.

"What's the trouble?" Helen Morse asked next day when she drove up to talk to Dee alone.

Dee squirmed. "Nothing."

"There's something wrong. I could tell when Larry and I were here the other night. Is it the neighbors?"

"Of course not."

"I'd like to help, if I can, but I can't do anything unless I know what the trouble is."

"There isn't any trouble."

The binoculars, Bob noticed when he came home that evening, had been moved again. The flowers had wilted a bit, and the evening paper had been left on the rug beside the couch.

"Can I have the car tomorrow?" Dee said. "I want to take Caroline shopping, get her mind off that operation."

"What operation?"

"It's one of those tumor things, not serious, just scary. Poor thing, she's worrying herself sick over it. When she's by herself, she cries."

"Sure, take the car. I'll ride down with Jesse." He didn't ask Dee how she knew what Caroline did when she was by herself.

The living room, when Bob came home next day, had the trampled, littered appearance of a small-town bus depot. The rug was sprinkled with candy wrappers, broken crayons, pictures cut from magazines, rose petals and popcorn kernels. Dee, wearing her old chenille bathrobe, came out of the bedroom, smiling. "I had company this afternoon."

"The senior class of a reform school?"

"The Ostermann children." Dee noticed Bob eying the old bathrobe. She shrugged. "It's more comfortable."

BOB hung his coat over the back of a dining-room chair and loosened his tie. "I thought you were going shopping with Caroline?"

"I was, but Paul had a heart attack this morning."

"Paul! Bad?"

"It looked bad, but the doctor said it was just a warning to take it easy from now on. I went down and brought the children up here. I saw Phyllis had her hands full."

The binoculars, Bob noticed, had been moved again. He said nothing. Dee brought him a can of beer.

"Caroline helped entertain them," she said. "It did her a world of good."

"Poor Paul, he looks so—so strong."

"I know." Dee began to tidy the room, then shrugged and sat down on the couch, resting her feet on the coffee table. "Caroline says Mrs. Phigg doesn't really talk to herself. She acts out parts she used to play in the movies."

Bob sipped his beer. Although he was still a young man, he had lived long enough to know how the aged, in their loneliness, hold desperately to fragments of what they once had been.

"It's funny," he said. "You see an old lady talking to herself and you laugh at her. Then you find out why she does it and you feel like a . . ."

"Saturday's her birthday and we're all going in together to have a surprise party for her." Dee glanced past Bob to the tile roof of the Ostermann house. "I never saw a man have a heart attack before. It frightened me."

"Well, at Paul's age . . ."

"I know, but it's different when you *see* it." The remembered fear was reflected in her eyes. "Helen's right about one thing. You can't help people if you don't know what's troubling them."

Bob moved over to the couch, and Dee settled like a kitten in his lap. The room was warm and rumpled with the natural untidiness of living. Bob's arms held Dee tight against the worry and fear and loneliness outside, which, like the blobs of colored neon scattered over the valley below, had been indistinguishable to the naked eye.

"But she's wrong about people living together," Dee said. "It's the only way they can live."

Mrs. Phigg went to her telephone and called Caroline Delman. "Isn't it nice the Thatchers have made up?" she said. "I've been so worried about them." THE END

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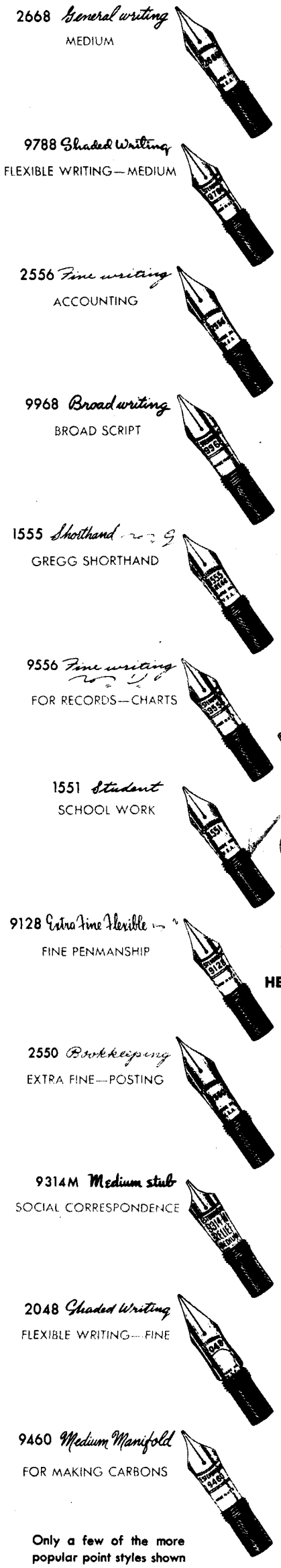

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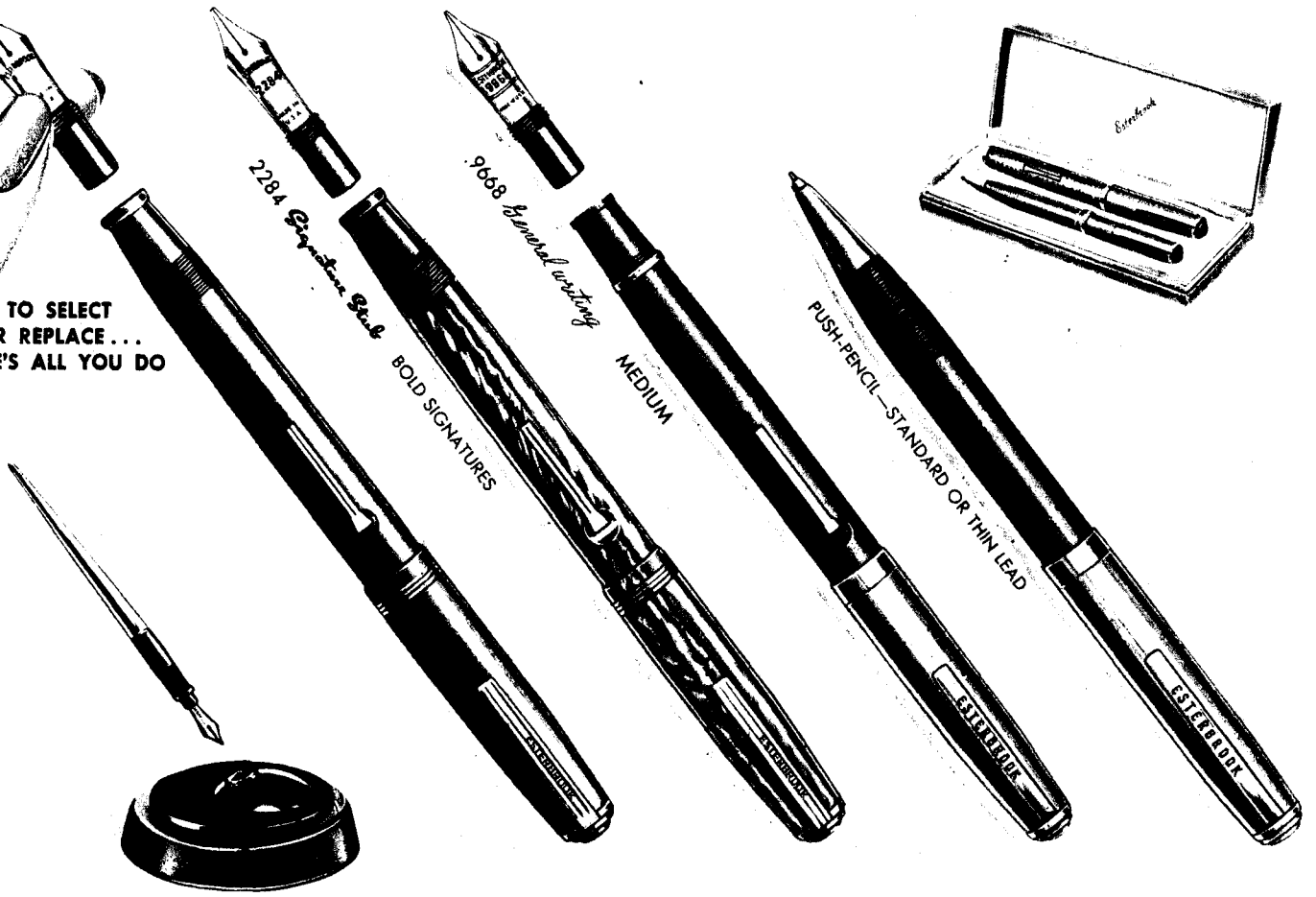

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America's Only Diamond Mine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

a Norfolk jacket and string tie at all times, even when milking his cow. He made many trips to St. Louis and Cincinnati with a pocket full of diamonds, and returned with a pocket full of cash. Walter even had a diamond filling in his tooth, but he became somewhat crotchety in his middle age and had it taken out. Seems he got tired of showing it to people.

No one has been closer to the mine than Mrs. Rae Wagner House, whose father, Lee Wagner, was the sole employee during many years of the mine's idleness. He and Rae wandered over the wooded acres surrounding the field, and when she married a local farmer boy, Solon B. House, she and her father taught him their woodcraft. When Wagner died, House took over his job. By then, he was as good a woodsman as the old man had been.

"City Feller" Gets a Shock

"Solon was quieter than any Indian in the woods," one of the local people recalls. "I remember one time a city feller snuck out on the property and started pokin' around. He straightened up to stretch and felt something blowin' on his neck. It was Solon—he'd crept up and was standin' behind him. That city feller is runnin' yet."

Wagner, and then House, brought home diamonds from time to time. When the cardboard box in the corner cupboard overflowed, someone would take them in to Little Rock. "I never thought any more of one of the menfolks bringing in diamonds than I do of going back to the kitchen and cookin' supper," Mrs. House said.

House dropped dead of a heart attack last spring. Although he and his father-in-law found thousands of stones, his widow's only diamond is a tiny chip in her engagement ring. (It came, most probably, from South Africa.)

As a matter of fact, very few of the people who have ever been connected with the mine have any diamonds left. Howard Millar, a mining engineer who operated one of the plants burned down in the mysterious fires of 1919, has but one—a beautiful pink stone in a ring on his right hand. Millar and his father, Austin, conducted the only profitable diamond-processing operation in the history of Arkansas, and recovered thousands of diamonds, but Howard found that stone when he bent over to look in a low-hanging bird's nest.

The methods of diamond recovery have changed but little since the Millars operated their plant. First of all, diamond mining is primarily an earth-moving operation. Diamonds occur in a form of rock called kimberlite, a member of the granitelike peridotite family, which crumbles when exposed to air and water. The more kimberlite processed, the more diamonds found, and so you just dig a hole and take the rock out. Some of the South African mines are just great big holes, hundreds of feet deep.

Diamonds have a specific gravity of 3.51, three and a half times as heavy as water, and so diamond processing is largely a matter of washing off the dirt and lighter stones through a series of pans and jigs, and of filtering out stones larger than jawbreakers and smaller than sand. What's left is run over a slanting board spread with grease—the Millars used mutton tallow cut with castor oil, but plain old axle grease will do. Diamonds have a peculiar affinity for grease. They stick to it when nothing else will, not even glass.

The Millars knew all about extracting diamonds, but they didn't know a thing about getting along with the Mauneys, who leased them part of their land. The Mauneys and the Millars had a fight before the plant got in operation, and the Mauneys sued to terminate the contract. The Mauneys had 300 relatives in Pike County, and Ol' Man M. M. Mauney was clerk of court. The Millars hired six lawyers from three states and had the case transferred to a federal court. They won it, but the Mauneys promptly filed another. Between 1914 and 1919, the Millars were sued 32 times.

Walter Mauney, he of the diamond filling, built his house across the road from the plant, the better to keep an eye on the Millars. He built his house around a big tree standing in the field—not *beneath* the tree, not *by* the tree, but *around* the tree. Its trunk, big around as a barrel, is in the exact center of the two-story living room, cut off just below the ceiling. The banisters on the stairs are made of the branches of the tree, and the outside of the house is finished in slabs cut from the tree. The slabs have faded now, but the neighbors say that when they were new the house was right pretty. (It has an attic fan, incidentally—undoubtedly the only slab-sided house in Arkansas with an attic fan.)

Walter was obviously a leader, to be followed without question. When his brother Bill was asked, recently, why Walter built his house around the tree, he looked surprised at the question. "Why," he explained, "Walter *liked* that tree."

But Walter sure didn't like the Millars. The feud got even hotter when the Millars bought up some diamond-bearing property of their own and began feeding it through the plant. Many a time, as Howard walked through the woods, bullets whistled over his head. On one occasion, according to Walter's brother Bill, Walter emptied his six-shooter point-blank at the Millars.

"He missed," Howard said, "but even so, such things are discouraging." When their plant burned down, the Millars called it a day, and haven't mined the property since. All the diamonds they recovered went to lawyers, and the Millars didn't make a cent out of the entire operation.

Neither did the Mauneys. Walter sold the property for $25,000 to Glenn L. Martin, the aircraft manufacturer, four years ago, split the money with his surviving brothers and sisters, paid off his debts, and died. His widow takes in roomers in the slab-sided house and does practical nursing.

Nobody else has ever made a nickel out of mining diamonds in Arkansas. There are definitely and incontrovertibly diamonds there, but, due to the bad management, incompetence, backwoods feuding, and out-and-out thievery that have characterized the Arkansas mining, every single operation there has been a losing one. The entire history of the mine is one of vast confusion, violence, intrigue, complicated legalities, and unparalleled skulduggery.

Only recently, for example, a minor legal skirmish over a few shares of stock left by a promoter named Ray Blick involved lawyers from St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, California and Indiana; industrialists from Indiana, Baltimore and Missouri, a blonde lady from Chicago, a few St. Louis bank officials, and a federal court. In the meantime, the only activity taking place on those mutilated acres in Arkansas was the occasional visit of a scrawny cow in a search, frequently futile, for a mere patch of green grass.

John Wesley Huddleston, the local redneck who found the first diamond back in 1906, probably did as well as anyone. He sold 160 acres of land for $36,000 and promptly went on a spree commensurate with his profits. A few years later he was back in Murfreesboro, stone broke. The merchants of the town got up a fund, and Huddleston, until the day he died, 10 years ago, stopped by the bank each morning to draw his daily allowance of one dollar.

Nobody believed John, that first morning when he hitched his mule to the post in front of the Pike County Bank and went in to sell what he said were two di-mints. The cashier didn't believe him, but he called in the president. The president didn't believe him, either, but he sent the two shiny pebbles to a jeweler, Charles S. Stifft, in Little Rock, who sent them to a big jeweler in New York, who called in a young diamond cutter just off the boat from Antwerp.

Thus it was that Ernest George Henry Schenck, almost before he could speak English, became the first person to know, positively, that there were diamonds in Arkansas. Since then, Schenck, now an American citizen of eighty-four, and still a diamond cutter in New York, has handled the great majority of Arkansas stones that have been recorded and registered—including the Uncle Sam, which he owns.

When Schenck's evaluation of Huddleston's find got back to Little Rock, Stifft got together with a local bank president, a young man from Fair Play, Arkansas, named Sam W. Reyburn. Reyburn organized the Arkansas Diamond Corporation and he and his associates bought up Huddleston's property. Most of the 80-odd acres of diamond-bearing land were in this tract. Into it, like a slice of pie, stuck the Mauney property. The Mauneys sold off a chunk, and thus there were two slices, one big and one little, sticking into Sam Reyburn's property.

Over the years these three pieces of property have been sold, mortgaged, optioned, claimed and seized many times over, but they still retain their original shapes. Glenn L. Martin owns the smallest slice, the Millars own the big slice, and the bulk of the pie is owned by an organization of which Mrs. Wilkinson is majority shareholder; and Mrs. Wilkinson is also a stockholder in the corporation which operates the tourist attraction, and which leases the Martin and Millar properties, so that at present she has virtual control of the whole pie.

COLLIER'S

"I'll be out in a second—as soon as I get into something comfortable"

JARO FABRY

Useful Financial Contacts

Sam Reyburn didn't raise enough money to go into full-scale diamond production right away, but the way he went about it impressed the people he approached. In 1916, when a group of New York bankers took over the financing of Lord & Taylor, the big New York store, they brought Sam Reyburn East to supervise the money end.

Then in 1919, with his Wall Street connections, Reyburn raised enough money to reincorporate, in Richmond, Virginia, as the Arkansas Diamond Corporation of Virginia, and go into full-scale diamond processing with a big new plant. A young man named Stanley Zimmerman, who had been an Army first lieutenant in World War I and had worked for a South American copper mine, was placed in complete charge. The results were discouraging, and after a few months, Zimmerman was sent to South Africa by the company to get the benefit of expert advice. Shortly after his return the plant was closed down for good.

After 30 years, you can still start an argument in Murfreesboro over the late Mr. Zimmerman. Some say he was bought off by South African interests. Others say that he observed the drastic measures used to curb stealage in South Africa, and, realizing he could not use similar measures in America, just gave up. Another view is that he didn't know diamond mining and never should have had the job in the first place. Sam Reyburn says today that Zimmerman became convinced there weren't enough diamonds there, and that's all there is to it.

For years after the plant was closed down, Lee Wagner sluiced Zimmerman's discarded gravel in an old-fashioned flour

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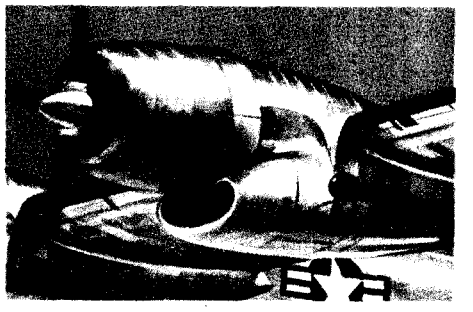

By stretching over a mold, aluminum sheet can be shaped easily into complex forms such as aircraft engine nacelles, farings and wing sections. Result: more economical mass production!

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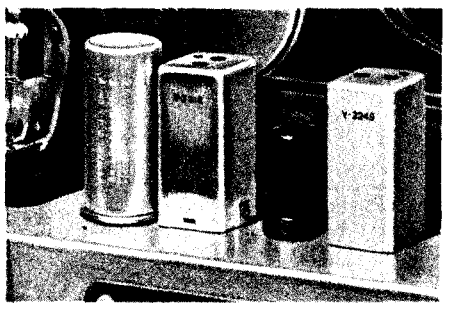
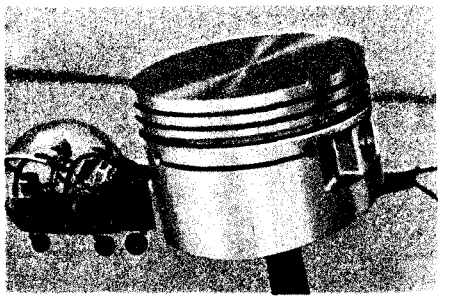
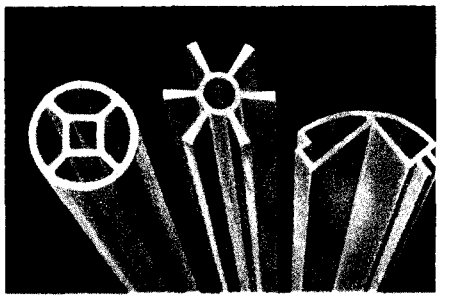


Rapid drawing process, possible with workable aluminum, results in economy of metal and production time when making such products as the condenser can for electronic equipment.



By forging, aluminum can be made into high strength shapes such as pistons for the aircraft industry, or truck wheels. Workability and light weight results in fast production of more units.



By extruding, aluminum can be formed easily into a wide variety of intricate shapes. Extrusions permit simpler, less expensive fabrication, save time, labor and material.

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sifter and got about as many diamonds as Zimmerman had with all his machinery. It was not enough to keep the corporation going, however, and a group of Arkansas businessmen took it over, purely to keep the ownership in the state. Except for the flour sifter, there was no mining done during their tenure. The stockholders couldn't even afford to attend the meetings. Once a year the Richmond attorney who held the proxies would call himself together, ask himself if there were any new business, and adjourn. Even the Arkansas Bureau of Mines lost track of the ownership, and published a report saying that "a foreign corporation" owned the mine.

New Owner's Identity a Secret

In 1941, the group sold the property to promoter Ray Blick for $175,000. Most of the money, it is now known, was put up by the late Charles Wilkinson, of Logansport, Indiana, who didn't want anyone to know he was sucker enough to buy a diamond mine. His identity was kept secret until his death a few years ago.

Wilkinson was a happy little man who had made a fortune out of his father's machine shops and was ripe for a diamond-mine salesman.

"Daddy tried hard to resist," Mrs. Wilkinson says, with a tolerant little smile. "But after he had set up trusts for the children, and paid off all indebtedness on the plant, and still had some money left over, he came to me and said, 'Mother, don't you think I could buy that mine now?', and what could I say? He wanted it so bad."

That was in the early days of World War II. An effort was made to interest the federal government in helping get the mine started, but, although President Roosevelt played with a handful of diamonds for an hour and the Bureau of Mines inaugurated a study, nothing came of it.

After the war, Glenn Martin became interested in diamonds and, with Blick, formed a corporation which leased the Wilkinson property and bought the Mauney property. A plant was erected, and operations began September 1, 1948. They were terminated a year later, and severance taxes paid to the state of Arkansas in the amount of $39.38, representing 246.15 carats of diamonds valued at $984.60.

This was the most fantastic fiasco in the entire history of the mine. The superintendent was a former building contractor and liquor-store operator. Much of the ground processed, according to people who worked there, had already been worked by Zimmerman. Much of the rock blasted and put through the mill was not considered diamond-bearing by the experts in the first place. Even the local people, who had seen everything, were amazed at the goings on there. The prevalent opinion now among the citizens of Murfreesboro is that dat ol' debbil, the South African diamond trust, was behind it all, in an effort to mess up the Arkansas fields for good. However, South African diamond interests decline to comment on this persistent rumor.

Martin, today, says that the whole thing was a gamble from the start. "We had some surplus profits after the war," he explained, "and we used them to see whether or not a surface-mining operation would be profitable. Well, it wasn't. We gave it a fair chance, though—the whole thing cost me $700,000."

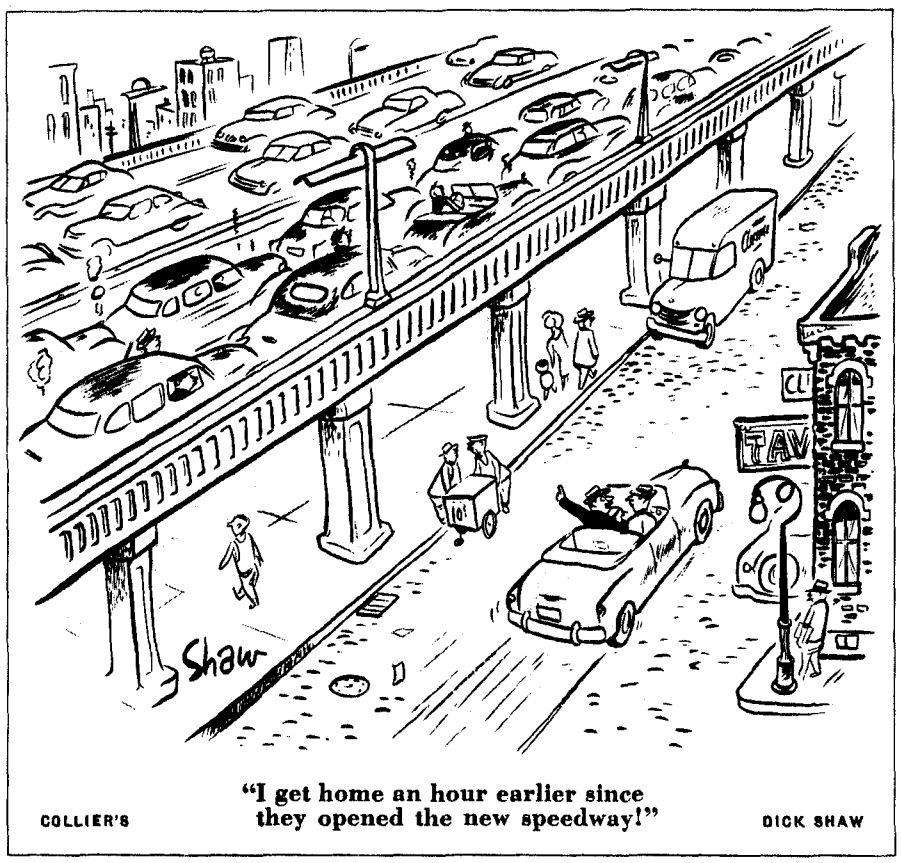
Blick died about that time, and his creditors, trying to track down his shares, came across some strange dealings. One man had bought three for a total of $15,000, for example, while another had secured one share for what he considered the bargain price of $40,000. One batch of nine shares had three claimants—Martin, a friend of Blick's, and Blick's blonde secretary. It took the lawyers a long time, and some fat fees, to straighten out that mess.

While they were squabbling happily in their plush offices hundreds of miles from Arkansas, there suddenly came some action from closer to home; and its instigator was Talbot Feild, Jr., a plumpish young Arkansas lawyer with an engaging personality, who has been intrigued by the diamond mine since grammar-school days.

Back in those post-Zimmerman days, just about everyone in Arkansas honestly believed that British interests owned the mine and kept it closed lest the competition shatter the Empire, and that's what Talbot was told in the seventh grade. In high school, Feild suggested a trip to the mine for the annual junket of the senior class, but couldn't even find out where to write for permission. In college he badgered his geology professor about the area. In law school, for a report on taxation, he delved into the tax books of Pike County.

By the time Talbot Feild was elected to the Arkansas House of Representatives after the war, his curiosity was at the boiling point. He introduced a resolution calling upon the state to confiscate the diamond mine and make a state park out of it.

Talbot couldn't have got that resolution through in a million years, but Mrs. Wilkinson didn't know that. She showed up at the state Capitol pretty quick, and thus was finally solved the great mystery of who owned the diamond mine. Mrs. Wilkinson didn't want to see her mine confiscated any more than she wanted to sell it, but she was perfectly amenable to stripping off all the mystery, and letting the American people take a look at their country's only diamond mine. And thus was born the Diamond Preserve of the United States, Inc., a tourist attraction of which Mrs. Wilkinson is a stockholder and Feild president.



COLLIER'S "I get home an hour earlier since they opened the new speedway!" DICK SHAW

Old House Made into Museum

Feild erected billboards advertising "The No. 1 Sight-Seeing Attraction of the World." He cleaned up an old house for a museum, and placed in it a photograph of the diamonds in Schenck's possession, 1,500 miles away, and a small bottle of actual diamonds borrowed from Austin Millar. Visitors were promised any diamond they could find. It was something like the Mauneys' candlelight and ice-cream parties of 40 years ago, without the candlelight or ice cream and at a slightly increased price. For the privilege of walking on that chewed-up pasture, the price was $2.05.

Mrs. Wilkinson and her confident young attorney, Joseph A. Noel, recently visited Arkansas and met with Talbot. Since then some improvements have been made. Admission is now $1.25. Exhibits have been increased. Gravel walks have been laid, fences erected and, more important, plans completed for a small diamond-processing plant, which will actually extract, before the eyes of visitors, a few carats a day. Eventually, the Arkansas mine may well be one of America's show places.

The study begun by the Bureau of Mines in 1943 was completed in 1944, and the report on the study completed in 1947. In late 1948 it was finally made public, and with a bang. One of the first to see it was a Colonel Andrew Bettwy, who owned land near the crater. He suffered a heart attack before he finished reading it and was hospitalized for several weeks.

There are varied interpretations, and much criticism, of the bureau's report. According to a confidential interpretation made by a recognized expert, the bureau made many mistakes on the side of conservatism—but averaged .03 carats per cubic yard in spite of itself. The expert reasoned that it would cost 45 cents to process a cubic yard of dirt, that .03 carats would bring 75 cents on today's market, and that any gem stone found would be gravy. He also added that it would be difficult to run the operation so inefficiently that only .03 carats would be recovered.

Jules Belmont, an international merchant and industrialist with offices in Wall Street, and president of the newly formed American Diamond Mining Corporation which has a 50-year lease on the Bettwy land, plans to set up a plant devoted to the recovery of diamonds and diamond dust. In previous operations no attempt was ever made to recover this dust—really diamonds of microscopic size. Now, however, dust brings as much as $6 a carat.

Since he started the company, Belmont says, he has received many suggestions of varying strength that he give up the idea. On one occasion a man with a foreign accent got into his Park Avenue apartment and intimated to Mrs. Belmont that if her husband persisted she would shortly be a widow. Two politicians, Belmont charges, have implied that unless he desists completely, he'd better pay for protection.

All this, says Belmont, merely serves to emphasize the value of the property—"and if its value is that exceptional, I don't propose to be intimidated into parting with it."

Although some disagreement might be expected from the money interests, you'd think that at least the geologists, in their realm of pure science, would be in sweet accord. Such is not the case. They not only disagree, but bitterly.

In Bulletin 808 of the U.S. Geological Survey the kimberlite is said to be of volcanic origin. Most other geologists have agreed. Some, however, have added that this eruption occurred under water. An imaginative press agent for the state of Arkansas dreamed up a pretty little tableau, complete with dinosaur, only to ruin it with "a shattering, stupendous explosion."

"A huge column of fire," he continued, "flashed up into the heavens, climbed a mile high, its gaseous source making a thousand shades of color. The awful roar of the cataclysm was heard by every living creature on this continent of land."

But how did this make diamonds? An Arkansas state geologist, trying to be helpful, took it on himself to hazard a guess.

"There was some limestone, maybe, on the floor of the sea," he ventured. "Limestone has some carbon in it. Now, when the explosion came along, the limestone melted and liberated the carbon molecules. As they were forced through the cone of the volcano they got squeezed together and made diamonds."

Dr. George Kennedy, a young Harvard professor and volcanologist, recently visited Murfreesboro, and these theories were passed on to him at lunch one day. He laughed so hard that he couldn't finish his black-eyed peas and turnip greens.

One Scientist's Explanation

Dr. Kennedy says that there was no volcanic eruption, undersea or otherwise, and that if there were it still would not have made diamonds. There is a band of peridotite around the earth, about 100 miles down, the Harvard scientist says. When the earth was formed, molecules of pure carbon were floating around in this molten mass. Under temperatures of 2,000 degrees centigrade and pressures of up to 50,000 pounds per square inch, these molecules got together, huddling tightly in groups of six. They go into their act like an acrobatic troupe; four form a square, the fifth jumps up above them, in the exact center of the square, and the sixth hangs down immediately below it. The result looks like two four-sided pyramids, base to base.

As other unattached molecules come along, they may join the little group, always in the same eight-sided pattern, and thus the diamond grows. The reason a diamond is so hard is that molecules of carbon cling together more tightly than those of any other substance.

But the carbon molecule seems to be an independent little cuss, preferring to get up its own little group rather than join up with a big circus. That's why big stones are so rare—and valuable. Many aeons ago, however, Dr. Kennedy continues, the forces of nature made it easier for diamond miners. Terrific lateral pressure was placed on a section of this peridotite, and just like the chicken salad in a sandwich, it squirted, stone cold, up into Arkansas.

"It's perfectly obvious," Dr. Kennedy says blandly. "If it had been molten it would have melted the rocks it passed through. Yet the rocks around it are fresh as a daisy. *Ergo*, no volcano."

There is a large body of geological opinion that disagrees with this view, holding that a volcano and nothing but a volcano is responsible for the diamond mine's presence in Arkansas. But, no matter how the rock got there, the problem still is to get the diamonds out of it—and hold on to them. Louis Riley, who lives near the volcanoless crater, tells a story to illustrate that point.

Louis had a well dug recently, and, at the depth of 22 feet 11 inches, the workmen hit a pocket of funny-looking dirt. They spread a shovelful out in the back of a truck and, sure enough, found three diamonds. A neighbor came by about that time, and wanted to take a look at them.

"He didn't cup his hand right," Louis said, "an' the first thing I knew, them diamonds had disappeared. We all got down on our knees and looked for 'em, but I ain't seen them diamonds since. Like I say, you can always bring 'em up, but can you hold on to 'em?" THE END

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Food for 10,000,000

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

might go into Allied service. They then withdrew consent. Later the French urged us to take the matter up again with the Germans. It was too late.

Gradually we secured safety for our ships. We arranged with both the British and Germans that the ships would carry a big sign, "Belgian Relief Commission," stretching almost from stem to stern and readable for miles. The ships were also to have a deck sign and fly a C.R.B. flag—red letters on a white background—from the mainmast. All this was to protect us from being stopped by the British or attacked by German submarines and raiders. We were to carry only full cargoes of our own and no passengers.

The neutral Dutch, by agreement with both combatants, had arranged for a channel from the North Sea to Rotterdam supposedly free from mines. But at first the British required us to put all our ships into south of England ports for inspection. For ships from Canada and the United States this added days to the voyage and expense. However, we finally prevailed on the British to have their consular staffs inspect the ships at points of departure.

The Germans were constantly changing their minds as to which channel was to be free from mines, but as they kept the Dutch informed, the latter were able to give directions to our ship captains by wireless.

To England on a Dutch Ship

The exigencies of this type of warfare were driven home to me personally in January, 1917, on what turned out to be the last return trip I was to make from Belgium during the war. I went to the Hook of Holland to take the Dutch boat for England. The Dutch maintained only one steamer in service at one time and the price of passage and mail probably paid for a boat each trip.

As each boat was sunk, the Dutch substituted another one. Those of the crew who survived took up their duties on the succeeding ship. In 40 crossings I managed to avoid playing a role in a tragedy of the North Sea, but I grew less and less satisfied with the mathematical theory of chances.

I had established a procedure of paying the steward for my cabin and meals at the end of the voyage. On boarding the boat this time I congratulated the steward on his escape from the sinking of another ship, some days before. As I ate breakfast, he continued to stand around, first on one foot and then on the other. Finally he blurted out, "You must pay cash."

I protested in pained tones that he was an old friend of mine, that he and I had been traveling together for over two years, that I had always paid generously, and that it hurt me to feel I had lost his confidence. His encouraging reply was, "Well, 10 passengers were drowned on the last ship, and they owed me 65 guilders. I can't take any more risks."

Our troubles with the transport of food from overseas were matched by difficulties over the disposition of the food raised at home by Belgian and northern French farmers. Under Relief agreements with the Germans, we were to have all surplus farm production from the Army zones in Belgium and northern France as well as from the occupied area of Belgium. However, it had proved quite unworkable to requisition and collect the native farm produce in the different Army zones—which were virtually in the midst of battle.

Dr. Kellogg and I had therefore arrived at an agreement with Charleville in respect to the 1915 crop, under which the German army in those areas requisitioned the farmers' surplus, used it on the spot, and gave us from food stocks in Germany an amount which we jointly agreed was fair. The British approved this agreement.

Everything went smoothly in this particular until we came in sight of the harvest of 1916, when a storm blew up. The problem was complicated by the fact that the Germans had planted many abandoned farms. Our men, together with our local Belgian and French committees in those areas, estimated the surplus crop. The Germans did not agree with our conclusions on the quantity of food to be handed us by Germany as compensation.

British and French intelligence promptly reported our differences to their governments. In the middle of our negotiations both these governments blew off in the press as to this further German atrocity—which did not help.

There was a serious difference. The German army's estimate of what was owed us was about $30,000,000 less food than we claimed. At this point I went to Charleville to join Dr. Kellogg in the discussion concerning this matter. We were unable to reach agreement with General von Sauberzweig, the quartermaster general, but believing we could do better with the top officials in Berlin, we arranged that we would all meet in Berlin a few days later—on August 4th—and thrash it out at the top.

Before we left Charleville one of the German staff colonels asked us if we would like to see the big battle raging on the Somme. The proposal was somewhat startling, but being of inquiring minds, Dr. Kellogg and I accepted. We motored for several hours. As we neared the front, an occasional shell cracked nearby, but the ingenious camouflage of the road—to the extent of a false parallel—protected our route. Finally we arrived at a point near a hilltop observation post in the forest, a considerable distance back from the forward trenches and a mile or two away from the main roads.

At the post the constant rumble of artillery seemed to pulverize the air. Through powerful glasses we saw the unending blur of trenches and explosions of dust filling the air where, over a length of 60 miles, 1,500,000 men were fighting and dying. Once in a while, like ants, the lines of men seemed to show through the dust.

On the nearby road, lines of Germans plodded along the right side to the front, not with drums and bands, but in sodden resignation. Down the left side came lines of wounded men, the "walking cases," staggering among cavalcades of ambulances.

The horror of it all did not in the least affect the German officers at the post. To them it was pure mechanics. The battle had already been raging for days. Not one of the Germans showed the slightest anxiety. They said that the British were losing two to one—butting their heads against a stone wall. And that was true. It was all a horrible, devastating reality.

Dr. Kellogg and I duly arrived in Berlin. There, on the following morning, we met General von Sauberzweig and Major von Kessler at the Esplanade Hotel. There was no food shortage at the hotel, although there might have been a shortage of cash to pay the price of it. The two officers informed us that they would take our problem up with top authorities and would meet us later. We were disappointed not to be allowed to present our case ourselves.

COLLIER'S

"I wish Bertha were back from her vacation. I have to do the work of two people—*my* work and the work she used to do over for me!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

At four o'clock the general and the major returned to the Esplanade. The general seemed upset and promptly ordered a whisky and soda.

The major, who spoke perfect English, gave us the news. It was bad. The authorities had decided that they would make no compromise with our estimates. Worse still, they had discussed abolishing the C.R.B. altogether.

The major added that several of the generals had made violent speeches directed at us. They had said that it was no worse for Belgians and French to starve than for Germans to starve. We pleaded the whole case of the Belgians and northern French over again. The general took his nth whisky.

Then came one of those unforgettable episodes. After we were told that the Relief was probably all over, Von Kessler apologetically mentioned that the general had just received word that his son had been permanently blinded in a gas attack on the Western Front. I expressed sympathy. The general, who had yet another drink, then went into a monologue about the war. He said that civilians were messing into it too much and that it was no longer a soldiers' war with manly weapons. Civilians had made these poison gases. They were engaged in many activities which they should keep out of—probably meaning us.

He grew vehement on the starving of German women and children by the blockade, and then, "there was the case of that Cavell woman." He seemed to want to elaborate on that. We expressed interest. He said she had organized an espionage group of a thousand Belgian women. He said he had warned them. He had punished some of them mildly. They would not stop. He was compelled as a soldier to make an example and stop it. He had had Miss Cavell tried, she had confessed, and as a soldier he had been compelled to execute her to protect the German army. He had been "painted as a monster all over the world." He said he "was called a murderer, a second Duke of Alva."

I had thought Von Bissing, the governor of Belgium, responsible for Miss Cavell's execution. But I later confirmed that it had been General von Sauberzweig. He was then temporary military governor.

As he mumbled along I had a thought. The general obviously did not like the kind of publicity he had received in the neutral world. The Relief might blow up anyway. I told Dr. Kellogg that I wanted to make a further statement to the general and asked him to translate fully. I said that such a decision by the German authorities would mean death for millions of people, mostly children; that as Von Sauberzweig was responsible officer he would be portrayed to the world as a monster infinitely bigger and blacker than after the Cavell incident.

I elaborated the theme to cover the whole German army. As my temperature rose, I stressed this theme so strongly that Kellogg hesitated to translate my language and told me so. But Major von Kessler translated with no reservations.

The general made no immediate reply. Then suddenly he remarked that there might be something in what I said. Whether it was the threat, the whisky, his grief or the human appeal that had moved him, I do not know. He directed Von Kessler to inform Minister of the Interior Lewald, who had responsibility for the German food organization, that he thought the negotiations ought to continue.

A Face-Saving Concession

We broke up at once and with Von Kessler went at once to the ministry where we settled in half an hour with Lewald, who was sympathetic, on a basis of a minor reduction in our estimates to "save face." Dr. Kellogg and I hurried out of Berlin within an hour for fear that our opponents in the German army might try to change the terms. Later, in a book called Headquarters Nights, Dr. Kellogg related this seemingly improbable episode.

There exists a vast literature on German atrocities in Belgium and France. It is mostly the literature of propaganda. I never found much foundation for the stories of individual outrage or cruelty. Things were done, however, by order of superior officers which to me were far worse. The wholesale execution of civilian hostages at Dinant and Tamine; the burning of whole villages and the library and church of St. Pierre at Louvain are examples.

It can be repeated as a generalization that armies in action are not guests at afternoon receptions. Every army has some criminal-minded, and the abolition of moral restraints in wartime is scarcely calculated to lift their souls into the realm of idealism.

During the winter of 1916, I received word that the king of the Belgians would like to see me the next time I came to the Continent. One day I crossed to Boulogne, having arranged to motor up to Belgian headquarters the next morning. About midnight the Germans decided to make an air attack on Boulogne Harbor.

The one little hotel open to civilians was inconveniently close to their objective. I got out of bed and from the window was watching the searchlight streamers, listen-

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ing to the drone of planes and the occasional explosions, when the window was smashed in and I received my only wound of the war—a cut on the arm from flying glass.

Then a Cockney English noncommissioned officer pounded on the doors yelling for everybody to "go to the bisement, go to the bisement." I wrapped a towel around my arm and groped my way in the dark down to the lobby. Under the light of a single candle our Cockney was now on a chair yelling, "Into the bisement. Women and children first. Women, children first!"

Terrorized women and children were jamming the head of a narrow staircase. The wavering light made an agonizing flash of an inferno such as only Dürer could depict. As sound accompaniment to the nightmarish scene came another crash in the streets, a scream from some child, and another yell from the Cockney, "Women first, women first!" There wasn't a man within yards of the staircase. A Frenchman standing next to me said calmly, "Shall we go over and kick him to death?" I felt that way too, but instead went back to bed.

The next morning I motored to the little beach resort of La Panne, where on Belgian soil the king and the queen and their children occupied a small summer cottage. I spent the day with them. Heavy shells periodically whined over the house en route from the German front to the French city of Dunkerque. But the king insisted upon living on Belgian soil.

During the day he reminisced concerning his life in America. When he was heir apparent and after his education in England, King Leopold had sent him to get some American experience under the tutelage of James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railroad, in which Leopold had a large interest. The prince wanted no tourist visit, so he got from Mr. Hill a job as a fireman on the railway. He told me it had been the happiest period of his life. He had even made up his mind to abandon his Belgian nationality and become an American, being sure he would be promoted to engine driver in a few years and possibly a railroad president sometime. He thought either was a better job than being a king.

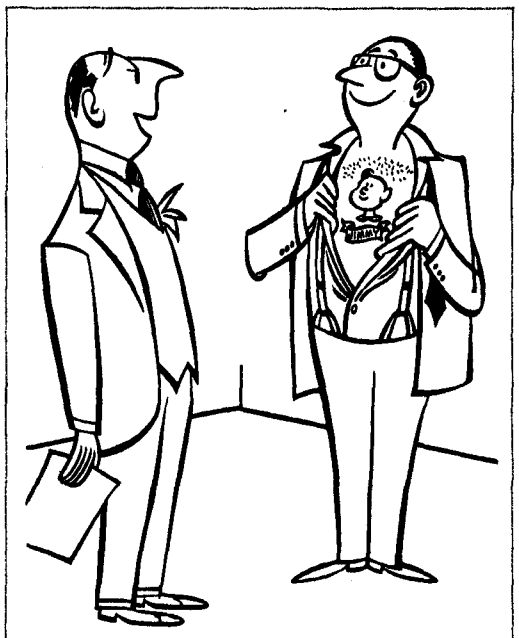
Soon after he began to evidence such yearnings, the Belgian Minister to Washington turned up at Missoula and ordered him, on behalf of the king, to stop dreaming and go straight home. So ended Albert's independence.

Belgium's Token of Gratitude

The king expressed a wish to give me some decoration, as he said, "just to assure you of our devotion." I explained my democratic feelings about such things, and he fully understood. Three years later, however, after hostilities had ended and Albert had returned to his capital, he evolved the idea of creating a new order in Belgium with only one member—and one that no man would not be proud of: "The Friend of Belgium and Honorary Citizen of Belgium." The king proposed the necessary legislation to the Belgian Parliament at a special session. I was required to be present and witness probably the first law ever passed by the Parliament without opposition.

Returning from this ceremony with the Belgian Foreign Minister, I jokingly asked him if the Honorary Citizen was entitled to a passport. He said in similar humor that it might be a good idea to keep the frontiers of Belgium always open to me in case I ever needed sanctuary for any misdeed. Next morning he sent me a passport marked "perpetual." Therefore I am probably the only person in the world holding legitimate passports from two countries.

Financial difficulties for the Relief began to loom up again early in 1917. The British and French were desperate for foreign exchange, and the $20,000,000 a month we were spending was a distinct burden. They notified me they could go on but a few months longer. I arrived in New York on January 13th to further some negotiations I had initiated for a loan of $150,000,000 on certain Belgian assets to be guaranteed by the British and French.



"You've a fine-looking son there, Dan. He's your first, I presume"
COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

But other forces were moving which brought my negotiations to an end. America was drifting or being forced into war. It was obvious that the American temper had changed greatly from the year before. The forces in the war itself and the rain of skillful British and French propaganda had raised a formidable war party in the United States. Financial circles were deeply involved in Allied loans where they might lose everything by an Allied defeat. But more potent were the millions who believed in the Allied cause as the cause of freedom against despotism.

Another major factor was the heightened tempo of German submarine warfare, culminating in their declaration January 31, 1917, of unlimited submarine warfare.

Although C.R.B. ships were supposed to be immune from German submarine attack, we had already, up to this time, lost 19 ships for one cause or another (mostly mines) of which we credited three to submarines. Where we could prove it to the Germans, they had indemnified us—but the trouble was to prove it.

When they declared unlimited submarine war, the Germans notified the world that they would sink all ships entering certain boundaries. These included our Relief routes. From this moment until the American entry into the war 65 days later a hectic period ensued for us. The German declaration gave ships at sea four days to reach their destinations and one day more to depart from British, French and other submarine-blockaded ports. At that moment we had in Rotterdam enough food—when added to stocks of Belgian origin, such as native wheat—to keep the people going until about the end of March.

Nineteen of our cargoes were at sea en route to Rotterdam. Two reached port in time. We were compelled to order the other ships into the nearest ports since they could not comply with the dates set by the Germans. Fifteen reached British ports. Two were torpedoed. The Euphrates was sunk on February 3d with only one survivor. The Lars Kruse was sunk on February 6th. The crew escaped.

We promptly tried to get safe conduct from the Germans so that the ships in England might proceed to Rotterdam, and we also sought permission for the transshipment of some stocks we had in London. The Germans refused. The food in England began to deteriorate, and we were compelled to sell the British about 100,000 tons, which deprived the Belgians of about a three-week supply.

The torpedoing of the two ships menaced our whole existence. To bring matters to a head, I notified the German government that the Relief had been compelled to cease. I was sure it was the only way to drive the Germans to consider the consequences. I had surmised that they would still be hoping that America would not enter the war, and that they would not wish to inflame American emotions further. Aided by the urgings of the Spanish and Dutch ministers, it worked. On February 11th, the German government urged us to continue the Relief, promising us protection and indemnity for the two ships sunk.

Between the announcement of unlimited submarine war and the American declaration of war on April 6th, 12 more of our ships were lost, eight sunk by submarines and four by mines and accidents. We protested after each violation, but American protests were growing weak and ineffective as we neared the war.

The result of all this was that our deliveries of overseas food fell from a normal 150,000 tons a month to an average of under 25,000 tons a month from February to May, 1917. We had to pare down disastrously the already drastic rationing of the Belgians and northern French. Cardinal Mercier ordered a special service throughout Belgium of prayers that the Relief be sustained in its fight for the lives of the people. By June we were to be able to restore shipments to normal.

America on the Brink of War

I had known as early as February 26th—when the President asked Congress for authority to arm our merchant ships—that I would have to get back to Europe to be on the ground if anything else broke loose and to prepare our Belgian operations for the possibility of America's being involved in the war. But all passenger traffic from North America to north Europe was suspended. The only passage was a Spanish steamer sailing for Cádiz some weeks later.

As no other possible passage had turned up, I took the Spanish boat on March 13th. My friend and college classmate Will Irwin and his wife, Inez, fortunately offered to go along. Bill had labors to perform as a war correspondent. The Antonio Lopez proved to be a 4,100-ton jalopy of some 40 years of age, a cross between a partly-rigged sailing ship and a steamboat.

Mrs. Hoover had come to New York to see me off. She and some of our friends, concerned over our food supplies, sent a host of packages of butter, eggs, baskets of fresh vegetables, boxes of fresh meat and what not. When we asked the steward to put them into cold storage, we learned (a) that there was none such, (b) that there was not a steward on the boat who spoke any language but Spanish, (c) that the supply of beef, mutton and pork was on its four feet in pens on the forward deck, together with chickens and ducks.

As long as their lives continued, the livestock served as orchestra at uncertain periods of the day and night; they also served to mix with other odors of the boat. By storing our food resources in my cabin, I also learned that we carried a full complement of rats and cockroaches.

We had three excitements besides a tough sea which put Mrs. Irwin out of action for the first few days. A radio bulletin stated that the Germans were in retreat on the Western Front and that the French had retaken Noyon, one of our distribution centers in northern France. I became objectionable to some of the passengers, as I dampened their enthusiasm with the suggestion that this was only a strategic German retreat to a shorter and stronger line.

Other bulletins stated that the American ships Algonquin, Illinois, Memnon and Vigilancia had been sunk by German subs without warning.

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There was also a radio bulletin announcing the revolution in Russia and the abdication of the Czar. Bill recorded in his diary something like the following observation from me:

"This revolution will be difficult to stabilize. There have been centuries of oppression. There is no large middle class. There is almost total illiteracy in the people. There is no general experience in government. Russia cannot maintain a wholly liberal republic yet. Revolutions always go further than their creators expect. And in its swing, this one is more likely to go to the left than to the right."

These two events—the Russian Revolution and the sinking of American ships—made it seem inevitable that the United States would soon enter the war. The revolution would ease the American mind as to whether this was really a fight for democracy instead of a fight to sustain the Czar, and the sinking of our ships was a direct attack by Germany upon the United States. I began making my plans accordingly.

After 12 days we arrived at Cádiz on March 25th. There I was met by an official who asked me to stop at Madrid to confer with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs. At Madrid, I soon found out what the Minister of Foreign Affairs had in mind. It appeared that he had been apprised by the Spanish Ambassador in London of the possibility of our asking the Dutch and Spanish to take the place of Americans for the Relief work inside Belgium.

After discussing that possibility, his next question was, "What is your salary?" His next, "What salary will our nationals receive if the situation develops to require them?" He seemed stunned at the idea of no pay or only expenses. I felt he still suspected that no Yankee ever worked for nothing or ever told the truth.

The major importance of the interview, however, was his agreement that the Spanish government would do its best to see that the Relief continued. The neutrality of the Spanish and the Dutch was still important to the Germans.

As the wireless to the Antonio Lopez had indicated, the Germans had withdrawn the Hindenburg line some miles back. The result was the recovery to France of some 50 communes out of the 1,200 occupied by the German army.

Notables Attend Celebration

The French had arranged to celebrate his recovery of French soil on March 31st with a service in the partially destroyed Hôtel de Ville at Novon. I was urged by the government to attend. A great number of notables were assembled, including Cabinet ministers, senators, the cardinal and the generals of that sector.

A platform for the notables had been erected at one end of the great hall. The *maires* of the recovered communes, who had directed the C.R.B.'s local committees, were seated in front rows facing us. Fully half of them were women, most of whom I recognized.

It was a colorful and moving occasion. The tempered light from the few stained-glass windows which remained was shot through by a streamer of sunshine from a shell hole in the roof. The magnificent music of the massed military bands and the cardinal's affecting sermon stirred one's deepest emotions.

Just as we were rising at the end, still under the spell of the great spiritual expression of a great people, a raucous voice called out from 50 feet away, "Monsieur Hoover, *où est l'argent pour les sacs?*" (Where is the money for the sacks?) Most of those in my neighborhood looked at the grizzled old *maire* who was speaking, and then at myself.

I was the only soul, aside from the *maires*, who knew what the unseemly remark was all about. I fear I broke the spell with a laugh. However, I gave the necessary assurances to the *maire* and evaded further inquiries.

Some time before, the British had discovered on captured German trenches sandbags made from C.R.B. flour sacks. Their indignation was only a little less violent than when they had found that our condensed milk tins were being used for hand grenades. The French C.R.B. committees had been making a little money for their charities by selling the empty tins and sacks to dealers who, in turn, sold them to the Germans.

After the discovery of this practice I had stopped it by requiring every *maire* to deposit 10 francs for each sack or tin, to be repaid when the empties were returned. We put the sacks into the clothing workrooms at Lille and Brussels and saw to it that they were turned into children's clothes, although the indelible words "Belgian Commission" appeared on many a youngster's front or back. The tins we shipped to Holland to be melted in the presence of British agents.

Anyway, the old *maire* had a deposit of 500 francs with us. Despite his joy at being returned to France, his economic soul had come to the surface.

A Message from Woodrow Wilson

On April 6th, on the American declaration of war, I received a message from Colonel Edward M. House, the President's adviser, saying that the President wanted me to return to the United States to take charge of food organization. I replied I would need a few days to get the Relief and other matters in hand.

We installed the Dutch and Spanish inside Belgium and withdrew our American staff, but continued the commission as before up to the Belgian frontier. The C.R.B. continued to deliver until after the peace of Versailles.

The question as to whether the Germans got the food of the Belgians during the C.R.B. regime has been a seemingly eternal theme for sensationalists. Their charges rose to a crescendo when we proposed renewing the Relief to Belgium for World War II.

The broad answer to all these charges—aside from the emphatic assurances of 300 Americans who had been on the ground—was:

(a) The Relief was supported financially by the French and British governments. They had espionage agents in the C.R.B. territory all the time. They were not likely to put up money to feed Germans.

(b) When the war ended, the Belgian population was found to be well nourished, while the German population over the border was found to be greatly undernourished. If the Germans had taken the food, the situation would have been in reverse.

(c) In all the years since, there has never appeared a single statement by the people in northern France or Belgium that the Germans got their food after the Relief was organized. With their proclivity for proclaiming German atrocities, they would scarcely have missed any opportunity to make such charges.

A final answer to assertions that the Germans benefited by the Relief would seem to be the fact that when it was proposed to stop the Relief in the spring of 1918 because of the shipping shortage, it was the direct intervention of Prime Minister Lloyd George of England and Premier Clemenceau of France that saved it.

It remained for Americans—and ministers of the gospel at that—conducting British propaganda during World War II to defame, by foul lies, one of the greatest expressions of American humanism in our history.

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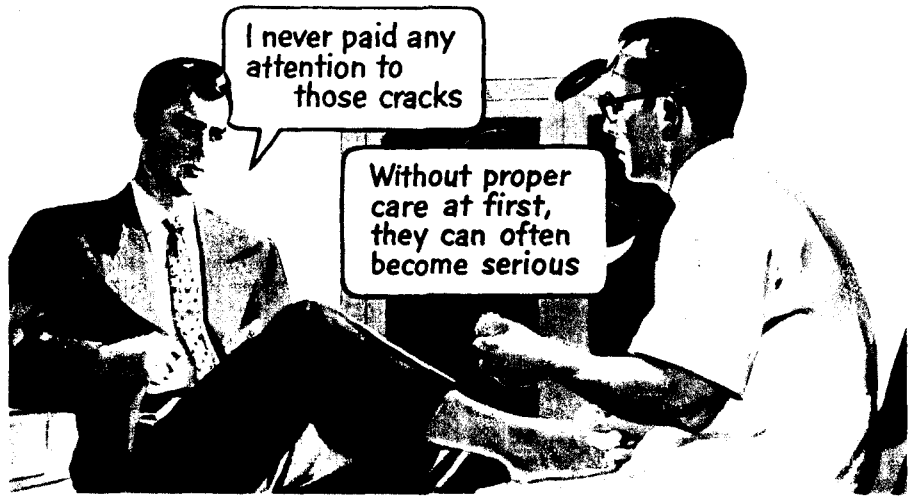

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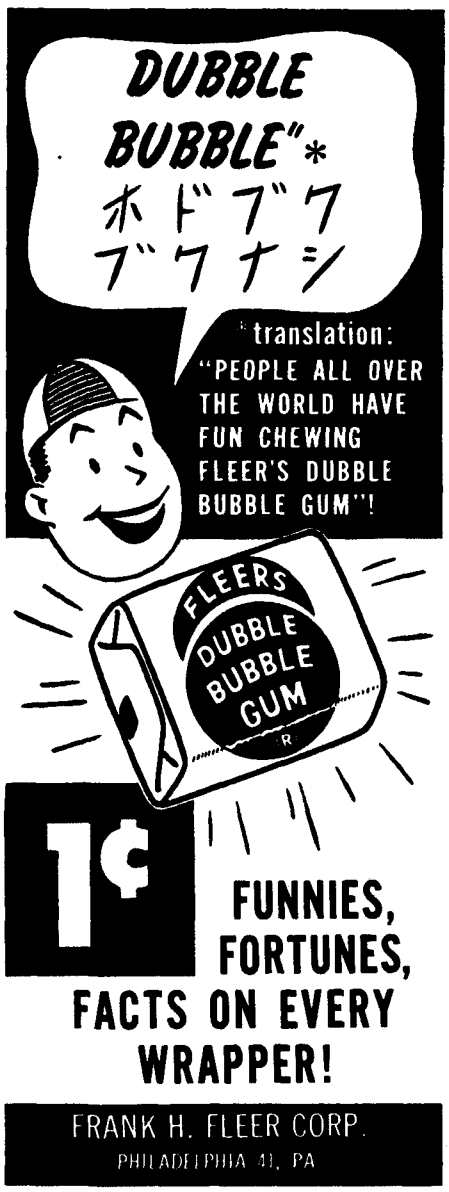

"The Man to See" in New Jersey

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

his underworld slip show in the upper world.

Occasionally, irate political enemies put the finger on him. When Joseph M. Byrne, Jr.—now a vice-chairman of the Port of New York Authority—ran for re-election to the Newark City Commission in 1941, he charged that Zwillman was the real power behind his (Byrne's) opposition.

"This city is dominated by a gang that has destroyed everything it has ever touched," said Byrne.

Over the years, smart New Jersey reporters have learned a short cut to the lowdown on political developments. They call Longie.

"If some appointment was coming up in the city or state," one newspaperman said, "Longie would usually know what names were under consideration. He had a lot of lines in a lot of places—and very good and accurate knowledge of what is going on."

Yet Zwillman's influence on New Jersey's turbulent politics can only be detected by noting what his friends in power are up to. In Newark, these friends are known to politicians as "the Zwillman wing."

The Zwillman wing can point to solid accomplishments.

It helped elect the present mayor and three of Newark's five city commissioners. It named such key officials as the corporation counsel and the mayor's deputy—who is also in charge of the Newark Housing Authority's construction program.

The Zwillman wing reached into neighboring Hudson County, long the unassailable preserve of Boss Frank Hague, helped elect his political enemy, Mayor John V. Kenny, and so ended 36 years of Hague dominance.

Nominally Democratic, the Zwillman wing turned Republican and helped provide the margin that re-elected Alfred E. Driscoll governor.

Seeking a Federal Judgeship

The Zwillman wing even makes its weight felt nationally. As this is written, the Zwillman group and its allies have an excellent chance of promoting a protégé to the federal bench. The Zwillman wing's candidate is a thirty-five-year-old lawyer of Paterson, New Jersey.

He has two chief sponsors. One is Mayor Michael de Vita, of Paterson, whose town ran wide open until New Jersey Attorney General Theodore Parsons turned on the heat in 1949. Mayor de Vita was indicted by a Passaic County grand jury on a charge of obstructing and perverting justice in connection with the testimony of two acting police captains before a grand jury probing gambling. The two officers were suspended after they testified and later were reinstated on orders of the State Civil Service Commission. The De Vita indictment was quashed by the Appellate Division of New Jersey's Superior Court on the ground that it was improperly drawn.

The young lawyer's other sponsor for federal district judge is his uncle, Meyer C. Ellenstein, ex-mayor of Newark and one of Zwillman's oldest and stanchest friends.

Ellenstein, straight-backed, vigorous and handsome at sixty-five, used to be a dentist, has a law degree and led the field in 1949 when he was re-elected to the commissioner's job he now holds. A onetime amateur boxing champion and fraternal lodge leader, Ellenstein is a formidable political figure in his own right. Paid a yearly $8,500 for his job as Director of the Department of Revenue and Finance, Ellenstein's annual income exceeds $70,000. (He maintains an industrial and public relations business and law office on the side.)

"I've known Longie many years," Ellenstein said. "He's my friend."

When one of Newark's five city commissioners died in 1932, the remaining four balloted vainly 155 times in an effort to choose a successor from a list that included Ellenstein. The deadlock was broken when Jesse Salmon, the late Essex County Republican boss, sent word to a Republican commissioner to vote for Ellenstein, a Democrat.

Salmon's reasons for this curious act are shrouded in time. But it is known that the Republican boss boasted of substantial contributions from Zwillman at a time when Longie—a rising young bootlegger and racketeer—was cementing friendships in city and county.

Ellenstein says he did not know Zwillman at the time, nor is there any evidence that Zwillman intervened in Ellenstein's behalf.

In 1933, when Ellenstein ran for election to the City Commission, his vote in the Third Ward, which was dominated by Zwillman's Third Ward Political Club (disbanded in 1935), was twice that of the second candidate. Ellenstein won the biggest number of votes ever recorded for a commission candidate.

Before the United States Senate turned the spotlight on the underworld, Ellenstein was seen often in Zwillman's company. They had many friends in common—among them, the millionaire labor racketeer Joseph S. Fay, whom Ellenstein visits in jail. Ellenstein has visited at Longie's home and called on him at his Public Service Tobacco Company office. Ellenstein and Zwillman have been seen taking rubdowns together in a downtown Newark health club.

"Zwillman has never asked me to do anything that embarrassed me," Ellenstein has said.

Yet their close friendship is generally known. "Zwillman just loves Ellenstein," one political figure said. Another summed it up:

"It is an open secret that Zwillman cooperates with Ellenstein."

That Zwillman has had influence in Newark's city hall for some years was revealed recently when it became known that Longie sold some $379,000 worth of trucks and equipment to the city in 1947. But in 1949, Zwillman's friends really came into their own. They won a majority of the City Commission. To do it, the Zwillman wing used a strategy that had been germinating in Longie's fertile mind ever since prohibition days.

As mob chief and political czar of the Third Ward, young Zwillman faced a bloody gang war for alcohol and rackets territory with Ritchie Boiardo, chief of the mob of the First Ward. When police surprised Boiardo's executioners training machine guns and rifles on Longie's hotel hangout from an apartment ambush across the way, Zwillman decided (in 1931) that the rivalry had gone far enough. Through lieutenants Gerard Catena (who later became a partner in New Jersey's biggest gambling casinos) and Carmine (Big Yak) San Giacomo, now a big paper and pulp man, Zwillman made peace with the Italian First Ward. Soon, Zwillman became a popular figure in the First Ward.

Merger Delayed by Rivalries

It occurred to Zwillman that if the two minority groups joined forces they could control Newark. The merger had to wait because of personal rivalries. But in 1949, the deals were made. There is no question in the minds of Newark political observers that Zwillman was back of the scenes, giving advice, influencing events.

Meyer C. Ellenstein, Longie's friend, made a pact with Ralph A. Villani. If Villani's followers supported Ellenstein for the City Commission—and went along later with the division of city hall patronage—Ellenstein and his following would support Villani.

"It was just practical politics," Mayor Villani explained to this writer.

The combine, already formidable, was strengthened further.

The New Jersey CIO's Political Action Committee agreed to back Ellenstein and Villani in return for support for a CIO official, Stephen Moran, for city commissioner. This deal, too, was made. And for his campaign manager, the CIO's candidate made a significant choice. He picked Charles Handler, one of Zwillman's lawyers, and a former officer in his truck

Next Week

Has Science Found the Spark of Life?

John Lear

Our medical researchers have found a mysterious, wonderful stuff that gives all living things the power to breathe, grow, move. Its name is ATP: without it, all life would cease to exist. In an exciting article, John Lear tells how ATP is being used for the good of mankind—and, more important, of the glorious hope it holds for the future

The AFL Will Absorb the CIO When...

Edwin A. Lahey

What lies ahead for U.S. labor after its present leaders, few of them young, are gone? Edwin A. Lahey, the Knight newspapers' top labor writer, offers a provocative prediction: There will be a gigantic realignment of the CIO and AFL into one organization with fresh vigor and drive—a powerful new force on the political and economic scene

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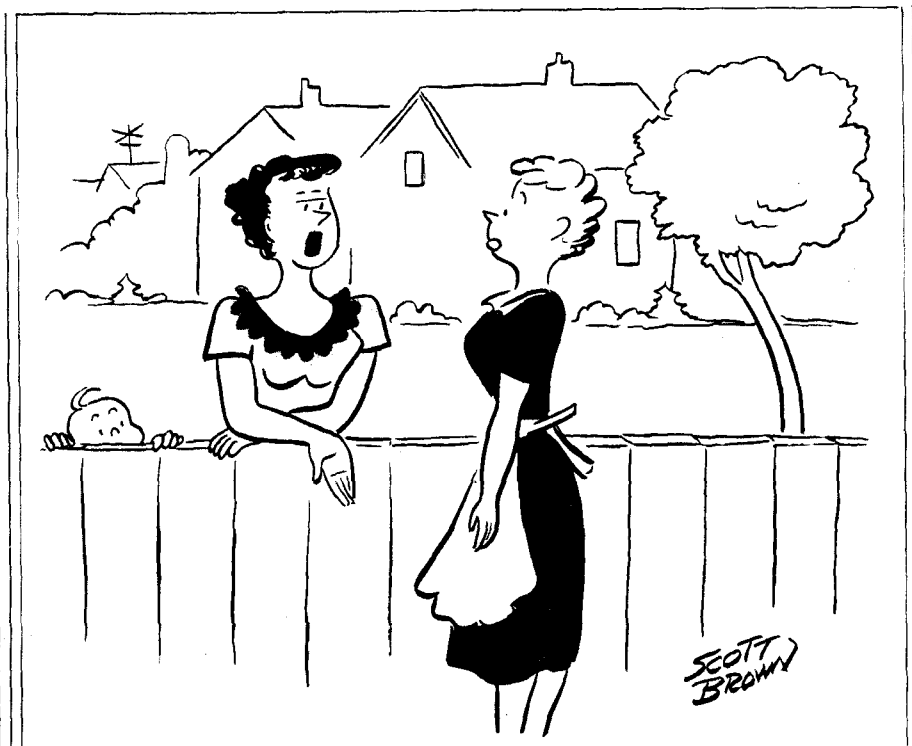

COLLIER'S — **"It's to the point now where we can't tell much difference between the day before payday and the day after payday"** — SCOTT BROWN

agency. Handler, now Newark's corporation counsel, is the lawyer whose address, as the Senate Crime Committee revealed, was the address used (without Handler's knowledge) by Joe Adonis and his gambling syndicate to receive business mail.

The Zwillman wing won in a breeze with Ellenstein, Villani and Moran running first, second and fifth, respectively, in a field of 30 candidates. Under Newark's commission government, the five commissioners name the mayor. Following the election, the three-man Zwillman wing majority picked Ralph A. Villani for the job. Charles Handler, one of Zwillman's lawyers, became corporation counsel. An old Zwillman friend, David Kent, who is in charge of Newark's Housing Authority construction, became deputy mayor. Another Zwillman protégé, one Ira Goodman, was named as deputy to the CIO's man, Commissioner Stephen Moran. Goodman promptly began to extort money from milk dealers, was prosecuted and convicted. The case is now on appeal. (The county prosecutor, a Republican, is not under Zwillman wing influence.)

Where does Zwillman derive the political power he wielded in the 1949 Newark election?

Zwillman is able—in the words of one politician—"to come through with plenty" —when money is needed. Political contributions were a must during bootlegging and early racket days.

Racket Cash Well "Invested"

A reporter recalled for this writer how the late Jesse Salmon, onetime Republican boss of Essex County, once excused himself from a conference to hurry to a telephone.

The Republican boss returned beaming: "Longie's come through with plenty, as usual," he exulted. Learning that contributions were a must, Longie was able to make such stout friends among city officials and city police, during prohibition, that he was able to ply his underworld trades freely. In fact, when Zwillman's mob unloaded illicit Canadian liquor and hauled it to storage points in Newark, it was certain city police who provided the protective convoy for the trucks.

Easy money, derived from the rackets and spread about as political contributions, has been one source of Zwillman influence.

Friendships with the bosses of the labor unions, particularly those of the AFL, a hang-over from labor racketeering days, is another source of Zwillman power. Joe Fay, the labor extortionist who is now in Sing Sing prison, was a great and good friend of Zwillman's. They used to frequent sports events together or be seen, often, in a cozy game of pinochle. With his friend and adviser, Longie, Fay used to work with a will on Election Day to get out the labor vote. Today the labor "skates" who boss some of New Jersey's biggest unions come to Zwillman for advice. On Election Day, he can send the word along to the labor unions, for his word, as already noted, "is magic to them."

Underworld Election Workers

To money and a following in labor, Zwillman can add further valuable political assets at election time: willing legs to run errands, willing hands to push doorbells. These can be supplied from the underworld's numbers runners, bookies and gambling-joint employees to whom Longie is Authority.

When John V. Kenny took on Boss Frank Hague in the Jersey City election of May, 1949, a cavalcade of 50 cars, loaded with eager election workers, made a political pilgrimage from Newark to Jersey City.

Who organized the cavalcade?

Joseph (Doc) Stacher, alias Rosen, alias Harris, big-league gambler, business associate and long-time intimate of Longie Zwillman. Doc Stacher boasted openly of his election work when he returned to Newark.

It was political aid of this sort—furnished by Zwillman—that helped give the final shove to Boss Hague, then already ripe for defeat.

Why Hague and Zwillman fell out is not clear. They had been friends for years, and at Christmastime Zwillman used to pay his respects religiously to the Boss with a box of fine cigars. But when Kenny, a onetime Hague devotee, raised the standard of revolt and sought to take city hall away from Hague, Longie pitched in—although, as usual, in secret.

Yet Hague knew who his real foe was.

"If Kenny is elected," stormed Hague, "vice and immorality will run rampant . . . and thieves and murderers will invade Jersey City." Control, thundered Hague, would go to the racketeers.

Hague had fought successfully for three decades to keep prying eyes away from his own wealth, and the "racketeer" charges had a strange ring. Nor was Hague using the term racketeer to describe Kenny, who was guilty of no greater crime than that of

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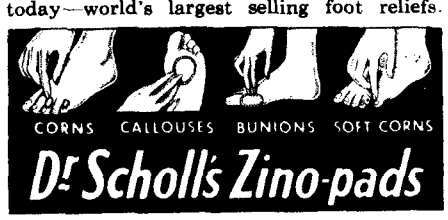

feeding at Boss Hague's trough for years.

What Hague knew, but would not charge openly, was that his real adversary was Zwillman. Alarmed by the money being spent by his foes, Hague sent feelers to Hillside, where Zwillman has his tobacco company office, to try to stop the spending. Hague told his close friends, and he believes it to this day, that Longie Zwillman poured $50,000 into Jersey City to defeat him.

Zwillman denied to the Senate Crime Committee that he had contributed $50,000 to Hague's foe.

"Not 50,000 cents!" cried Longie with feeling. "Not 50 cents!"

The Senate crime probers did not know of Doc Stacher's underworld cavalcade to Jersey City and so couldn't ask Zwillman about it.

Zwillman's clandestine but rewarding foray into Frank Hague's Hudson County domain was only a warmup to an even greater triumph. For, seven months later, in November, 1949, Longie and his friends played the decisive role in electing a governor.

Governor Alfred E. Driscoll, a clean-cut and devoted public servant, had hung up a distinguished record during his first term. He accomplished something that even Woodrow Wilson had failed to do: revamped New Jersey's constitution and reformed its courts. Reform won for Driscoll some powerful enemies. When he ran for re-election, he was regarded as a weak candidate, and the stage was set for Zwillman and his friends to control the balance of power.

How the Zwillman wing helped to reelect Governor Driscoll was revealed by Meyer C. Ellenstein.

"If I had gone out against Driscoll," said Ellenstein, "he wouldn't have got a hatful of votes." (In Essex and neighboring Hudson Counties.)

But Ellenstein, a Democrat, did not go out against Driscoll, a Republican. "I helped Driscoll in every effective way," Ellenstein recalled. "I passed the word along to my friends. Labor did its share."

The CIO's Political Action Committee, friendly with Ellenstein, lined up for the Republican governor. (Ostensibly, because the CIO opposed Hague, who had picked the Democratic candidate.) The AFL unions which take their lead from Zwillman "did their share," as Ellenstein himself said.

Why did Zwillman's friends, normally Democrat, plump for the Republican? The explanation at the time was that the Democratic candidate, Elmer Wene, a prosperous chicken farmer, was a Hague man, hand-picked by the Boss, a year before.

Wene's Failure Explained

The real reason was that Wene refused to make an important concession: he would not let Zwillman's friends, and their allies, dictate the choice of the state Attorney General.

In New Jersey, the Attorney General has significant powers. He bosses the state police. When county prosecutors become lax, an assistant Attorney General can supersede them. The importance of this power became apparent this year when Attorney General Theodore D. Parsons named a special prosecutor for Bergen County. The special prosecutor, a zealous and talented crime-buster by the name of Nelson F. Stamler, promptly put Joe Adonis and his gambling-casino partners in jail.

Zwillman's friends feared that Wene—Hague's man—would name a prosecutor who might persecute Mayor Kenny, Hague's enemy.

Ellenstein asked candidate Wene to show him a list of five names from which he (Wene) intended to select the Attorney General. If none of the names gave offense (said Ellenstein) he would back Wene, and even raise a tidy campaign fund for him—$40,000.

Wene demurred.

Ten days before the election, Ellenstein and his allies—including Mayor Michael de Vita of Paterson—met with Wene. They broached the name of a former Attorney General.

Wene rejected him and sealed his own political doom.

As everybody in New Jersey knows, a Democrat needs a substantial majority in Hudson County to win the state. Hague dominated New Jersey for years by regularly delivering a 100,000-vote majority in Hudson County. Democrat Wene barely carried Hudson County, winning only by a sparse 3,000 votes. In Jersey City, that ancient bastion of Democratic strength, Wene actually lost to the Republican Driscoll. It was the first time a Democrat had been drubbed there as far back as the older inhabitants could remember. The story was the same in Newark (Essex County), where Wene lost wards that had gone strongly Democrat in previous elections. Governor Driscoll made no commitments to the Zwillman wing.

"If I had known Zwillman was in the campaign I would have repudiated him," Driscoll said.

When one Zwillman ally—a prominent political figure—was asked to see Governor Driscoll recently as part of a drive to free extortionist Joe Fay, he (the Zwillman ally) despaired:

"Why, I can't even talk to the governor."

Since the 1949 gubernatorial election with its second, successive rebuke to Hague, the Zwillman wing's political fortunes have been on the rise. It has, for instance, an important voice in the junta of Democratic leaders who are filling the vacuum created by Hague's downfall.

"I'm worried and sick at heart," said a Democratic Assemblyman, "at the inroads Zwillman has been making into politics."

The ordinary Joe, who works for a living and looks to his union for protection, would be worried too, if he knew of the hidden influence Longie wields in organized labor.

The trial, in 1943, which convicted five Chicago Capone gangsters and a New Jersey labor racketeer of extortion, threw light on this phase of the many-sided Longie. The Capones seized the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees (AFL); then, by threatening to pull out the projectionists, darken movie houses from coast to coast and ruin producers and exhibitors, the mobsters mulcted over $1,000,000 from Hollywood.

Mobsters Try to Seize Union

To grab the union (IAT&SE), the Capones sent underworld couriers to rackets bosses across the land. The mission: to see that the local IAT&SE unions sent the right delegates to the Louisville, Kentucky, convention (in 1934) to vote for the right union president, the Capone mob's puppet—extortionist George E. Browne.

And who was the man the Boys went to see in New Jersey?

Here is what Willie Bioff, the panderer and extortionist, told a federal judge and jury in New York City:

At a partnership meeting of the Capones in Chicago (testified Bioff) Frank Nitti—the dread Capone "enforcer" who blew his brains out rather than face trial for extortion—ordered Louis (Lepke) Buchalter to line up the New York and New Jersey locals. In New York he was to see Lucky Luciano; in New Jersey, Abner (Longie) Zwillman.

Why Longie?

The Newark affiliate of the IAT&SE Local 244 of the Motion Picture Machine Operators Union (so it was testified) was tyrannized by a business agent who looted the union treasury and used the union as a club to extort money from employers. The business agent was one Louis Kaufman who went to jail for extortion along with the Capone hoodlums. Two of his stanchest supporters in the union were Bernard and Irving Zwillman, brothers of Longie.

When Boris Kostelanetz, the then assistant U.S. Attorney General who prosecuted the case, asked a government witness—Don Jacocks, a movie executive—whether extortionist Kaufman had ever mentioned Longie Zwillman, the witness replied:

"The only reference that he made was that Zwillman was 'the big boss.'"

"Zwillman was to Kaufman," prosecuto

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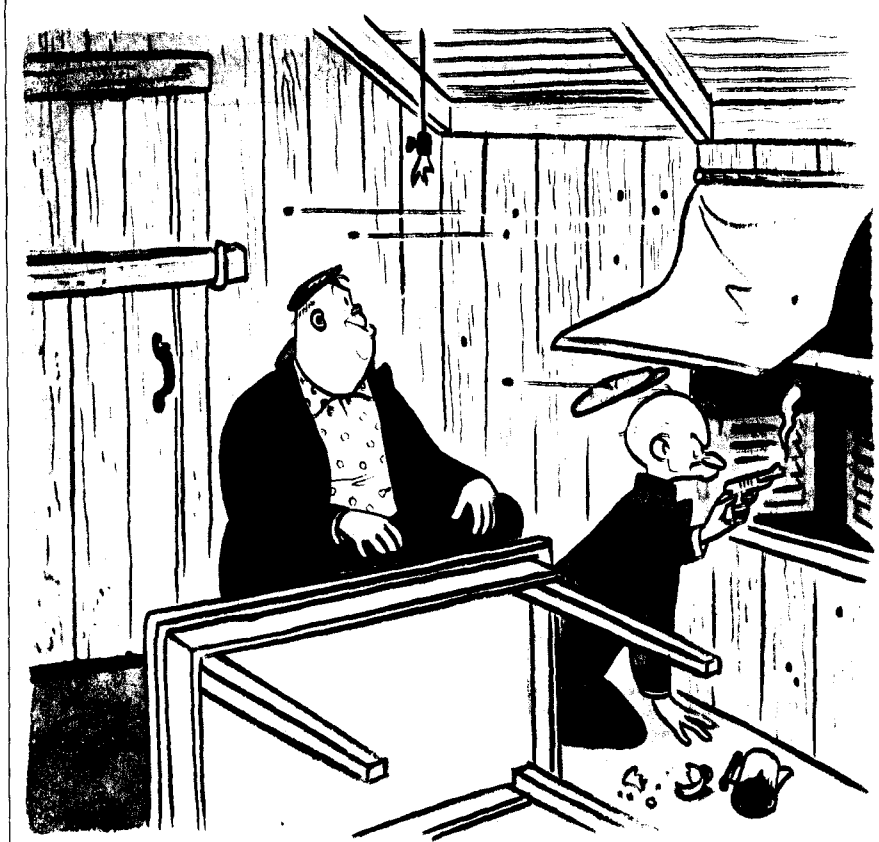

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"But I think it'll look kinda nice. Sorta like knotty pine"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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Kostelanetz said, "what Louis (Little New York) Campagna—the Chicago gangster—was to Willie Bioff and George E. Browne."

Bioff testified that gangster Nitti warned him to stay away from Kaufman because "Kaufman is Zwillman's man."

Zwillman has always contended he left the rackets with repeal. But the extortions for which Louis Kaufman, Zwillman's reputed stooge, went to jail occurred as late as 1939—six years after repeal.

The 1943 Capone mob labor-racket trial told a good deal about the moral climate in which many of New Jersey's unions flourish.

It was New Jersey that nurtured Fay, the jailed millionaire labor racketeer, who bossed and betrayed the International Union of Operating Engineers (AFL). A fist-wielding bully who coerced union followers and employers alike, Fay rose to such great power that he was known for years as "Mr. Labor in the East." For advice, Joe Fay, "Mr. Labor in the East," looked to his friend, Longie Zwillman.

Store Clerks' Secret Adviser

When the Retail Clerks Union (AFL) won a bargaining contract from Bamberger's department store in Newark, labor czar Fay popped up as the key open figure in the negotiations. The store's executives even gave him public credit for a successful settlement. But behind Fay was his adviser, Longie Zwillman—whose part in the organizing effort was so well hidden that store executives say they didn't even know Longie was in it.

Yet the man who became head of the Bamberger's retail clerks local was one Abe Lew, regarded in Newark as a protégé of Zwillman's. Lew tells store executives that he is a cousin of Longie's. He sees Zwillman frequently, and state investigators checking up on Lew found his car frequently parked before the offices of Zwillman's Public Service Tobacco Company. (A reticent man, Lew—like Longie—would not face this writer.) Negotiating, too, was Meyer C. Ellenstein, who was retained by the store and received a fee from it.

Today, extortionist Joe Fay is still so great a power that a list of visitors to his cell in Sing Sing reads like a Who's Who in labor and politics in New Jersey.

One visitor is Meyer C. Ellenstein, commissioner of Newark and Zwillman's friend. Ellenstein visited the labor racketeer last December and again in May. Another visitor was Mayor John V. Kenny.

And on the visiting list, naturally, were many labor bosses. The most significant of these labor pilgrims was Louis P. Marciante, the president of the New Jersey State Federation of Labor.

Here is why:

When the head of the New Jersey State Building Trades, Sal Maso, rowed with his colleagues over whom to support in the 1949 gubernatorial election, the state labor bosses wanted to fire him. But they wouldn't take the step without first consulting two men. One was the jailed Joe Fay. The second was Longie Zwillman.

Fay sent word not to molest Maso. It might rock the boat and hurt Fay's chances of winning an early pardon. Zwillman sent word he didn't care. Maso kept his job.

It was a significant demonstration of Longie's influence in New Jersey labor that his advice was ranked as highly by the labor bosses as that of Joe Fay.

Because labor bosses listen to Longie, employers listen too.

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The emergence of Longie as the owner of legitimate businesses as well as a political power is a fabulous story. The unrevealed details are told next week. Be sure to order a copy from your news dealer now

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

ady was lyric with thanks. "Good thing, ady," said the fellow, "always to carry a pare key with you." She beamed. "Oh," ne said, "I do." And she fished a spare key ut of her purse. In addition to not getng his name, our man didn't catch what ne truck driver said as he moved off.

★ ★ ★

Try as we will, we can get nothing coherent out of the man we sent to cover the convention of the International Toastmistress Clubs in Denver, Colorado. We did nd out that nearly 1,000 ladies who preside t luncheons and formal dinners and make neir livings as mistresses of ceremonies attended the convention. We gather, too, rom the disconnected phrases we've been ble to wangle out of our reporter that conderable talking was done by the toastnistresses and mistresses of ceremonies. rankly, we hadn't intended that he should t through it all and we are prepared to eny liability for what seems to us to be is complete nervous collapse.

★ ★ ★

The jury in Dallas, Texas, took only bout 20 minutes to decide that the defendnt was guilty of burglary. But they were adly divided on what to do with him. wo were for sending him to prison for 9 years. Others thought this a bit harsh, rguing variously for 50, 40, and 20 years. hen one of them had a brilliant idea. /hy not strike a balance? So they added p each juror's opinion and divided by 12. hus the prisoner was let off with a mere 0 years. For quite a while he will have o use for the television set he swiped. Our own investigation convinces us that he got off pretty lightly, at that. While fleeing with the stolen television set, he also ran through a stop sign.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours just returned from France gives us his word of honor that in Normandy he saw a grave bearing the following epitaph: "In memory of Maggie, a mule, who in her lifetime kicked 1 colonel, 1 major, 3 lieutenants, 11 sergeants, 27 privates and 1 bomb."

★ ★ ★

Fellow just called up to remind us that the tourist season will soon be over for the year. And then, he added, you'll have to wait until next summer to travel halfway across the country to have your picture taken standing beside your car.

★ ★ ★

A dolorous note from Mr. Jonas (Boss) McGehee, of Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. and Mrs. McGehee quarreled so long and bitterly about where they'd go for their vacation that they stayed home. Thus, says Mr. McGehee, he saved $486.55—the family vacation fund. His gratification died a-borning. Mrs. McGehee spent the money on a new fall wardrobe.

★ ★ ★

It says here in the Alaska Highway News that pigs lay eggs in British Columbia, Canada. Well, not exactly that, but it does report the construction of a huge "pig hatchery." They've promised to send us a photograph of a 400-pound sow sitting on an egg.

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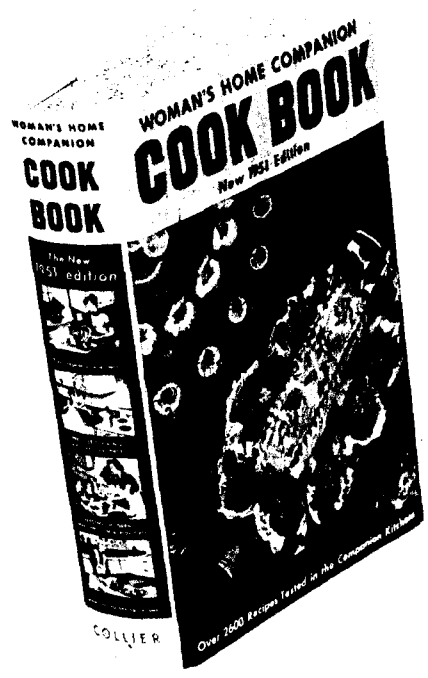

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WILLARD MULLIN

Seventh-Inning Stretch

BASEBALL PROBABLY inspires more concentrated journalistic experting than any activity of American life, including politics. And since this department can't class itself with the experts there really isn't any excuse for this piece. But even editorial writers can be ball fans. So we would like to say a few appreciative words about the 1951 season, which has shown encouraging signs of a retreat from some of the game's souped-up aspects of recent years.

We take some credit for ridding the game of one of those souped-up aspects, no more than a year or so ago. At that time the psychological experts were threatening to take over the game and reform it by Freudian techniques. We called attention rather stridently to the signing of Dr. David Tracy as "staff psychologist" of the St. Louis Browns. We viewed this development with alarm, maintaining that psychoanalytical mechanisms would do very little to strengthen a team's infield defense. We insisted that a pitcher might check all his buried aggressions with the bull-pen catcher and still not be able to get the side out. Partially as a result of our righteous vehemence, we hope, Dr. Tracy left the team early in the season, after which the Browns finished the 1950 season in seventh place. (They are headed for last this year, without benefit of psychology.)

Almost equally alarming was the case of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Over in what the sports writers call the senior circuit, the Dodgers went through a 1950 spring training which was a marvel of scientific advancement. They had pitching machines, batting tees, tape measures, calipers and charts. They subsequently lost the pennant on the last day of the season.

Then Branch Rickey, the father of precision-instrument baseball, left the presidency of the Dodgers and went with the Pittsburgh Pirates. Presumably he took his laboratory equipment with him. This left the Brooklyns with no pitching machines. They only had live pitchers to throw the ball up to the plate. In spite of this handicap the team came North this spring and started beating the ears off everybody in sight. At this writing the Dodgers are in the process of losing the rest of the National League. Mr. Rickey's Pirates are in the cellar.

We are glad to see this triumph of muscles over robots. And another thing we've liked about the '51 season so far is the greater number —or so it seems to us—of close, well-pitched, low-score ball games that put a premium on speed and strategy. The home run can be a pretty dramatic thing. It can also get pretty monotonous when it occurs in great profusion. We are happy to see more base stealing and squeeze plays this year.

Speed certainly had a lot to do with the surprising showing of the Chicago White Sox. Paul Richards, their new manager, took over a decidedly soso ball club, but one which included several young men who could run like thieves. They hustled themselves right up there and stayed for quite a while, to the delighted amazement of practically everybody.

And now, because editorials ought to take a positive, fearless stand on something, we're going to pick our choices for the World Series. These choices are emotional, not expert. We're doing our forecasting in July, magazine deadlines being what they are, and by mid-August we could be awfully wrong. But anyway . . .

In the National League we like the Dodgers, which seems a safe as well as a sentimental choice. We like them on class. We like them still, and retroactively, for opening the big-league door to Negroes and giving the game some new and authentic stars.

Our pick in the American League is the Boston Red Sox—though we might settle for the Cleveland Indians or the White Sox. The Red Sox have virtuosity. And they have it because Mr. Tom Yawkey has shelled out millions, as a civic contribution as well as a personal pleasure which he fortunately can afford, to build a winner. His expensive patience has paid off only once, in the dubious postwar year of 1946. We hope the boys do it for him this time against first-rate opposition.

We think the Yankees are through for a year or two—an opinion that has brought charges of disloyalty from the home-town faithful in this New York publishing house. The Yanks have been great, and they'll be great again. They really made modern baseball what it is. But they've been great too often. Baseball as well as government needs periodic changes.

As for the World Series, we'd have to go with the Dodgers. Sentiment again. They've tried for the big prize five times since 1916 and never made it. But this year them Bums ain't bums.

It ought to be a good Series, whoever wins it, just as it's been a good season—a season that makes us think that nonmechanized, nonpsychoanalyzed baseball may be back to stay for a while. We don't care if the Indians *do* bring their pitchers in from the bull pen via jeep, we're still optimistic.

Singing in the Morning

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH, who edits the Vineyard Gazette on the Massachusetts island of Martha's Vineyard, is probably as conscious as the next man of the mess that mankind is making of things in general. But he has retained a perspective that some of us may have lost. He doesn't forget that the human race represents only a small minority of all the things that live and grow on this earth, independent of man's recurring broils and strifes.

So Editor Hough turns his back on human cussedness and gives attention to such things as kingbirds, goldenrod, fog, sunshine, the changing seasons and such unchanging blessings as blueberry pie. He also writes about them, with an appreciation that communicates itself to the reader. His new volume of essays, called Singing in the Morning, has been a welcome addition to our reading. It settles no problems. But it leaves us feeling that the world is ticking along about as usual, in spite of the human race, and that it's a right pleasant place to be if we only stop hurrying and worrying long enough to enjoy it. Not a new thought, but comforting.

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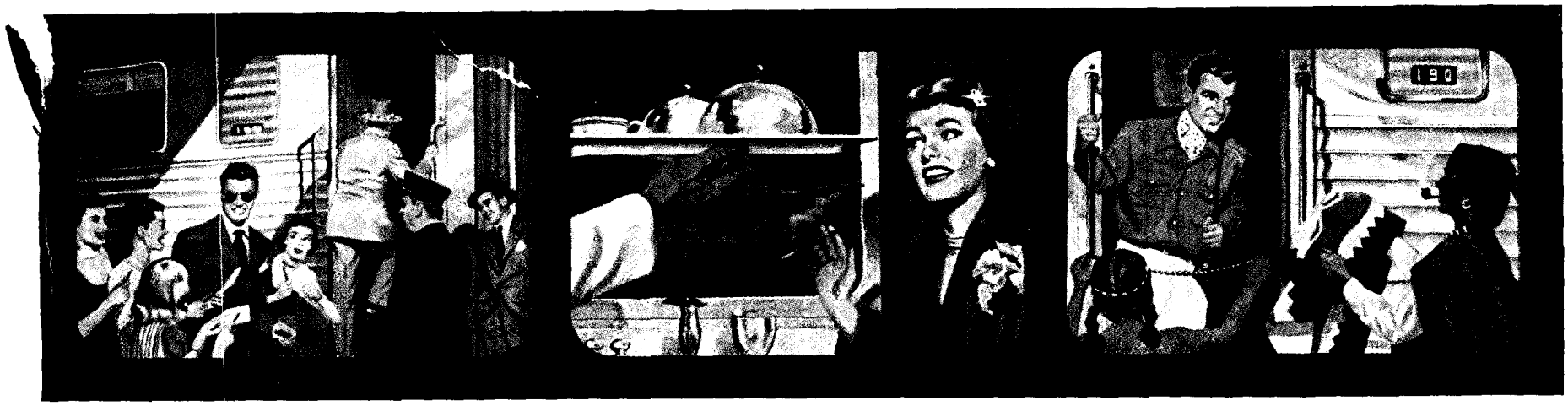
A trip with the stars where you're one too



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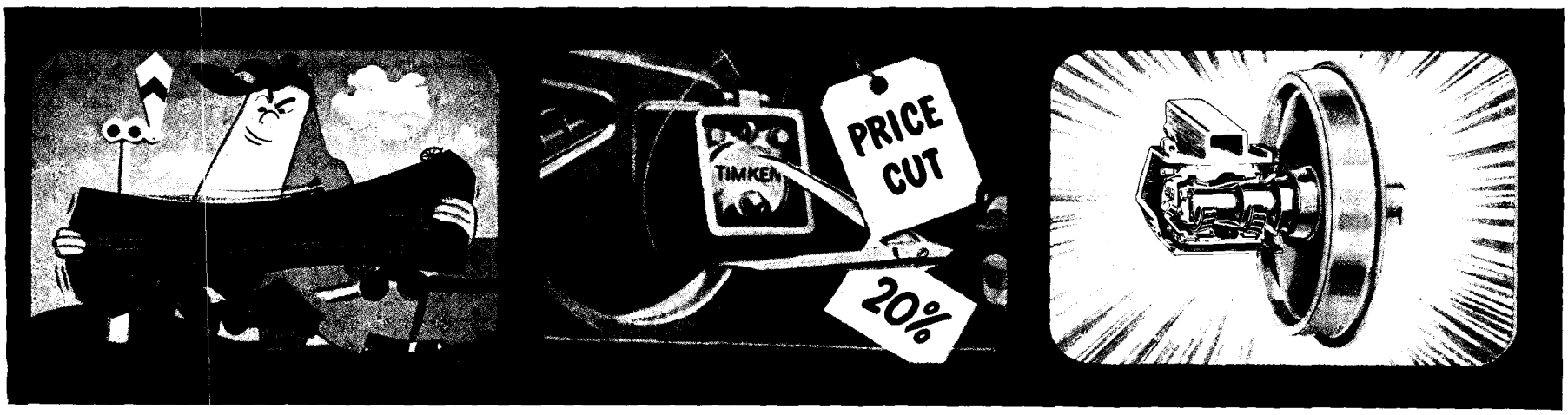

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